ADVENTURE IS MY LIFE BY TREASURE DIVER TEDDY TUCKER

KENNEDY'S FIGHT FOR TARIFF REFORM

The Saturday Evening POST

Feb. 24, 1962 20¢

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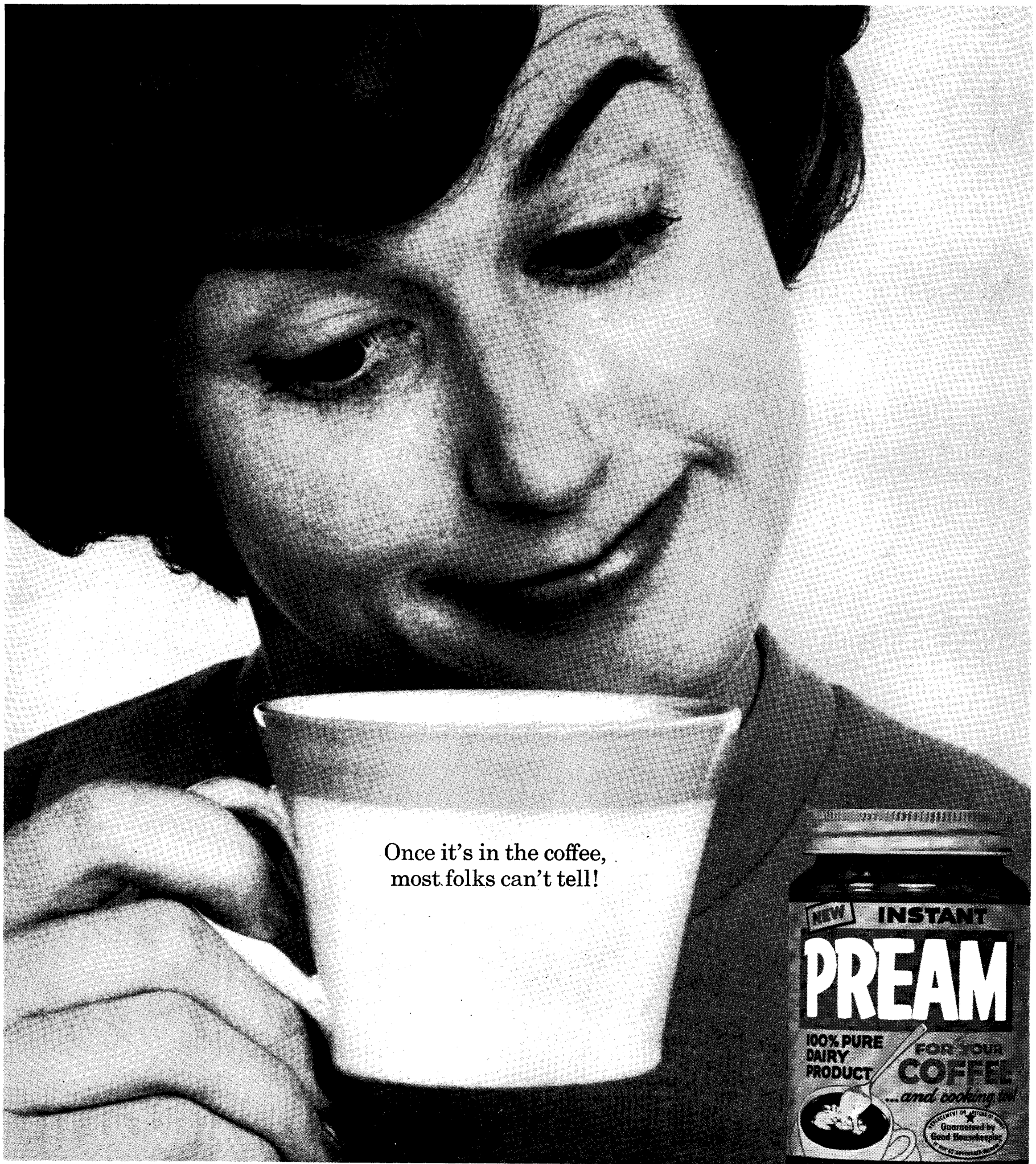

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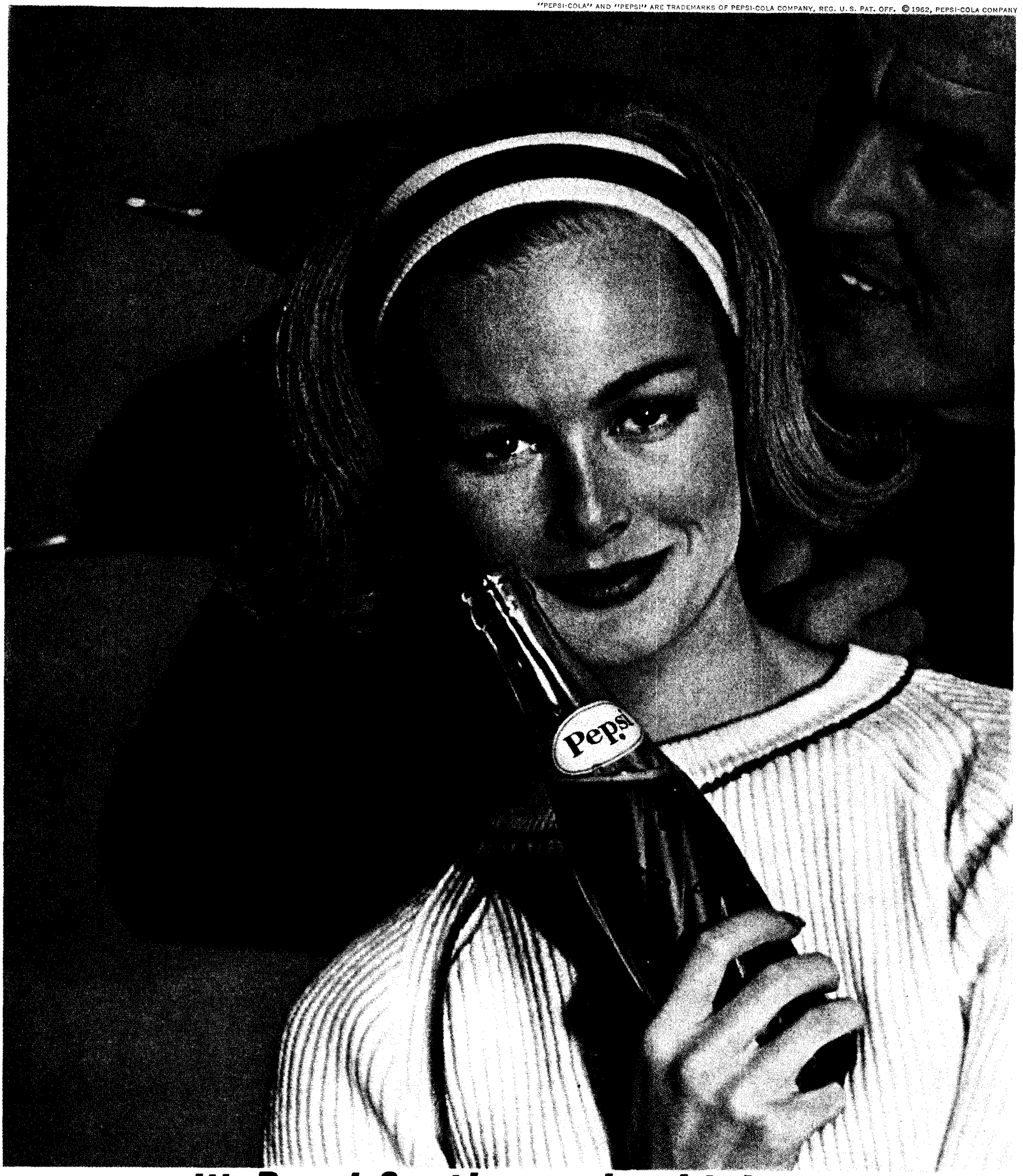

now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

Today people have a thirst for fun in every season, at every age. They're getting more out of life. This is thinking young. And this is the life for Pepsi—light, bracing, clean-tasting Pepsi. Think young. Say "Pepsi, please!"

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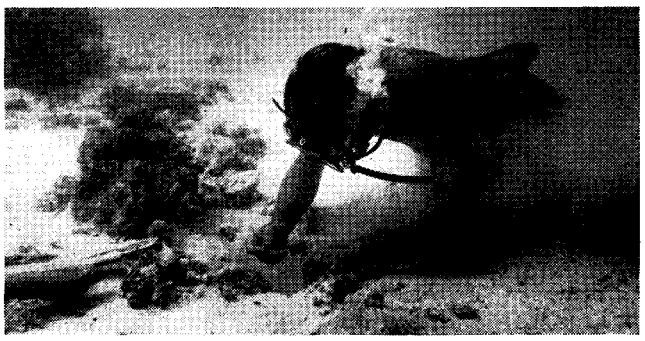
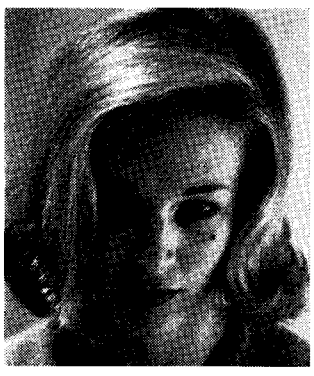


An underwater editor: The Post's Don A. Schanche poking for pearls.

Adventure Is My Life. How to find treasure buried beneath the sand in ancient Spanish shipwrecks: That is what adventurer Teddy Tucker tells Contributing Editor DON A. SCHANCHE in the three-part series beginning on page 20. Schanche didn't simply sit in slothful ease taking notes. He might be called an underwater editor, for he spent six weeks with Tucker in Bermuda diving for treasure himself. What did he find? Only a couple of pearls, not particularly valuable. Don, who is thirty-five, had his first experience with skin diving five years ago, although he was a team swimmer in high school and college. And he was the first journalist to cross the Atlantic—all the way—under water. He had more than his skin between him and the sea on that occasion: he was on the nuclear submarine *Skate*, making the first submerged crossing in history.



Designer Clodagh

Designer Georg Olden

Design Is Their Job. Dressing up women is CLODAGH's career: At the age of twenty-four she is firmly established as a fashion designer. (See page 30, People on the Way Up.) Dressing up pages is GEORG OLDEN's task for *The Post*. Now an art supervisor at the BBD&O advertising agency, Olden was for many years head art director at CBS-TV and has designs on display in a Netherlands museum. His design for Neill C. Wilson's story in this issue is his third in *The Post* since we gave him his first assignment a few months ago. In each case he has worked around a symbol. For last week's A COMEBACK OFFSTAGE he chose golden marquee lights contrasted with a naked bulb representing squalor. What symbol does he use for DEADLINE FOR DYNAMITE? See page 28.

"Fred MacMurray, dark-browed and handsome in his first leading role, is obviously nervous in some scenes but does, on the whole, creditable work and will probably be hailed as Hollywood's new great lover." So said *Time* magazine twenty-seven years ago in reviewing *The Gilded Lily*. Today MacMurray is still going strong, in the TV program *My Three Sons* as well as in movies. He reveals the secret of his success in "I'VE BEEN LUCKY" on page 36.

MacMurray and Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" (1934).

Deprive Children Deliberately? This seemingly harsh practice is defended in this week's SPEAKING OUT (WHY I DEPRIVE MY CHILDREN, page 10). Associate Editor KATHARINE BRITTON MISHLER, the author, tells how she and her husband have worked out ways of teaching their children that doing without can be satisfying.

The Cover. These machine-age Connecticut Yankees, adapting themselves well enough to the rigors of country life, are a source of wonder to a squirrel who probably finds all human doings pretty nutty. Another source of wonder is the excellent recall of artist James Williamson. The snowy landscape, though familiar to many of us at this time of year, is merely a memory to him, for he moved from Connecticut to Puerto Rico nine years ago. "Snow," he says in his latest letter to our Philadelphia offices, "is beautiful to contemplate—in pictures. Good shoveling."

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POST Subscription Service, Philadelphia 5, Penna.

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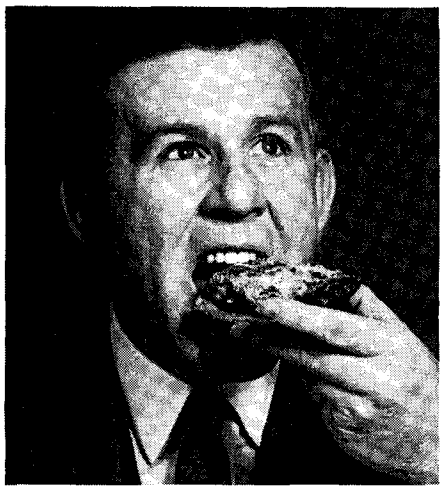
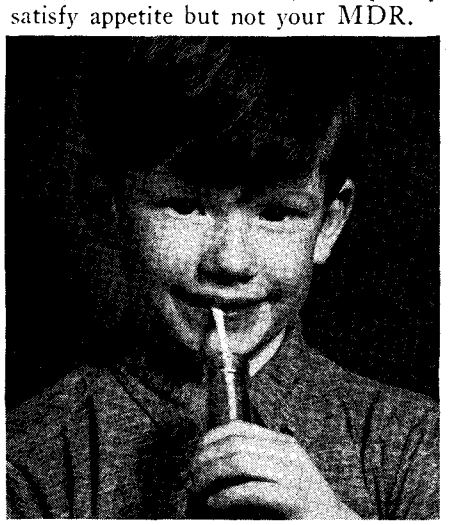
TOO MANY "EMPTY CALORIES"
rob many Americans of vitamins essential to health and growth

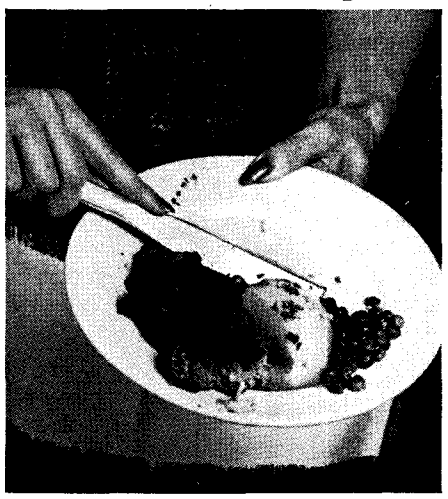


This may shock you. Too much of the food Americans eat today is "empty calories", starches and sweets, that quickly satisfy appetite but not your MDR.

MDR stands for Minimum Daily Requirements of certain vitamins — vitamins normally essential to help maintain health and a sense of well-being.



Children, adolescents, busy "snacking" mothers are apt to satisfy appetites with "empty calorie" between-meal snacks, and not be hungry at mealtimes.



Even apparently well-planned meals don't always get eaten, and important vitamins are left on the plate, or thrown out in waste or poured down the drain.

Wise wives and mothers take care to guard family vitamin intake with well-balanced diets and Vigran multi-vitamins. A single capsule supplies 125% or more of the essential vitamins.*

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*These are the essential vitamins for which Minimum Daily Requirements have been specified: A, B_1, B_2, C, D, Niacinamide.

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LETTERS

RIGHT-LEFT DANGERS

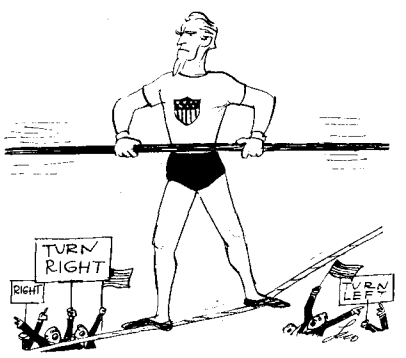
Dear Sirs:

Your articles, DANGER ON THE RIGHT, [by Sen. Stephen M. Young, Jan. 13] and DANGER ON THE LEFT [by Sen. Barry Goldwater, Jan. 20], should furnish food for thought, if we have not already turned our thinking over to ambitious politicians. The extreme rightists have already been rejected by a majority of citizens. The extreme leftists after thirty years of catch slogans—"New Deal," "Fair Deal" and "New Frontiers"—are still chasing a mirage with the promise of a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

WILLIAM J. KINCAID
Oskaloosa, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Having read both your articles, DANGER ON THE RIGHT and DANGER ON THE LEFT, I feel compelled to speak out in favor of a sane, middle-of-the-road approach to American politics. We live in



an era which has seen the rise of dictatorships of the Right as well as the Left, and both forms of totalitarianism have been justified by their apologists, each as a necessary defense against the other. . . .

We need not embrace the extreme Right to protect us against the dangers on the Left any more than we need to identify ourselves with the radical Left in order to avoid the dangers on the Right. What we need is a firm rededication to the principles of individualism and freedom of thought, transmitted to us by the ancient Athenians, and paid for in modern times by the blood of two great revolutions, the American and the French. The greatest danger to our free institutions in America stems not from the extremists on either side, but from the political apathy displayed by so many of our citizens, and particularly our college students, who throw up their hands in despair, saying: "What's the use?"

MARK S. SCHAFER
Professor of Political Science
Allen University
Columbia, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

It seems odd to me that Senator Young would use the word "fascist" so much in his article. It also seems to be a favorite word for the Communist publications distributed in this country in attacks on the conservative organizations. . . . As for the John Birch Society, I am tired of hearing completely false accusations as to its secrecy. All one must do to obtain complete information on the society and how it is run is write to American Opinion, Belmont 78, Mass., and ask for a complete set of literature and it will be supplied at no charge.

MRS. PERSIA POPE
Midland, Tex.

P.S. Thanks for drowning out Senator Young's blundering with the excellent article by Senator Goldwater. Anyone should be able to distinguish between the mud-slinging of Mr. Young and the complete logic of Mr. Goldwater.

Dear Sirs:

Senator Young's and Senator Goldwater's articles strengthened my conviction that a goodly number of these dangers exist. However, I was disappointed (though not overly surprised) to find that, although Senator Young warned of dangers from both extremes, Senator Goldwater was characteristically silent concerning the danger from the Far Right.

D. E. SILTMAN
Alexandria, Va.

REACTIONS TO YOUNG

Dear Sirs:

Senator Young, in his emotionally hysterical article, fails to bring out any really damning facts to warrant the outburst. He fails to show any evidence that the organizations he seems to be so petrified about serve a foreign government or that they are agents for a foreign government, which the Far Left—the Communist Party U.S.A.—is (not by hearsay but by volumes of sworn testimony and Supreme Court decision).

FRANCES STAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

I must protest Senator Young's slur attacking members of our organization. He said, "There are nearly 1000 radical right-wing organizations in the nation, some like Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party, numbering a few hundred, but others, like the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies, claiming 4,000,000 members—a claim considered by experts to be only slightly inflated."

The doctrines of Naziism and national socialism are wholly incompatible with those of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies. . . . The senator's method of implying so ridiculously this particular guilt by association displays clearly his lack of acquaintance with our organization. We regret Senator Young was permitted to use the pages of *The Post* to attack the reputations of fine Americans by his immature attempt to employ a device which he himself decries.

MILTON M. LORY, *President*
American Coalition of
Patriotic Societies
Sioux City, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations for publishing Senator Young's article. . . . For years I have read *The Post* and damned it for its narrow editorials. Now your willingness to publish *both* sides of political questions shows that as old as *The Saturday Evening Post* is, it is not too old to grow up.

I. MANUEL RUBIN
Brockton, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The Saturday Evening Post and Senator Young [should] get their facts straight. . . . I refer particularly to the part about the recall of Joel Dvorman in the Magnolia School District in Anaheim, California. Often the sin of

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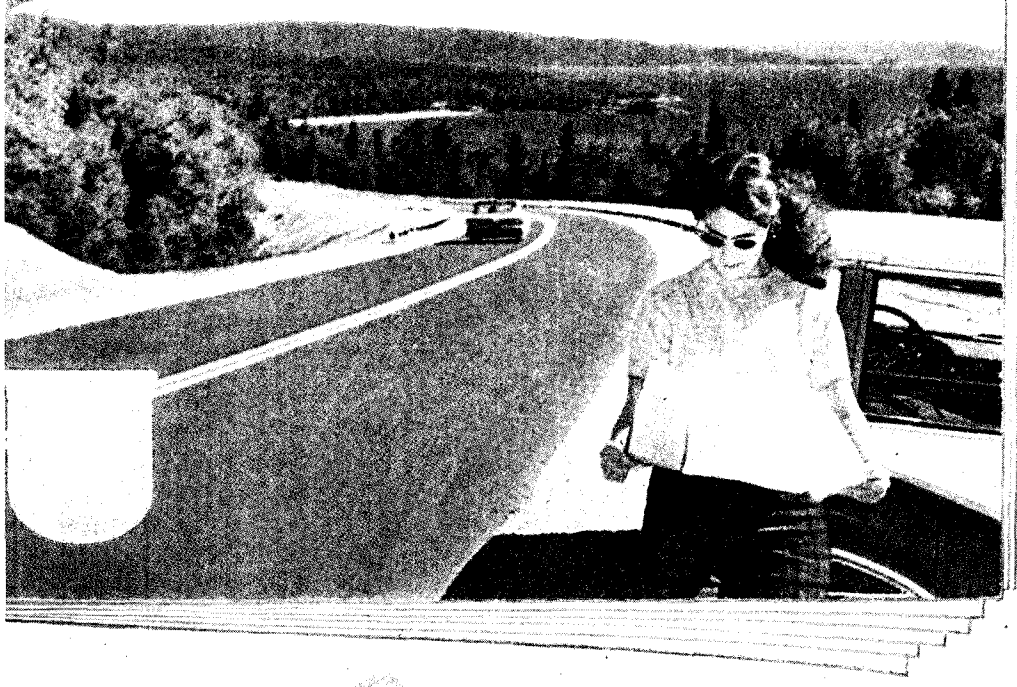
Adventure along THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY



Come, heed the call of the open road this summer. Head north to adventure! Tour the new Trans-Canada Highway, spanning a nation from Victoria, British Columbia to St. John's, Newfoundland—a panorama of majestic Canadian Rockies, golden prairies, the resort-dotted lakelands of Manitoba and Ontario, Quebec's gently rolling Laurentians and the stirring seascapes of the Atlantic Provinces.

The colourful, informative booklet, "Adventure along the Trans-Canada Highway", describes some of Canada's limitless holiday diversions and scenic wonders, including national and provincial parks (conveniently spaced overnight parks, too, for your tent or trailer), distinctive cities and the family fun of festivals, fairs and rodeos. Mail the coupon below and start mapping your Trans-Canada route to adventure now.

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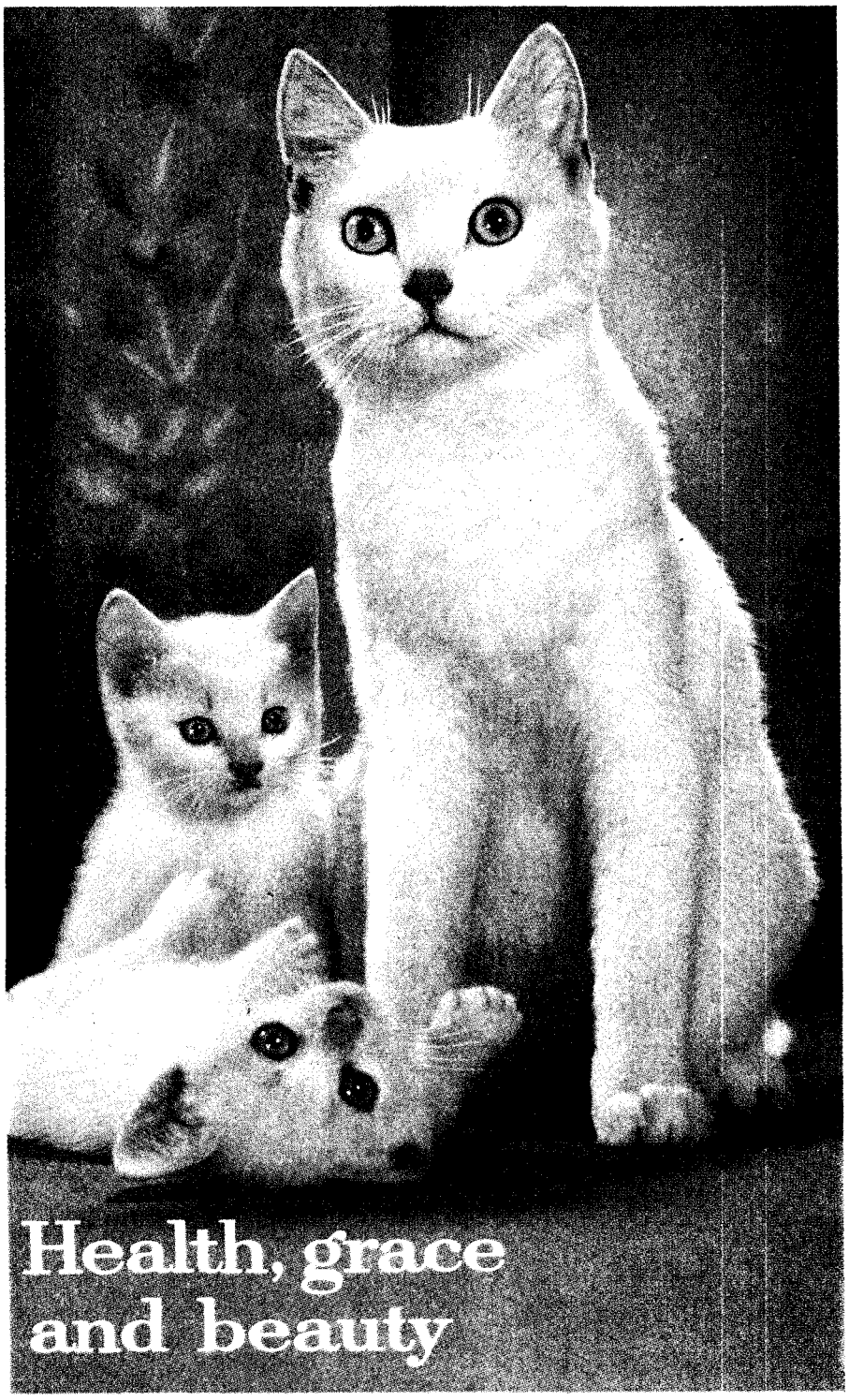

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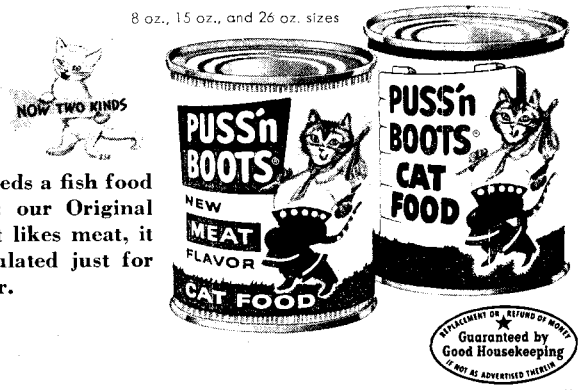
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Coast Fisheries Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago 54, Ill.

LETTERS

omission does greater harm than the sin of commission.

Senator Young neglected to say that the man Mr. Dvorman entertained in his home was Frank Wilkinson, that Wilkinson had been identified under oath as a Communist and that Wilkinson is now serving a jail sentence for contempt of Congress for refusal to answer certain questions about his background.

CAROL W. LEWIS
Anaheim, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

There is a sad sequel to one portion of Senator Young's article. Joel Dvorman, the persecuted school administrator, died of a heart attack on January 7, 1962, at the age of thirty-six. He had no previous history of a heart condition. The injuries he received on the home front were obviously more devastating than those he had incurred on the battlefield during combat. He died as he lived—a dignified courageous man, never bowing to his tormentors.

ANNA MAE WING
Fullerton, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

We are safe only as long as there are senators like Stephen Young and journals such as your own. When both are suppressed, we shall indeed be lost.

OSCAR S. SWARTH
Flushing, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

By the way, when will Senator Young be putting his jokes into book form?

JOHN ADDICOTT
Moorhead, Minn.

VIEWS ON GOLDWATER

Dear Sirs:

Senator Goldwater's article reads like a breath of fresh air. The Radical Left is a cause for genuine concern, for—in contrast to the rightists, who at present are simply making a lot of noise—many ultraliberals hold vital Government posts.

ROD SURRATT
Baylor University
Waco, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

Senator Goldwater calls the Americans for Democratic Action a "radical leftist" organization and cites Robert T. Hartmann's articles in the Los Angeles *Times* as evidence that thirty-seven of our members have high positions in the Kennedy Administration. If the senator had read further he would have found Mr. Hartmann saying that "every applicant for membership must subscribe without reservation to A.D.A.'s creed" which, among other things, states that "all forms of totalitarianism, including Communism, are incompatible with (A.D.A.'s) objectives" and that "we welcome as members of A.D.A. only those whose devotion to freedom is unqualified." He would have found also that the *Daily Worker* greeted us as "the imperialists' fifth column inside the liberal and labor movement. . . ."

A.D.A. got started quite a long time ago—in 1947—as a means of giving liberals a voice clearly distinct from and opposed to the true extremists of the Left, the Communist Party. History had shown the dangers of flirting with extremists, even when they temporarily seem to agree with you. I suggest to Senator Goldwater and other honest conservatives that this lesson has meaning for them today. I think they would do well to form an organization for honest conservatives that sharply and publicly distinguishes them from the Birch Society and their like. Then the indispensable dialogue between conservative and liberal can be carried on without innuendo—although, of course, not without occasional heat.

SAMUEL H. BEER, *National Chairman*
Americans for Democratic Action
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Senator Goldwater can't seem to understand how a small organization [the A.D.A.] with only 50,000 members can get thirty-seven members in key policymaking positions of the New Frontier. The answer is easy, senator. The organization must contain a lot of talent.

W. C. MEYER
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Senator Goldwater's article was great. It is good to read that the American people still have someone in Washington, D.C., who is working for freedom.

NORMAN PETERS
Manhattan, Kans.

Dear Sirs:

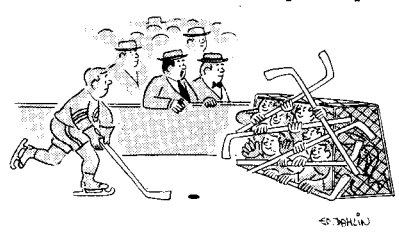
Barry Goldwater is very much like Charlie Brown [of the *Peanuts* comic strip]—an important figure in a society of infants, and a source of constant amusement to grownups, in whose world he is a total misfit.

MORGAN H. FISHER, '64
Harvard College
Cambridge, Mass.

HELPING HAND?

Dear Sirs:

My husband, a former hockey player, noticed that the team crowded into the net in Ed Dahlin's cartoon [Jan. 6] has



"Greatest defensive team in the league."

thirteen hands! Is the extra hand the "helping hand" they have borrowed?

MARGARET SIEGEL
Shoreham, N.Y.

● *Cartoonist Dahlin says, "It is possible that the extra hand belongs to the referee (he's partial) or, more likely, that I can't count."—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

3–Peter Stackpole; Culver; Gary Gladstone; Hans Knopf. • 17–Ollie Atkins. • 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27–Peter Stackpole. • 28, 29–Horn/Griner. • 30–Bob Towers. • 31–Gary Gladstone • 32–Bob Willoughby. • 33–Jack Fields. • 34, 35–Irv Bahrt. • 36–ABC-TV. 37, 44–Phil Stern. • 46, 47–Arnold Varga. • 59–Carroll Seghers II. • 71–Hans Knopf. 72–Stanley Rosenfeld. • 74, 75–International Auto Show. • 76, 77–George Tscherny. 93–Ollie Atkins. • 94–U.S.I.A. • 95–Ollie Atkins. • 96–U.S.I.S. 97–Ollie Atkins.

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New formula Zippo Fuel is quicker lighting, cleaner burning, and longer lasting. It is *dependable* fuel that ignites instantly on the first spark. It is *cleaner* fuel, filtered so clean it burns without smoke or odor, leaves no pungent residue in your lighter. Tests prove Zippo Fuel *lasts longer* in your lighter than any other leading lighter fuel.

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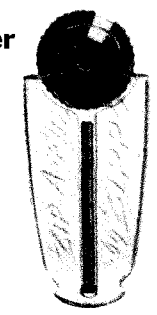
FREE FLINTS

Zippo flint dispenser with 6 flints regularly sells for 15¢. But for a limited time it's yours FREE with every can of new formula Zippo Lighter Fuel.



ZIPPO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA, AND CANADA LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO

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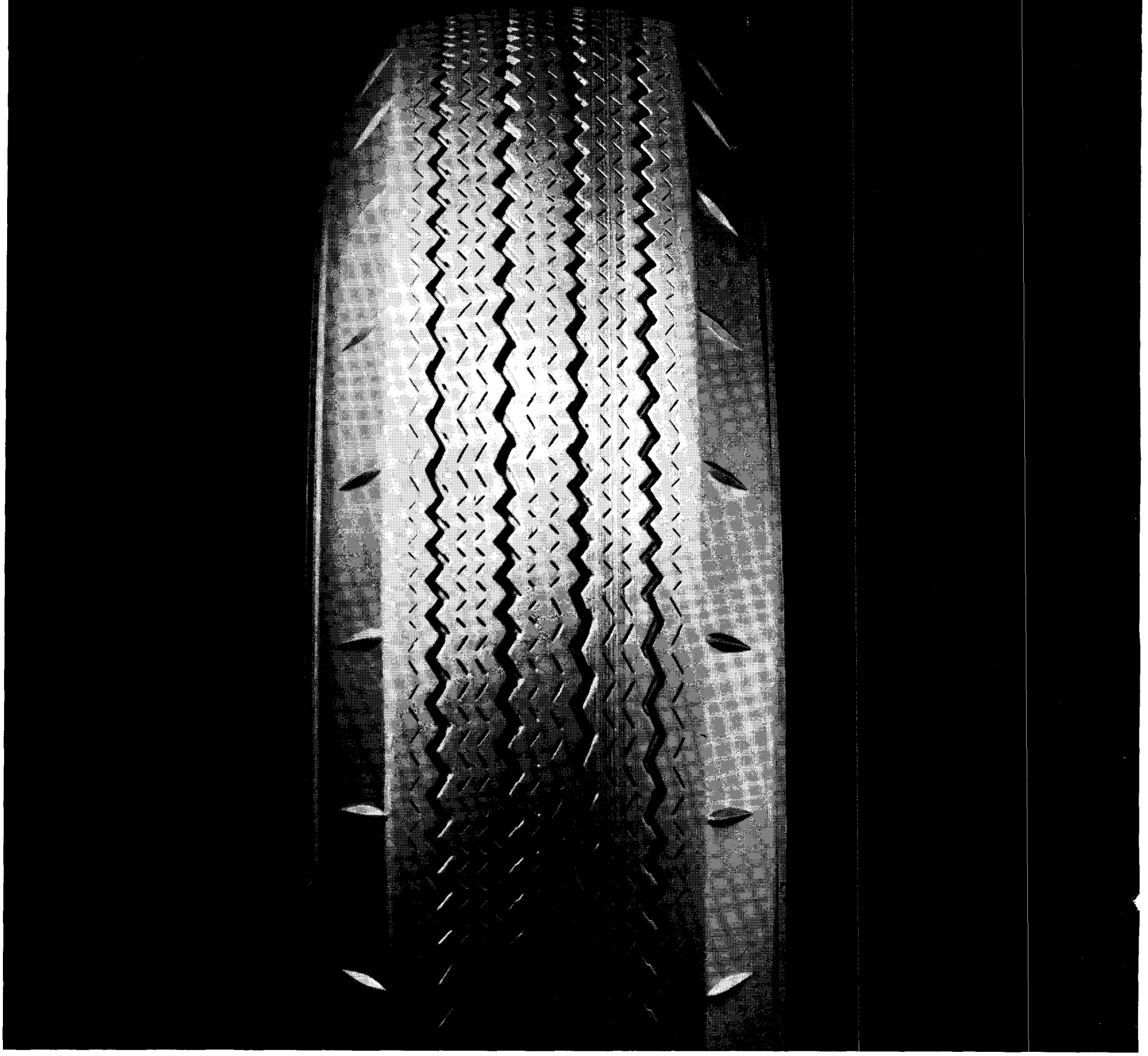
WITH TUFSYN . . . 1962 Custom Super-Cushion run for 21,501 fast-wear miles.



New Tufsyn in Goodyear tires

These 2 tires were run the same distance. On the same car. To let you see the difference Tufsyn makes in Goodyear's new tread compound.

What is Tufsyn? Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's polybutadiene—the new *tough synthetic*—as developed and specially processed for use in Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional "rubbers"—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same. It feels the same. It's in the same family. But, it's tougher. More durable.

Proof? Look at the unretouched photos above. The tire at the right—a 1961 Goodyear—is *famous* for mileage. That's why it came on more makes of new cars last year than any other tire.

Thousands more miles with Tufsyn—The tire at the left—a 1962 Goodyear with Tufsyn in the tread compound—was still good for thousands of miles when the test was over. Remember—both tires went the *same* mileage over the *same* roads on the *same* car—rotated every 1000 miles. Speed: 60-65 mph.

And we didn't stop with the tread. We added new Tufsyn to the tire body, too—to make it safer. Because Tufsyn holds a tire together

TUFSYN, SUPER-CUSHION, T.M.'s THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON 16, OHIO

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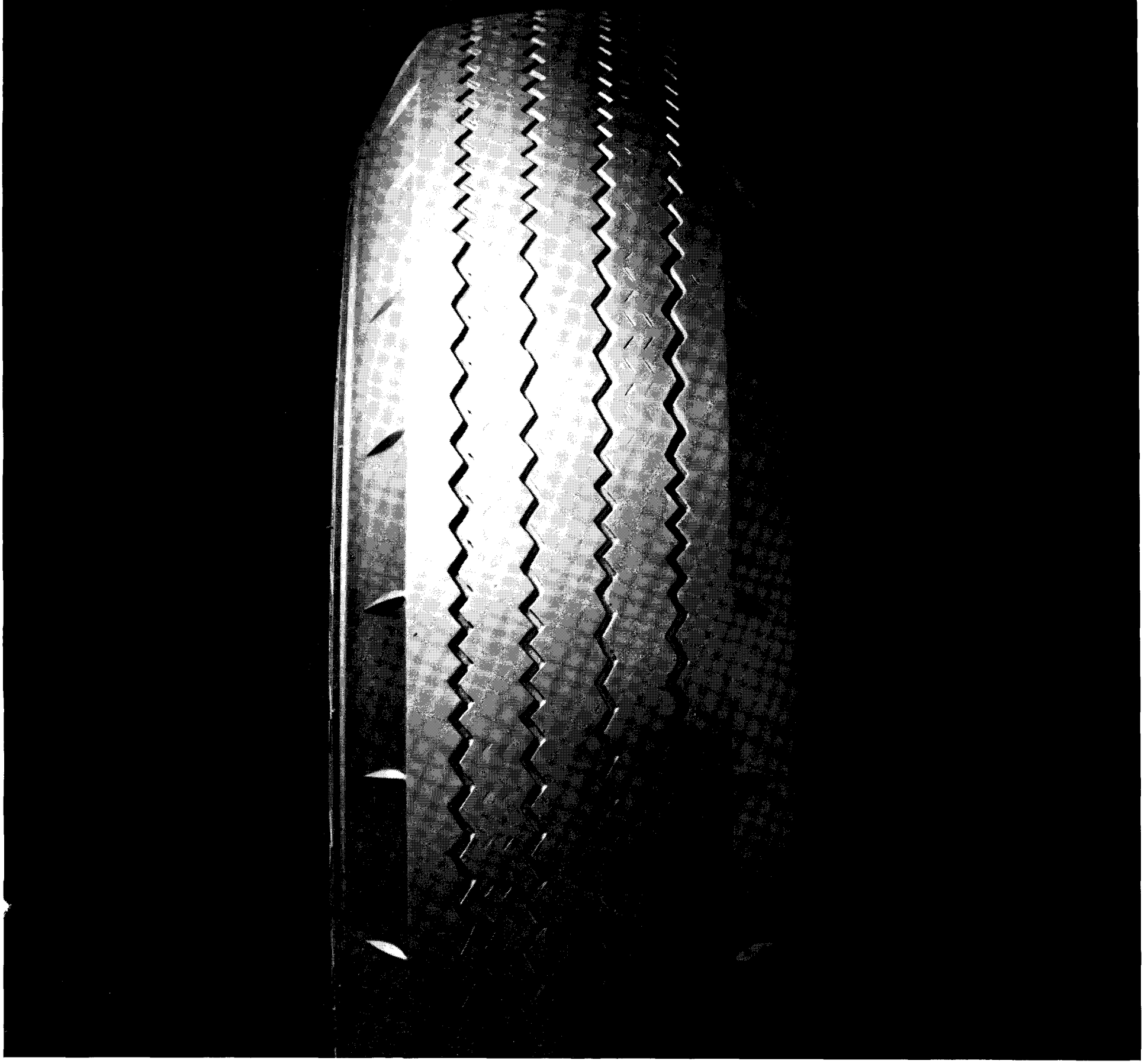
WITHOUT TUFSYN... 1961 Custom Super-Cushion run for the same mileage.



makes this much difference

etter. Meaning you're better protected against separations, chunk-g, cracking, or chipping—especially at today's turnpike speeds.

25% stronger tire body—In fact, Tufsyn when combined with oodyear's 3-T triple-tempered cord—now improved for even greater sistance to road shock—increases tire body urability by as much as 25%.

More than ever, you get a tire that's built for rnpikes. A tire that's *Turnpike-Proved*. And 's all made possible by Goodyear's *know how*. Our constant search for *better* materials and *better* methods means you get a *better* tire. You can count on it.

Remember the name: Tufsyn. Because you're going to want it. Your Goodyear Dealer or Goodyear Service Store has it. Now.

GOODYEAR

More People Ride On Goodyear Tires Than On Any Other Kind!

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SPEAKING OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

WHY I DEPRIVE MY CHILDREN

BY KATHARINE BRITTON MISHLER

The poor little rich boy who suffers from overindulgence is a classic in crime and fiction. Today, here in America, kids have had it so good for so long they are afflicted with Prosperity-itis. This disease is characterized by the "do-it-for-me" syndrome: Carry me to the school bus and let the school bus carry me to school. . . . Buy me my own TV so I can watch what I want to. . . . Buy me a transistor radio. . . . Buy me a record player. . . . I need the car tonight, dad. . . . Buy me my own car. . . . I don't have to work—I can get anything out of my parents.

Last fall, a few miles from our farm in Pennsylvania a teen-age boy killed his father with a shotgun because his dad wouldn't give him the car and some cash for a date.

Over $10,000,000,000 is spent on teen-agers each year, $3,000,000,000 of it on girls' clothing. We middle-income parents, many of us with memories of hunger and want in the depressed '30's, have joined in a race to supply our children with the status symbols that we never had when we were kids.

Is it surprising that the more spirited of our young people become bored with this marshmallow diet? Many Peace Corps applicants say they are seeking a challenge that is missing in our affluent society. Too many restless teen-agers find their challenge in another and more frightening way—real-life cops-and-robbers. Delinquency is increasing in middle-income groups. Among the "nice" children, on the other hand, one often senses a blank passiveness, a waiting to be acted upon. They expect to be taken care of like the lilies of the field.

I have heard one intelligent father say soberly, "Since nuclear war will probably kill my girls before they grow up, all I care about is keeping them happy now." But will spoiling them do it? I believe that kids crave the kind of challenge they had on the American frontier, where they shared in an exhilarating struggle for existence. I believe youngsters need that sense of contributing to the upkeep and management of the world in which they live.

It is difficult for parents to provide this kind of responsibility today and to avoid indulgence in the midst of plenty. My husband, Bill, and I have always been uneasy about easy living, remembering our own depression experiences. And we have often wondered whether our boys—Andy, eleven, and Jeff, nine—would have the toughness to cope with real trouble if it ever came. Both of us have jobs, so our income is above average. Andy and Jeff *do* know what work is, because we live on a small sheep farm, and they help with the chores—watering and feeding the animals, cleaning sheds, making hay.

But several years ago, after we had finished paying off the mortgage and rebuilding our old stone house, we began to see symptoms of Prosperity-itis in our boys. Christmas was coming and Andy hadn't made out a list. "I've got everything," he told us. "You just think of something and surprise me." The words rocked me. A picture formed in my mind of our family, all stuffed to the bursting point but continuing to gorge ourselves. I felt sorry for Andy and guilty for letting this happen to him. But I didn't know then how to change things.

When Christmas shopping was over and dust had settled around the tree, there, circling among the usual stacks of gay packages, were *three* electric train sets: the one we bought, another from a business associate of my husband, and a more elaborate secondhand set, given to the boys by a teen-age friend who had outgrown it.

Now three train sets may not be too many under some circumstances—if you own a roundhouse, for instance—but for us the smoke puffing from their little stacks signaled the end of an era. Some form of gift control was in order. We even considered a solution that a friend had once tried: a directive to all concerned that no Christmas gifts were to be sent to their children *ever* again. Before the next Christmas came, we had a more promising idea—to give away our money in some way especially meaningful to Andy and Jeff.

The boys did not greet our announcement with shouts of joy. But we stood firm, and they were pacified when we pointed out that they would still be getting some gifts from relatives. We told them they were going to find out that it is much more fun to give than to get—at least sometimes.

We shopped for small gifts for relatives as usual, but for ourselves we shopped for ideas with phone calls, letters, bull sessions with Andy and Jeff. They had veto power on all suggestions. It was work, but it was fun too. Finally, through the UN High Commissioner for Refugees, we learned of a family which had recently escaped to Greece from Russia. They had a teen-age daughter and a ten-year-old son.

The four of us decided that, while buying them gifts would be more fun for us, the money would be more fun for them. So we bought a crisp, bright American Express check, which made Andy and Jeff feel grown-up and cosmopolitan. We sent the check through the Office for Refugees in Athens. We also sent Christmas cards on which each of us had written greetings. To our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ermidis, to Sophia, to John.

On Christmas morning there wasn't much of a gift display under our tree—only several small packages from relatives. But there was a fat brown envelope with bright Greek stamps, which had arrived the day before. Andy and Jeff opened it as eagerly as if it were a brightly wrapped package. Inside were four glittering, delicately colored cutout cards and four pictures of the Ermidis family, each with a message written in Greek script. The UN projects officer had enclosed English translations of the greetings and a generous report on the family's surprise, bewilderment, excitement and joy when a social worker brought them our check.

John and Sophia had decided all the money should be spent by their parents. The parents said Sophia should have a dress and John a suit, and all the rest of the money should be saved for food. John said he would be very happy if he could have five drachmas (seventeen cents) to buy a very special toy he had seen. Andy and Jeff wondered what very special toy you could buy for seventeen cents. The Ermidises' neighbors had been called in to hear the news and to be invited for dessert on Christmas day. Were they, at this very moment, eating and laughing together?

"Particularly touched was everyone," the social worker wrote, "when it was explained to them that some American children had sacrificed their own gifts so that this joy could be given to others so far away."

Andy and Jeff were so absorbed in this story and in the cards and pictures that they obviously had forgotten about their unopened gifts. Whatever reservations they may have had about our experiment, they were completely captivated during those moments.

If they felt short-changed later, they showed no signs of it. They had fun with the toys their grandparents and aunts had sent. The fact is that they still had the experience of receiving, without the confusion of getting too much. And the reminder of their giving outlasted the day. Many times since then I have found one or the other of them sitting quietly, looking through the pictures and cards from Greece.

Had the boys been truly unhappy about the project, we might not have had the courage to try anything like it again. But the following November we asked them how they felt about giving away our Christmas money. They looked at each other, obviously weighing their chances.

Post staffer Kay Britton Mishler is the author of two dozen children's books. She grew up as one of nine children of a Reading, Pa., newspaperman.

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SIZED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG AND LITTLE—DODGE DART

!!!

PRICE! A NEW LOW ONE

Looks like it's going to be a banner year for the automobile industry. Car sales are booming. It's a great time to get a great deal on a new automobile. But before you buy any new car, compact or standard, see what's going on at your Dodge Dealer. See the new size Dodge Dart. Check its new low price—up to $64 lower than last year's comparable model.

FORD FAIRLANE		$2079
MERCURY METEOR		$2203
THE NEW SIZE DODGE DART		**$2241**
CHEVY BISCAYNE	Price includes heater	$2324
FORD GALAXIE		$2378

Dodge Dart 2-Door Sedan

The comparison, above, is based on manufacturers' suggested retail price of six-cylinder 2-door sedans. Only white wall tires, bumper guards, other optional equipment, state and local taxes (if any) and destination charge extra.

!!!!DEPENDABILITY!!!!

Dart's body is rustproofed. You go 32,000 miles between grease jobs. High-speed starter and high-output alternator are standard for quick, sure starts.

Car	Rustproofing Method	Electricity Output	Recommended Interval Between Grease Jobs
DART	**DIP & SPRAY**	**35 AMP.**	**32,000 MILES**
BISCAYNE	Spray only	30 amp.	1,000 miles
GALAXIE	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles
METEOR	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles
FAIRLANE	Spray only	30 amp.	30,000 miles

!!!!COMFORT!!!!

Lots of room. Chair-high seats. Smooth Torsion-Aire ride. Wheels and tires sized to put plenty of rubber on the road.

Car	Suspension System Front and Rear	Standard Equip. Tire & Wheel Size
DART	**TORSION BAR/LEAF SPRINGS**	**700 x 14 (V8)**
METEOR	Coils/leaf springs	650 x 14 (V8)
FAIRLANE	Coils/leaf springs	700 x 13 (V8)
BISCAYNE	Coils/coils	700 x 14 (V8)
GALAXIE	Coils/leaf springs	750 x 14 (V8)

SAFETY

Along with more horsepower per pound, Dart gives you more braking power-per-pound than most any car at any price. As much as 62% greater lining area than other cars near its price. The linings are bonded, not riveted, to the brake shoes for longer wear. And Dodge Dart brakes adjust themselves automatically. You get sure, straightline stops every time.

Car	Effective Brake Lining Area	Shipping Weight (Two Door Six)
DART	**195.2 SQ. IN.**	**2965 LBS.**
BISCAYNE	185.6 sq. in.	3405 lbs.
GALAXIE	180.0 sq. in.	3478 lbs.
METEOR	120.5 sq. in.	2843 lbs.
FAIRLANE	120.5 sq. in.	2757 lbs.

PERFORMANCE !!

The new size Dodge Dart has the most powerful standard six engine in the business. It takes a V8 in most other cars to keep up with it. The Dart-6 gives you the performance of an eight with the economy of a six. Quite a combination.

Car	Standard 6 HP and Torque	Standard 8 HP and Torque
DART	**145 HP/215 FT. LBS.**	**230 HP/340 FT. LBS.**
GALAXIE	138 hp/203 ft. lbs.	170 hp/279 ft. lbs.
BISCAYNE	135 hp/217 ft. lbs.	170 hp/275 ft. lbs.
METEOR	101 hp/156 ft. lbs.	145 hp/216 ft. lbs.
FAIRLANE	101 hp/156 ft. lbs.	145 hp/216 ft. lbs.

SIZED RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BIG AND LITTLE !!!!

DODGE DART

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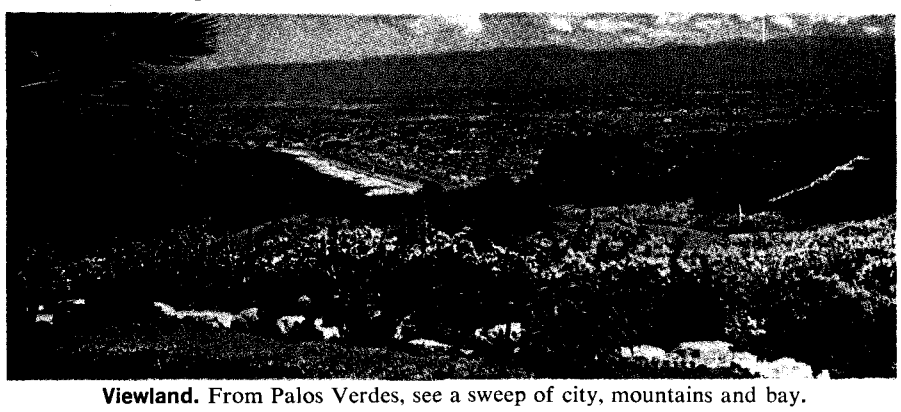
Sight-see these Vacationlands and dozens more in Southern California

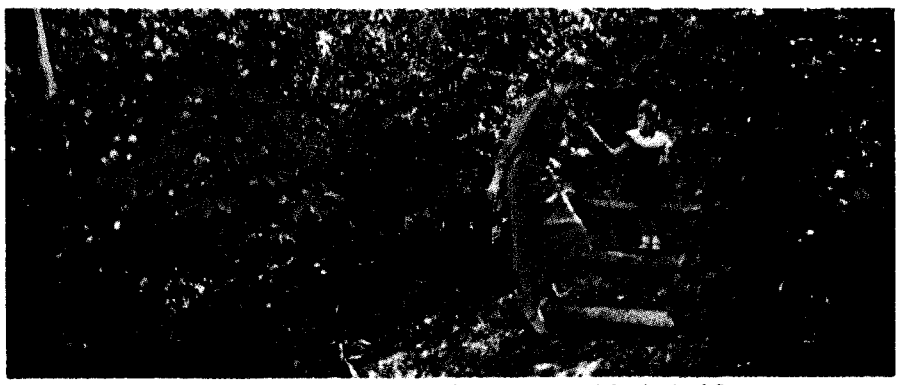
These 7 scenes are just samples of our many vacationlands. Also enjoy a bonus of special events. About costs: This is a year-round vacationland so prices are much the same as you have at home. Join the fun! On arrival, visit All-Year Club Information Center, 628 W. 6th St., Los Angeles for free sight-seeing help.

Orangeland. Golden oranges ripen in the vast foothill groves near Pomona.

Angel-land. Los Angeles contrasts — a sleepy lagoon surrounded by offices.



Viewland. From Palos Verdes, see a sweep of city, mountains and bay.



Camellialand. Descanso Gardens is a year-round festival of flowers.

Starland. Over 100 stars' footprints are in this Hollywood theater sidewalk.

Flowerland. In spring, our hillsides are covered with blankets of wildflowers.

Surfland. Wading in the Pacific surf is just one of many new experiences.

FREE—OFFICIAL VACATION GUIDE to Southern California. Gives details on scores of sights, 11 interesting side trips to take, 50 samples of special events. Mail coupon.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
This advertisement sponsored by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors for the citizens of Hollywood, Inglewood, Glendale, Long Beach, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Monica, Torrance and 181 other communities.

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Please send me your free Official Vacation Guide.
(Miss)
(Mrs.) _____
(Mr.)
Street _____
City _____
Zone ____ *State* _____
Please Print Name and Address

SPEAKING OUT

"Well," said Jeff, the mathematician, "how about if you and dad bought a one-dollar gift for each of us and gave away the rest?"

We happily made this concession. After investigating several possibilities, we sent a check to the American Friends Service Committee. The money bought blankets for Algerian refugee mothers and children who had fled from the fighting zones to the high cold hills of Tunisia.

Thus our Christmas giving has become a tradition, with great religious meaning for our boys. For Bill and me it has been an illuminating experience. Of course, we realize that Andy and Jeff might wriggle out of the boy-bountiful role if they had a free choice. At the same time they apparently did get a positive emotional charge out of it.

Since sacrificing a little had not hurt the boys in any way, Bill and I decided to fight Prosperity-itis all along the line. We started a year-round program of moderate "deprivation." Our hope was to get across to Andy and Jeff the idea that most human beings don't have everything they want, and that this is particularly true in other countries. We wanted them to accept the necessity for self-denial as a fact of life.

We have set up a general resistance to what someone has called "the vagrant, insatiable whims of childhood." We try not to buy anything for our boys without good reason. And we never get them anything just because "all the other kids have one." They have been to the movies less than half a dozen times in three years. They have only the clothes they need, and those are always well worn. We get criticism for this from relatives, but not from the boys. They are rarely allowed things like soft drinks or candy. They never have chewing gum. As our doctor says, "It can't hurt not to have them."

They have plenty to eat, but they are never permitted to waste food. We have no illusion that our austerity program adds one morsel to the diet of a starving child wandering the alleys of Calcutta, scavenging manure to sell for a few grains of wheat, but it does drive home the lesson that food is the product of work and there isn't enough of it in the world to waste a crumb.

Andy and Jeff get fifteen cents a week allowance. (Several years ago, when they got only five cents, Andy was saving for a horse, and Jeff was saving to be a millionaire.) If they need money for something like a baseball glove, they earn it by doing extra chores on the farm. We want them to understand that they're always going to have to work for what they want, that money isn't elastic, that choices have to be made. The store closest to us is two and a half miles from our home, so the boys shop by mail-order catalogue, saving for weeks perhaps, conferring with each other for many absorbed and secret hours, changing their minds several times before they lay their cash on the line.

One item which they have really wanted and have never had is a bike. Actually bikes are not much fun on the hilly roads near our place. Nevertheless Andy and Jeff are the only children in the neighborhood who don't have bikes. On the other hand, they are the only ones who do have horses. For them to be the only ones to have both bikes and horses would be a social injustice.

The horses really don't cost much to keep, because the farm provides cheap feed for them. ("The Mishlers are wealthy," one girl down the road told her parents. "They have *horses*.") But a horse which a child cares for himself is one of the cheapest forms of education that money can buy.

So we have made the choice for horses and have stuck to it, sometimes doubtfully. Many times, I know, the boys have thought they would happily trade their horses for a bike with a gearshift. "You don't have to clean up manure and carry water for *bikes*," they remind us with some bitterness.

The bike question disturbs me. Saying "no" again and again to something that a child really wants is painful for a parent. I think enviously how much easier it must have been for my mother, who could always say simply, "We can't afford it." My reasons sound less convincing. And yet I know it is a pitiful thing for a child to have everything he wants. For a happy balance he needs, besides the joy of anticipation and fulfillment, the poignant experience of denial.

Andy and Jeff have never expressed any basic rebellion against our Christmas giving. But they rebel plenty against the day-to-day denials which they think don't help anybody. (They are natural rebels; once their harried camp counselor commented that, if the Communists ever took over this country, there would be at least two Americans they would never subdue.) They argue when we turn down a request until I yearn to stuff gags in their mouths. They instruct us endlessly on the advantage of owning such things as BB guns, small-size hot rods and certain classy 1962 cars. I drive a 1950 model. They attempt persuasion; we resist. The explosions produced by the routine hassles among the four of us would yield several megatons.

There are nights when I lie worrying whether our approach is the right one. But generally I feel that, while the boys may be rebellious, they are not unhappy. They have been taught to disregard status symbols, and they are not deprived of the things that really matter. They are loved and respected, and they know it. They have free speech—very free speech. They have the right to work, and they are always busy with private projects, exploring the woods, or mowing the field for a baseball diamond. They are usually too busy to remember the TV set in the living room. They go to sleep at night with one or two purring kittens or a couple of snoring pups crowding them in their bed. Neither of them has ever come to me and complained, "Mom, I'm bored—what can I do now?"

A program of purposeful nonindulgence may be easier to carry out in a rural environment, but it can work in the city too. I know a family with four children whose car is a 1950 two-door sedan, in which they have taken camping trips all over the country. The father's income is about $20,000 a year, but the kids work around the house and grounds for every nickel they get, and they pay fines to their parents for misdemeanors. They have no status symbols to give them prestige, but they are leaders in their city neighborhood.

How much, or how little, children have in an absolute sense isn't important. The essential question is whether they're learning to accept responsibility and meet challenges—or developing the selfish attitude that the gratification of their personal whims is all that matters in life.

We want Andy and Jeff to grow up disciplined, tough, enlightened and concerned. As citizens of an overcrowded world, they may someday be required to give up a great deal more than they do now.

THE END

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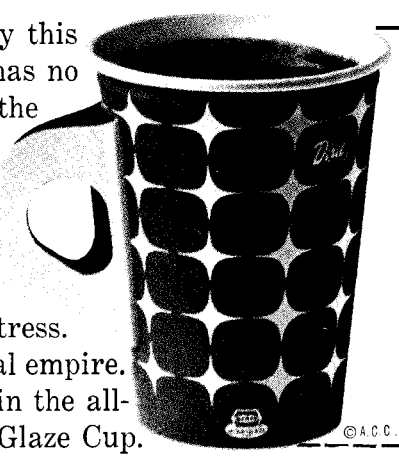
in a Dixie® Mira-Glaze® Cup...to prove it has no cardboard taste!

No foolin'!!! We'll pay you one whole dime* to try this wonderful cup that doesn't spoil good coffee! It has no plastic odor. Can't stain. Just tell us on coupon the name of restaurant or location of vending machine where you tried your first Dixie Mira-Glaze Cup of coffee. We'll send your dime just as soon as the fantastic flood of responses permits.

*Three hints on how to invest your great windfall!

1. Play Texan and leave giant tip for that cute waitress.
2. Buy a shoestring. Use it to start a great financial empire.
3. Buy a second cup of coffee that tasted so good in the all-new and revolutionary flavor-saving Dixie Mira-Glaze Cup.



Dixie Cup Division of American Can Company
P.O. Box 172, New York 46, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have tried your new Dixie Mira-Glaze Cup with that astonishing lining at: _____

(Fill in name and address of restaurant or location of vending machine)

Please send the once-in-a-lifetime 10¢ cash refund to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Only one free cup of coffee per letter, please. You wouldn't take advantage of us warm, open-hearted, trusting souls, would you? "Offer void in any state, territory, or municipality where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted. Expires 12/31/62."

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CAREFREE GLEAM FOR CAREFRE

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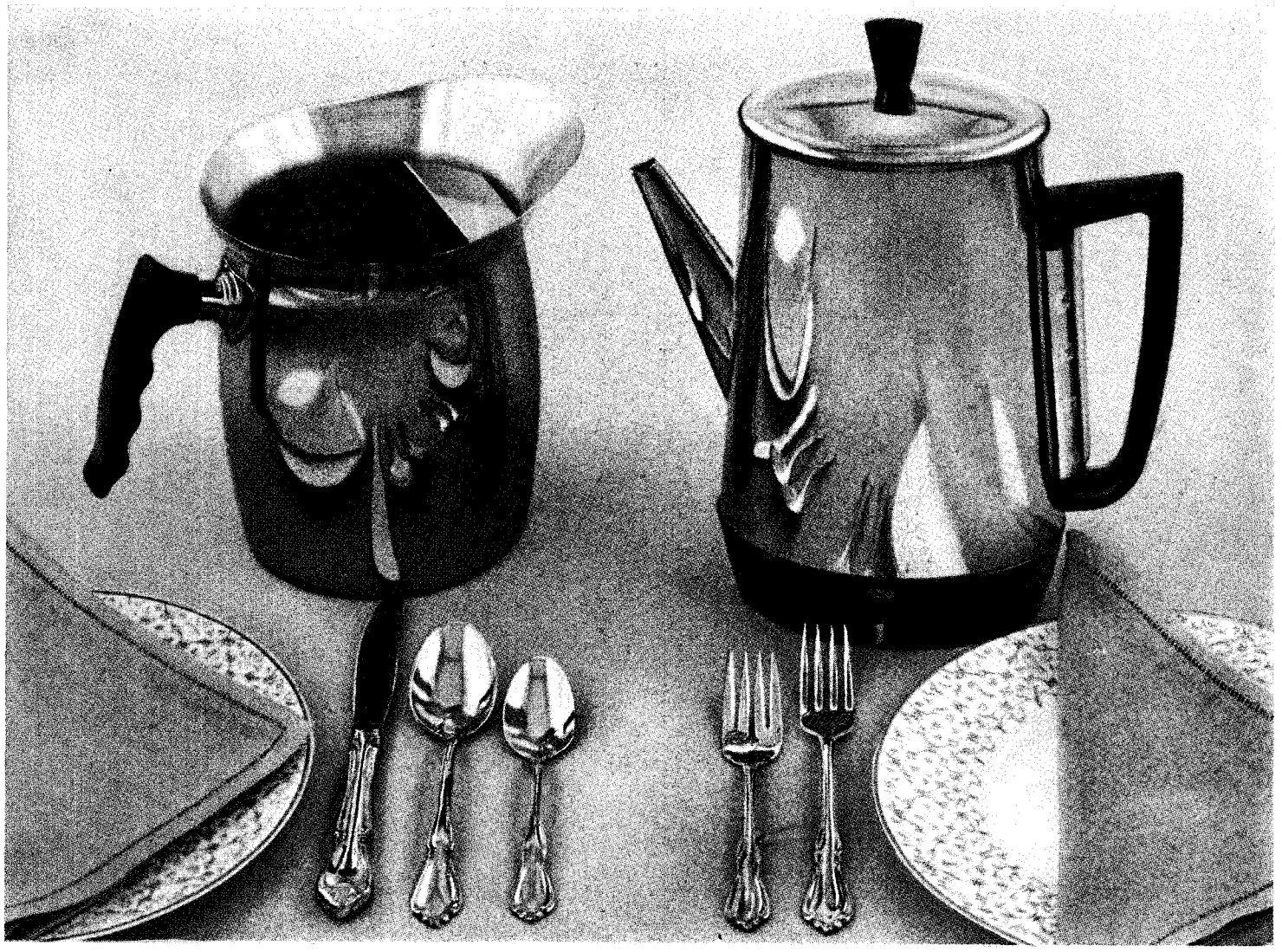

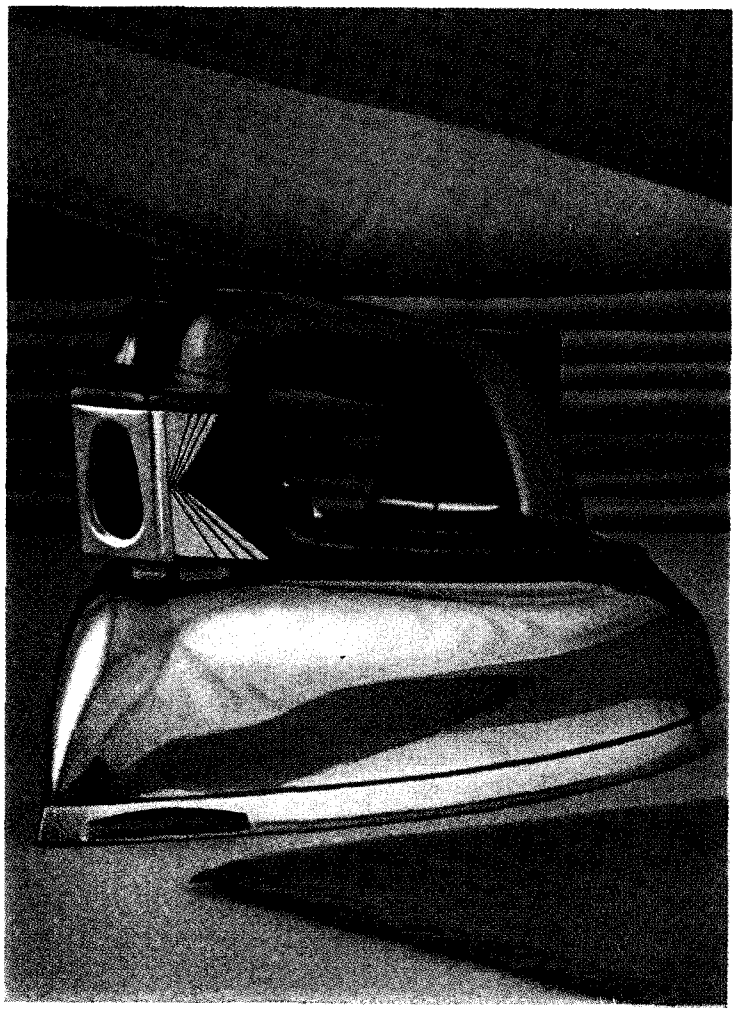

VING

Stainless Steel with Inco Nickel in it is the modern metal that just doesn't know how to sto, [illegible]ming. Cleans easily. Won't rust. Takes knocks without nicking. Ideal for beautifully designed housewares. Visit your favorite store and see the newest creations with the gleam of Nickel Stainless Steel. For a copy of "Carefree Living with Stainless Steel" and information about products shown here, with names of manufacturers, send a postcard to Dept. J-4, The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N. Y.

INCO NICKEL

MAKES STAINLESS STEEL PERFORM BETTER, LONGER

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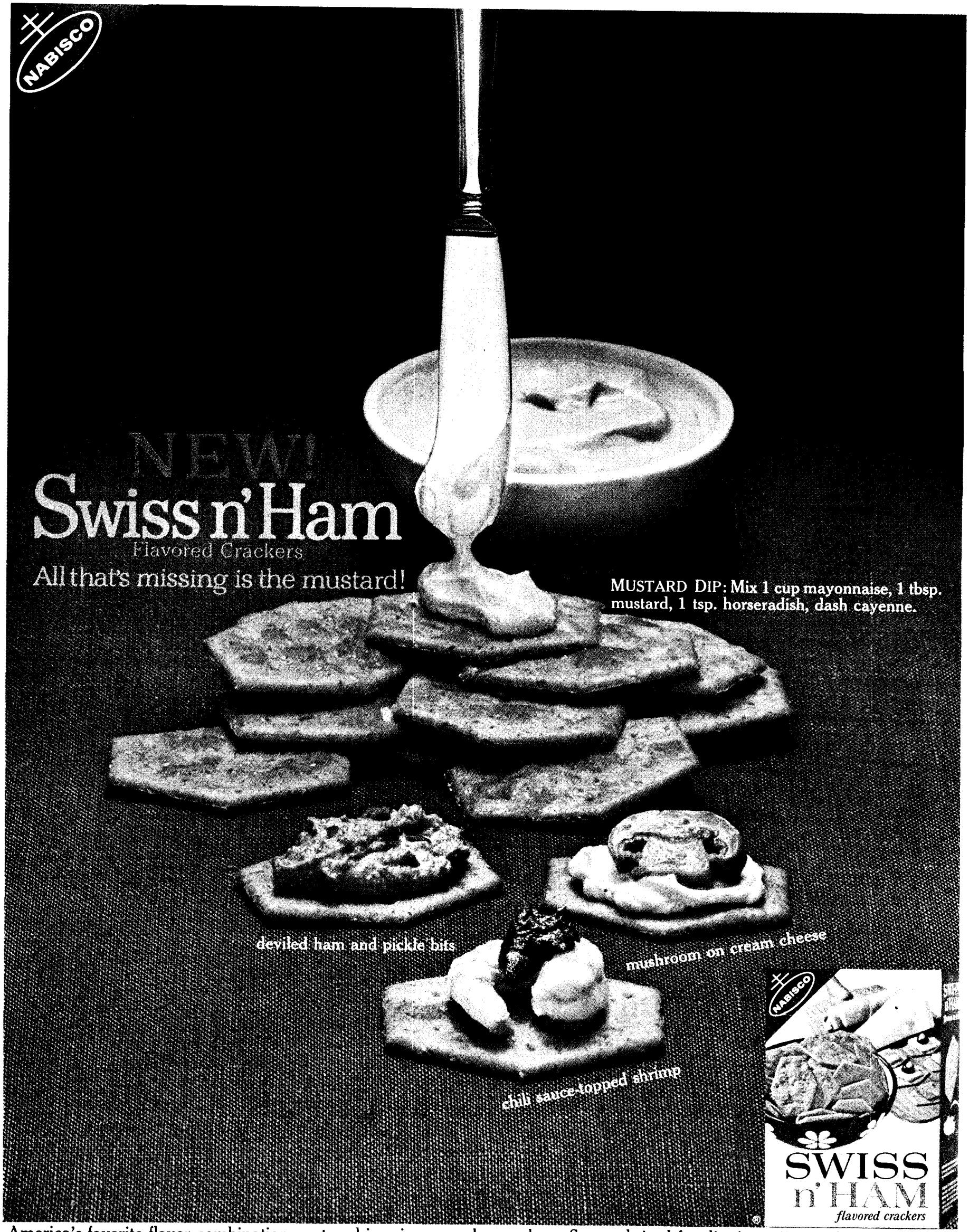

America's favorite flavor combination captured in crisp, crunchy crackers. So good-sized for dipping..."canapéing"...nibbling!

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THE GREAT TARIFF BATTLE

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

BY JOE ALEX MORRIS

A LOOK AT "THE GREATEST DEBATE OF THE CENTURY" AND HOW ITS OUTCOME WILL AFFECT AMERICA AND THE REST OF THE WORLD.

President John F. Kennedy's campaign for freer trade legislation in 1962 is about to explode into the most important and perhaps the bitterest congressional battle of his Administration. In the irreverent words of a young White House aide, "It's going to be a gasser of a fight."

It also promises to be a historic turning point for the American people; never before have we had to face a world situation in which our economic and political future depended so directly on our ability to expand our trade overseas.

The United States has been a great world power since World War I because of the strength and richness and growth of our economy, protected from foreign competition, in varying degrees, by a system of tariff walls. A part of our economic strength has been a large foreign trade with a favorable balance; that is, we have taken in more from sales abroad than we have spent abroad.

But the world has changed rapidly since World War II. A Communist bloc of nations with 1,000,000,000 population has emerged. European nations are forming a great, new economic bloc. Japanese industry has revived, and a host of new, developing nations are clamoring for trade.

The position of the United States has changed too. Technically we still have a favorable balance of trade. We bear the heavy cost of Free World leadership, with huge expenditures for foreign aid and defense establishments around the world. And now we are spending abroad several billion dollars a year more than we receive. As any businessman knows, if this deficit in our balance of foreign payments is not made good, it will undermine the stability of the dollar in the world market; it could weaken our position of leadership in the struggle against Communist expansion.

How best to end the deficit may be a question for debate between advocates of free trade and advocates of protective tariffs. But it is obvious that we are reaching a point where we must turn one way or another to avoid economic disaster in the long run. The direction we choose will affect the cost of almost everything we buy, and the incomes we earn—perhaps even the political system under which we live.

"Our main battlefront in the Cold War is not Berlin or Cuba," an adviser to the President said recently. "It is the economic front. If we lose there, we lose everywhere. In his trade program the President is asking for the tools with which to fight for our survival."

The President long ago began preparations of radically new proposals for freer trade. He was helped by a staff of experts headed by Under Secretary of State George W. Ball, and Howard C. Petersen, a skilled Philadelphia banker whom he drafted as a special assistant. Both have been close to the revolution in trade practices that has revitalized the economy of Western Europe in recent years. Petersen has been chiefly responsible for drafting the President's program. Ball, an international lawyer whose firm long represented European interests, is the chief strategist for reduction of world trade barriers.

It was not until last November, however, that the President asked his chief advisers to help him decide whether to launch the congressional drive for freer trade in 1962. Some advisers urged him to wait until 1963, because more time was needed to "educate" the public on the need for a change in tariff policy. Others emphasized that world trade relations were changing so rapidly we "might weaken our influence on developments in Western Europe if we delay."

The President also listened to his political experts, headed by Special Assistant Lawrence F. O'Brien. Their advice: "All Congressmen and a third of the Senators will be campaigning next summer. Many will be pressured by local industries for higher instead of lower tariffs. It's better to shoot the works now and get it over with."

It didn't take long for Mr. Kennedy to decide to "shoot the works." Earlier, Ball had delivered a trial-balloon speech outlining the Administration

President Kennedy urges lower import duties to increase foreign trade: "We have boasted of the virtues of the market place under free competitive enterprise. Now the world will see whether we mean it."

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"OUR MAIN BATTLEFRONT IN THE COLD WAR IS NOT BERLIN OR CUBA. IT IS THE ECONOMIC FRONT. IF WE LOSE THERE, WE LOSE EVERYWHERE."

position. Now came a volley of statements and speeches by cabinet members and by such free traders as former Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, former Democratic Under Secretary William L. Clayton, onetime Presidential nominee Alf M. Landon and by the President himself, addressing the National Association of Manufacturers. Former President Eisenhower also expressed approval.

This was an impressive barrage, and it doubtless prompted countless Americans to ask: "What's the shooting all about?"

Briefly, the shooting concerns three major problems:

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY: Will it flourish and solve its problems—such as 4,000,000 unemployed—if our producers are protected against low-wage foreign competition by current or higher tariffs and import quotas? Or will it prosper better if tariffs everywhere in the Free World are sharply lowered, or abolished, so there will be a freer flow of world trade?

THE EUROPEAN COMMON MARKET: Western Europe is booming mainly because a revolutionary free-trade area is being formed among France, Italy, West Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg. Their trade is up about 50 percent since 1958, and their gross national product is increasing about 7 percent annually—twice as fast as ours. If the United Kingdom and other nations join them, as expected, they will form one of the world's greatest markets, with 300,000,000 customers surrounded by one big tariff wall. Can we afford to be handicapped in trying to penetrate this market? Or should Congress give the President much broader power to negotiate for mutual reduction or elimination of tariffs, so that our trade with Europe can expand?

THE COLD WAR: The Common Market is a step toward a political United States of Europe. If we engage Europe in retaliatory tariff battles, will the united front against Communist aggression be splintered? Will the way be opened for the Soviet Union to win economic control over 1,500,000,000 persons in the seventy or more developing nations of the world?

These are basic issues, to be debated in Congress this year. If tradition is observed, the legislators will act only after weeks of study, political shenanigans and uninhibited oratory aimed at the voters back home.

The United States made its first big turn away from protectionism in the early days of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The reciprocal Trade Agreements Act empowered the President to negotiate for mutual lowering of tariffs on specific items. Since then our tariffs have been reduced about 80 percent, to an average of 12 percent. Many imports have always been duty free.

After World War II we were the world's dominant commercial power, with huge gold reserves. We contributed about $12,000,000,000 of Marshall Plan aid to spark the rebuilding of Western Europe. We undertook worldwide foreign-aid programs, which now cost us around $5,000,000,000 a year. We spend some $3,000,000,000 a year to support our defense establishments abroad.

We strongly encouraged our European allies to form the Common Market, as former Secretary of State Herter explained in the January 6 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*. The Common Market, by reducing trade barriers among its members has been a sensational success. In parts of Europe it has created a business boom and a labor shortage.

The United States, meanwhile, has doubled its export trade since 1950 to a high, in round figures, of $20,000,000,000 a year. As a nation, we have a big stake in foreign trade. Our farmers, for example, sell some $5,000,000,000 worth of produce abroad each year. Exports make the difference between a losing year or a profitable year for many of our factories. About 4,600,000 jobs in this country are dependent on foreign trade.

While our exports were expanding, our imports also rose, to $15,000,000,000, leaving us with a technical favorable trade balance of $5,000,000,000.

On the surface our position appears to be satisfactory, but there are flaws in the picture. Our military and foreign-aid payments abroad total around $8,000,000,000, which wipes out our $5,000,000,000 trade balance and puts us on the deficit side in international payments. On this basis our deficit would appear to be about $3,000,000,000. Actually, the figure for last year is now estimated at closer to $2,600,000,000, being affected by other factors.

The result, nevertheless, is that we are operating at a heavy loss. Any businessman knows that red ink can shake investors' confidence. There has been speculation against the dollar, and an outward flow of gold. Although the flow was reduced in 1961, it has cut our gold reserves to less than $17,000,000,000. There is some concern that the dollar might become "soft," losing value in comparison to leading European currencies, which have been "hardened" by rigorous fiscal controls in recent years.

But the real danger would be a flight of capital from the dollar, with foreign investors making heavy claims on our gold and depleting our reserves. One way of averting this danger is to increase our foreign trade enough to wipe out the deficit in our balance of foreign payments.

The question is, how to proceed? Opinions vary. Some free traders, such as Herter and Clayton, urge the United States to "associate" with the Common Market. Association, they say, could strengthen the Free World economically and politically by leading to freer trade among the half billion peoples of the major non-Communist industrial countries. These countries, including Japan, command two thirds of the world's industrial capacity.

Other experts simply regard freer trade as unavoidable because we are exhausting many of our resources—iron ore and oil deposits, for example. We must have freer trade, it is urged, so we can expand our exports and thus bring in enough money to pay for necessary imports.

At the other extreme are advocates of higher protective tariffs. Their recent protests emphasize that traditional protectionism is far from dead. The United States follows a most-favored-nation trade policy; reductions of tariffs negotiated with the Common Market would be extended automatically to other countries, including Japan. Lowering of duties, the protectionists insist, would invite "unfair competition" from countries where wages are lower, destroying many of our industries and throwing workers out of jobs.

The President's program falls between the extremes of free trade and higher tariffs. He seeks power to negotiate across the board with the Common Market—not to join it—for reduction or elimination of tariffs on whole categories, such as chemicals, instead of the present method of cutting item by item. This wider negotiating power is described as essential, because there is no practicable way in which the various governments in the Common Market can agree on policy, except on the basis of across-the-board cuts.

Broad tariff reforms, Mr. Kennedy predicted, will spur our producers to healthy competition in the world marketplace. "We have boasted," he said, "of the virtues of the marketplace under free competitive enterprise. Now the world will see whether we mean it."

Although such generalities set a challenging oratorical tone, the administration—like the protectionists—bears down hardest on negative arguments. New Frontiersmen warn that failure to act now, when our bargaining power can influence the external tariff that is to be established around the Common Market, might have dire consequences:

- Our exports to Western Europe, where we sell $6,000,000,000 worth of goods a year, could be greatly reduced by high tariffs.
- American industry, which already has invested $6,600,000,000 in plants in Europe, would build many more plants abroad to get inside the tariff wall—this at heavy cost to us in lost capital and jobs. (The President has proposed tax changes to make this outflow of capital less attractive.)
- Cut off from our richest market, and sheltering behind our own tariff walls, our businessmen would grow sluggish. We would face the same threat of economic stagnation that now forces the United Kingdom to seek membership in the Common Market.

These grim predictions, of course, are not necessarily accurate. The Common Market has many problems to solve before it can wipe out all internal tariffs, especially those on agricultural products. It is possible that the United Kingdom will never become a member. Also there are grave questions about the effect of the President's program on our economy.

Without tariff protection, various factories or segments of our industry that are marginal, obsolescent or inefficient would sink under a wave of imports from low-wage countries. However, only about 30 percent ($5,000,000,000 worth) of our imports compete with American-made products; so it has been estimated that damage might be limited to 1 percent of our gross national product. Meanwhile our exports would greatly increase.

But percentages are no consolation to firms or workers who may be sacrificed for the greater good of the national economy. Owners of glassware factories in Pennsylvania, ferro-alloys plants in Ohio, shrimp boats in the Southern states, footwear factories in New England and many others have complained that tariffs already are too low.

Take, for instance, the Jones Veneer and Plywood Company, with four plants near Eugene, Oregon (population 50,000). The firm employs

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653 men and spends $13,800,000 annually in the area. It began producing Douglas-fir plywood in 1945, but a flood of low-priced imports from Japan forced it to shift to hardwood plywood in 1958. In 1960 a new flood of hardwood plywood came from Japan and the Philippines. The Oregon company had to close one mill and release 250 workers.

With the present threat of decreased tariffs, says Harold R. Jones, president, "we are again forced to look to another avenue of production or go down the same road we traveled in 1960. Can a city the size of Eugene bear the burden of release of 653 men by one company and the loss of $13,800,000 from the economy? We don't think so, and that is why we speak for all companies like us who will be forced into closures."

The Administration points out, however, that the Brookings Institution estimates that enough tariff-lowering to increase our imports by $1,000,000,000 a year, bringing in goods in competition with seventy-two American industries, would displace only 86,000 workers. Other economists assert that if *all* tariffs were abolished not more than 500,000 jobs would be lost.

But the President has emphasized that not every tariff will be eliminated, that reductions will be gradual over five years or so, and that various safeguards will remain in force. The textile industry, for example, is vulnerable to foreign competition. But last summer a one-year agreement was negotiated with sixteen countries to limit our imports of their cotton textiles to around 6 percent of our consumption. We are now negotiating for a similar long-term contract.

The Administration also proposes to set up a trade-adjustment program to assist factories that would be directly damaged by lowering or elimination of tariffs.

At present the Trade Agreements Act has an "escape clause" permitting a manufacturer endangered by foreign competition to petition for a higher tariff. The President would retain this escape-clause protection. But instead of being able only to grant a tariff increase to protect a less efficient manufacturer, he wants the power to take the alternative course of helping a damaged factory adjust to the changing economic situation. The Government might aid such industries by tax adjustments, low-interest loans, accelerated rates for amortization of obsolescent machinery, technical assistance in raising efficiency or developing new products.

To cushion the effect of job losses, the Government would aid in retraining workers for other industries with more promising futures. There would be supplementary unemployment benefits for workers during the transfer period.

The proposed trade-adjustment program, however, has aroused no enthusiasm among protectionists. "Where will this come out?" asks O. R. Strackbein, chairman of the protectionist Nationwide Committee on Import-Export Policy. "Will industries, one by one, as imports strike them, fall into the line of supplicants for aid? Shall we become a nation of tradespeople, service caterers and professionals living off each other?"

Senator Prescott Bush, Republican of Connecticut, has questioned whether a trade-adjustment program will work. "What will it cost?" he asks. "Nobody knows, but Congress will demand to know."

Protectionists have centered their arguments against freer trade on the American wage scale. In manufacturing, our average hourly wage for adult males is $2.36. In the United Kingdom it is ninety-four cents, in West Germany sixty-eight cents, in Italy thirty-nine cents and in Japan thirty cents. Fringe benefits, housing and other allowances not common in America increase the real hourly wage rate in most other industrial countries, but a great disparity remains.

Free traders answer that our industry—especially our high-wage, efficient industries—can compete with low-wage countries because of our superior productivity. Because of efficiency, more advanced technology, mass production and skilled labor, our industry often can produce two or three times as much per man hour as foreign competitors. Thus, despite our high wages, we can compete on the world market. In fact, one of our exports to Japan is inexpensive toys.

Technology, however, is no American monopoly. Foreign productivity is increasing. New factories built since the war in Western Europe and Japan are as advanced as any of ours. This trend, coupled with rising wages in the United States, has led to a complaint that we are "pricing ourselves out of the market." As a result, protectionists argue, certain industries must have high tariffs to survive.

The solution to the problem may not be so simple. Neither high tariffs nor free trade can ever be the whole answer.

"Unless we put our own house in order by balancing the budget and controlling our spending," one international banking expert summed up, "we can forget about the benefits of increased foreign trade and all the rest. The Common Market is not a 'hard money' area. If we have a chronic budget deficit, it means devaluation and flight from the dollar, inflation and a declining living standard."

Under Secretary Ball emphasizes another problem: "We shall have to use every measure to dampen inflationary forces and reduce the threat of a wage-price spiral." But labor unions insist there is room for higher wages and shorter hours.

Production costs also might be reduced by some form of tax relief. We levy a 52-percent corporate income tax. Most European countries have depended on a sales tax on manufactured products. Exported goods escape this sales tax and thus can be sold at lower prices abroad. But such a change is not likely in this country.

On the other hand, Administration experts argue that Europe's general rate of productivity cannot change overnight. "There will be a slow process of development," says Howard Petersen, the President's trade adviser. "It will create opportunities for American exporters." Increasing productivity in Europe, he adds, will mean higher wage rates to avoid strikes. Thus we may hold our competitive position.

Agriculture poses one of our most controversial problems in foreign trade. In Europe alone we sell in a year almost $2,000,000,000 worth of farm products and buy only $500,000,000 worth—a huge advantage to us. We are world leaders in farm productivity, and we should be able to sell profitably at lower prices. Instead, at a cost of billions of dollars, our Government price supports have held farm prices at a high level and made necessary a network of tariffs, quotas and other restrictions against agricultural imports. If the Common Market nations set up high tariffs, our farm exports could suffer seriously. Recent negotiations have made this less likely, but in any event, the world situation is increasing pressure in this country for re-examination of our whole farm program.

"If we are to have freer trade, why is all the sacrifice to be put on industry?" asks Representative Thomas B. Curtis, Republican of Missouri. "Why is agriculture left out? We are in trouble up to our neck with the farm problem, and eventually we will have to do away with subsidies."

Many New Frontiersmen agree privately. Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman recently has moved toward an overhaul of farm policy. But the problem is loaded with political dynamite and the outcome is uncertain.

Entwined in the President's freer trade policy are problems of world politics. These include our relations with Latin America, the developing countries and Japan. Much has been said of low-wage competition from Japan, but in 1961 we sold the Japanese about $600,000,000 worth more goods than we bought from them. The Administration believes that Japan must have a reasonable opportunity to sell to us.

Although the developing countries will set up some industries, their first road to progress will be through sale of raw materials abroad. If they are blocked by restrictive tariffs or quotas they may turn to the Communist bloc for trade and guidance. And any relationship with the Common Market that would exclude Latin America and the developing countries would be "incompatible with our role as a world leader," according to Under Secretary Ball.

Thus the challenge of the Common Market has opened a whole series of problems. Their solution will depend on our ability to bargain successfully with the Common Market, which wants to sell to us but which has indicated it might set its external tariffs at an average of 20 or 22 percent. The bargaining may be difficult, in the view of observers like Senator Paul H. Douglas, Democrat of Illinois. He is an ardent free trader, but in recent conferences with Common Market leaders, he discovered little readiness to "give."

How Congress will react to the President's program is uncertain. Strong opposition from vulnerable local businesses can influence many Congressmen. But a major segment of business, especially big business, is favorable. Labor's leadership approves—despite bitter protests from some unions fearing loss of jobs—providing the adjustment program is satisfactory. The American Farm Bureau Federation apparently will go along if the Common Market grants concessions on agriculture.

If the President's proposals are defeated, he will keep on "educating" the public and try again in 1963. But even temporary defeat, Administration leaders fear, would weaken our authority abroad by casting doubt on our future policy. And at best we would lose time in a period when, with wider powers, the President's bargaining might affect the future of the Common Market and of the Free World. THE END

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Part One: The true story of the man who is master of a romantic and unpredictable trade—the perilous quest for sunken treasure.

ADVENTURE IS MY LIFE

BY TEDDY TUCKER
as told to Don A. Schanche

Adventure is my life. Without it I would be as unhappy as a starving cat in a barrel of frozen fish.

In my day I have been a British Navy deserter, a soldier of fortune, a gold smuggler, a stowaway and a good-natured brawler. I have been in so many jails throughout the world, from Belfast to Saigon, that I can't count the number of times the gendarmes have locked me up or remember their reasons for doing it. I have come within a hair of being killed so often that I probably could commit suicide simply by dwelling on the escapades—I would be frightened to death.

Nowadays my troubles are more respectable, but they are as exciting as ever. My business is treasure hunting, a specialized trade which has made me a part-time scholar and a modestly rich man. The hazards are great, but the rewards are high, so I plan to pursue undersea treasure for the rest of my life. A few of my skeptical friends think that may not be too long.

So far I have found roughly a quarter of a million dollars' worth of gold, jewels and historical treasures on ancient shipwrecks buried in the sand among the reefs of Bermuda. That is the greatest and historically the most important undersea treasure of modern times. But it is no more than a pauper's dole compared to the enormous hoards of gold banked by catastrophe in the wreckage of old Spanish ships and privateers off Bermuda, the Bahamas, the West Indies and the American East Coast.

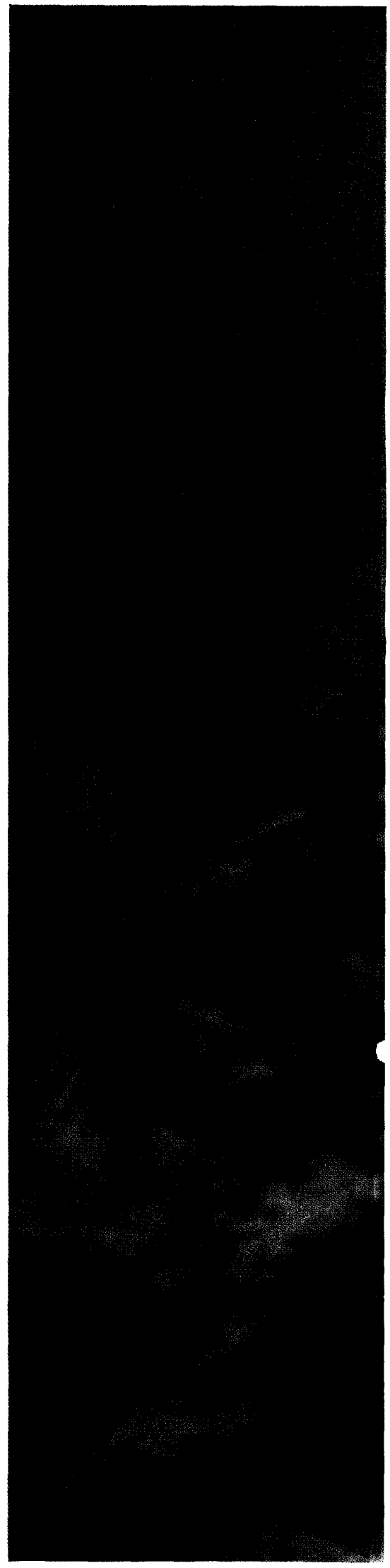
Unless I am eaten by a rude shark or killed in some other aquatic misadventure, I will find a comfortable share of that treasure. Part of it lies almost within my grasp now, buried amid the three-centuries-old timbers of a mystery ship which I uncovered last summer while leading an underwater archaeological expedition for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

In a wearying six weeks, the *Post* expedition party spent more than 400 man-hours underwater probing old shipwrecks for treasure and historical artifacts. With me on this wet adventure were maritime historian Mendel Peterson, who joined the expedition on leave from his post as curator of armed forces history at the Smithsonian Institution; Peter Stackpole, the great underwater photographer; Don Schanche, the *Post* editor who is helping me write this account of the expedition and of my life as a treasure hunter; my partners and brothers-in-law, Robert and Donald Canton, who have been on and under the sea so long that they could salt their food by snapping their fingers over the plate; and an assortment of casual helpers ranging from the diving governor of Bermuda, Maj. Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne, to the American astronaut, Maj. Donald K. (Dede) Slayton.

Using professional diving gear—air compressors, air hoses and full-face masks—which allowed us to work underwater for hours at a time, we found gold and pearls on two Spanish galleons which I had previously excavated. We pioneered an exciting new method of locating shipwrecks—by balloon. We discovered a mass of American colonial artifacts which the Virginia Company ships *Eagle* and *Virginia Merchant* took to the bottom three centuries ago, after running afoul of Bermuda's reefs en route to Jamestown. We dug into a third Spanish galleon—the mystery ship I believe is richer than any undersea relic I have found before. And we had a variety of underwater misadventures.

One narrow scrape occurred six fathoms down off Bermuda's north breaker as we probed the buried timbers of the old colonial merchantman *Eagle*. Using an "air lift," a suction pipe which pumps sand up from the sea floor, I had excavated a sizable hole beneath a massive coral formation. As the air lift sucked sand, rocks and chunks of coral away, it uncovered a box of unused clay smoking pipes which must have been part of the cargo or of the crew's store. Excited by the find, I dug deeper and uncovered the spout of a copper teapot, then a stylus and slate which may have been the captain's writing utensil and bulletin board. Soon I was deep beneath the huge coral formation, working head down so that only my feet protruded from the excavation. Beside me, watching to see that no valuable artifacts were swept away by the air lift, was Donald Canton. Schanche was near the edge of the hole vigorously fanning his hand through the water to "wash" sand away from a smaller excavation he had begun. Stackpole was in my diving boat, directly above us, changing film and talking to Edna Tucker, who, in addition to being first mate, diving companion, museum curator and confidential secretary, is also my wife. Her other brother, Robert Canton, stood watch over the compressor and hoses which fed precious air into our face masks down below.

Suddenly I noticed an almost imperceptible tremor in the base of the mass of coral along which I was digging. It might have been nothing more than a mild vibration induced by the air lift, whose suction tends to shake most of the things around it. But I learned long ago not to waste time on speculation. If the tremor was what I intuitively feared, there might not be time to get out of the hole, much less have a private debate about it. I tapped Donald, and both of us backed hurriedly out. Seconds later the massive piece of coral which my excavation had undermined toppled over. A ton of coral filled the hole where Donald and I had worked moments before.



Photographs by Peter Stackpole

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Author Tucker, aquatic knight errant, in a formal portrait made aboard the merchantman Eagle, *wrecked in 1659.*

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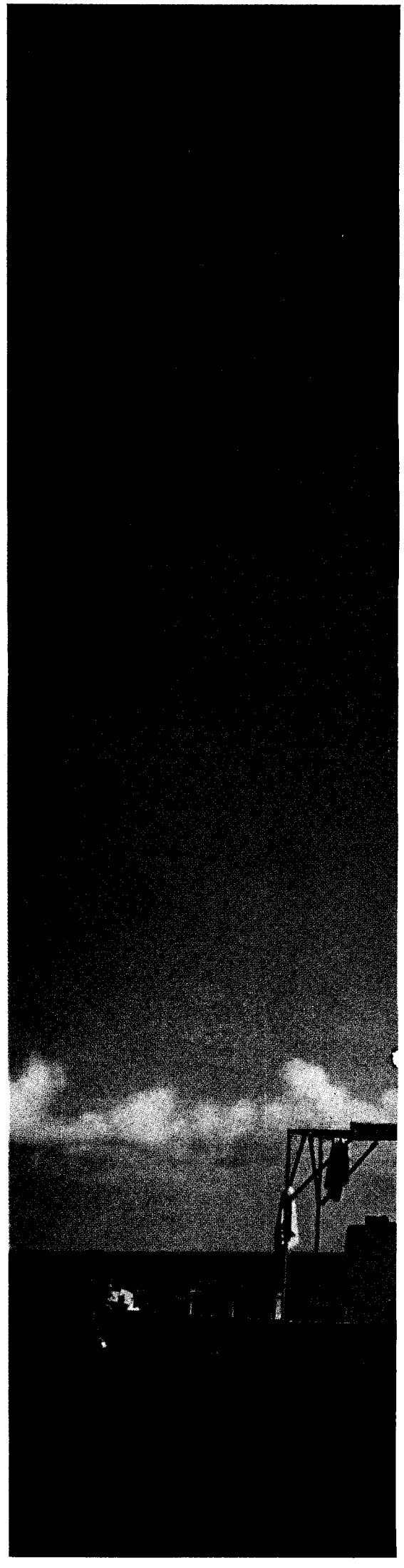
Tucker porpoises to the surface, brandishing a hammer he uses to free his finds from encrusting coral. Fragile treasure receives delicate handling, but Tucker makes many dives to salvage common brass.

Right: Dangling from a plastic balloon moored to his diving boat, Tucker scans the bottom as the tender cruises over the Bermuda reefs. Within two hours he spotted seven wrecks lying beneath the sea.



It was a jinxed spot. Only the day before, while working in the same excavation, I had had a chilling sensation such as you might feel in a dark room when you fear someone else is in there with you. I couldn't escape the feeling that some uninvited creature had crashed our party. Normally I am as alert as a nervous cat when I'm on the bottom, because there are a number of God's creatures down there who refuse to agree that we odd-shaped, flesh-covered men are masters of the earth and the seas. They would rather think of us as something to eat. Although I'm not inclined to accept their point of view, I do have a certain amount of respect for it.

At any rate, I had taken a good look around just a few minutes earlier, and everything looked quite peaceful. A gentle angelfish was fluttering around a beautiful golden head of brain coral to my right. Three almost fluorescent blue fish were nibbling at worms which I had uncovered in the excavation. Stackpole and Schanche were about ten feet away from me, busily fanning sand away from the bottom, which ran like a flat, white valley between two high coral reefs. It was a peaceful scene—enough to stir a man's soul. I turned head down to my own excavation and continued with my digging.

Suddenly I felt uneasy. Restraining an impulse to move too quickly, lest I appear to be a piece of squirming live bait, I raised my head slowly and turned around to see if—as my instincts seemed to warn me—some man-eater lurked nearby.

The beautiful small fish were moving gently to and fro, quite unconcerned. The two other divers were intent on their task, staring fixedly into the hole they were digging with no concern for what might be overhead. But just above them, after sliding quietly over my exposed body, moved a sharp-nosed blue shark. He was big enough to eat both of them and me as well with hardly a burp. Since it was too late for me to warn my companions, I simply stared as the big, blue rascal swam over their heads. Without a pause he kicked his tail and glided down the sand valley, out of sight. The two other divers never knew the unwanted observer had been around.

We saw a few more sharks, but only one of them made a threatening gesture. If he had got the meal he seemed to be sizing up, Bermuda would now be welcoming a new governor.

Maj. Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne, the governor of Bermuda, is a vigorous soldier of fifty-eight who seems as contemptuous of age as he does of the hazards of the underwater world. Many Bermudians speak fondly of him as "Sir Julian the Participator" because he takes such a vital interest in joining all of the pleasurable activities of this water-loving colony. Although he suffered a collapsed lung from a chest wound in Italy during the Second World War, Sir Julian eagerly took up skin diving and scuba diving when he came to Bermuda. He has become quite good at it. Frequently he comes along to dive with me.

Last summer Sir Julian became interested in our expedition, and whenever he could spare the time from his official duties, he joined our crew as a diver. One day he sailed out with us to investigate the wreck of the old American clipper ship, the *North Carolina*. She is a beautiful old steel hulk, 220 feet long and still largely intact, standing upright on the bottom in sixty feet of water. Although listed in Bermuda's records of wrecks, the *North Carolina*'s exact position underwater had been forgotten, and no one in recent times had seen her until we rediscovered her last summer. So all of us were excited when we anchored above the old relic and started preparing our face masks and hoses for diving.

My wife Edna and Sir Julian decided to don ordinary face masks and flippers, and snorkel around on the surface to size up the old ship while the rest of us scurried around the deck of my old diving boat, a surplus British Navy pinnace, preparing our gear. Both Edna and Sir Julian are good swimmers. Soon they were about 200 feet from the boat, paddling lazily along on the surface above the still-erect bowsprit of the old clipper ship. Suddenly Edna saw a large dark shape slide out from the sunken ship's bow curve below. Sir Julian, about thirty feet away, was swimming in the opposite direction; he could not see the creature. Edna noted immediately that it was a gray shark, about eight feet long. It began swimming slowly toward Sir Julian, as if it already had judged the governor a quarry worth pursuing. Without hesitation Edna swam to Sir Julian's side, calmly told him there was an eight-foot shark right behind him, and suggested that they swim rapidly but not frenziedly to the boat. I believe sharks, like dogs, are more inclined to strike a frightened man, because in his panic he sets up such a stir that he looks as if he has been wounded. A shark likes nothing better than wounded, helpless prey. At any rate, Edna and Sir Julian made it back to the boat without bringing the monster with them and without getting so much as a nibble.

Sir Julian was with us that day for more than diving. He wanted to take part in a historic event—the first use of a helium-filled balloon as a tool of underwater archaeology and treasure hunting. Ever since I began searching out old shipwrecks around Bermuda, I have dreamed of using a balloon as a floating platform. I have tried every other means of scanning underwater—glass-bottomed boats, which give you a limited view of the sea bottom directly beneath your window; airplanes, which move too fast over the surface to give you time to study the bottom; and a contemplative position leaning over the bow of my boat, from which I can survey twenty-five to thirty feet of sea bottom at a time.

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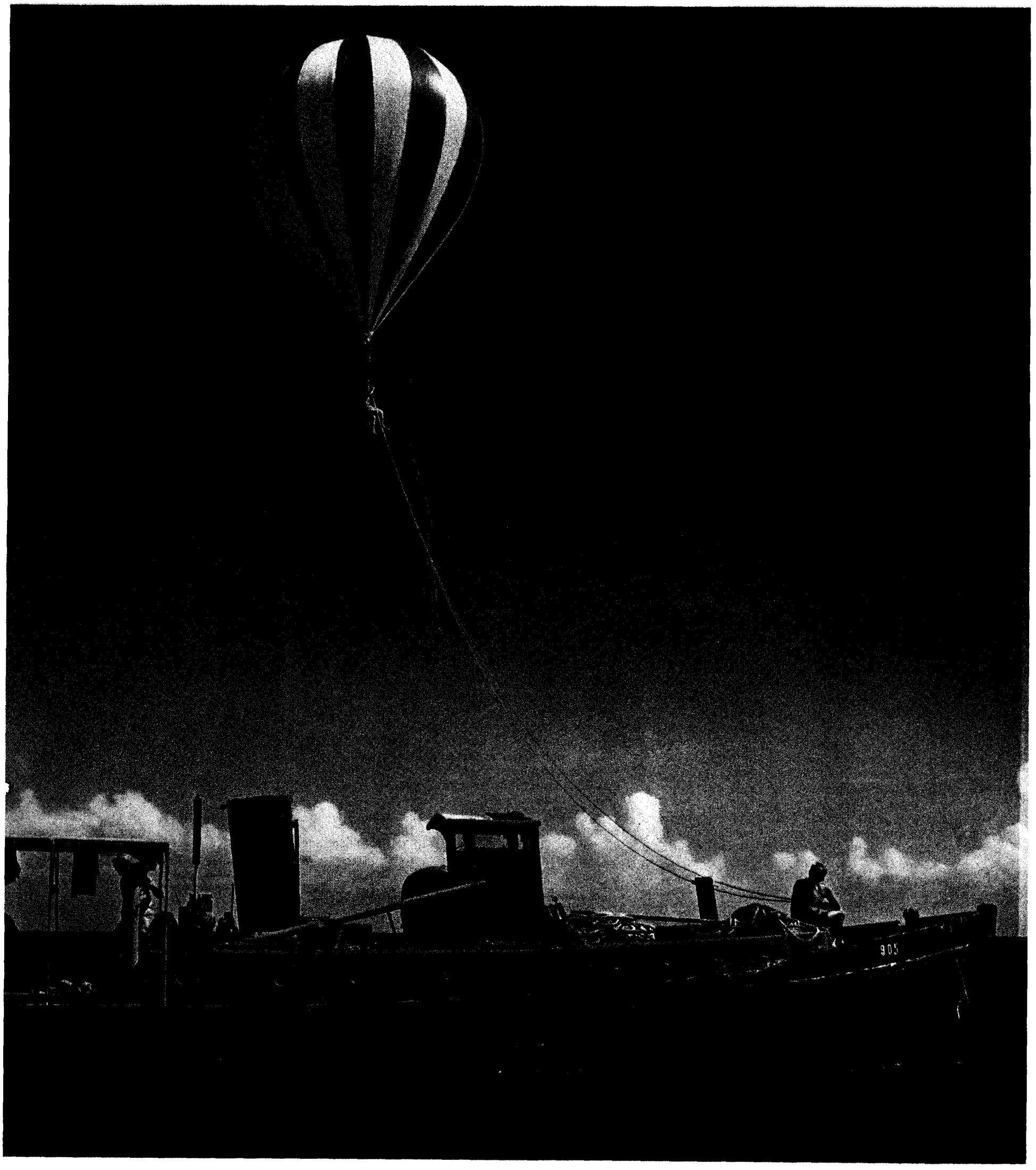

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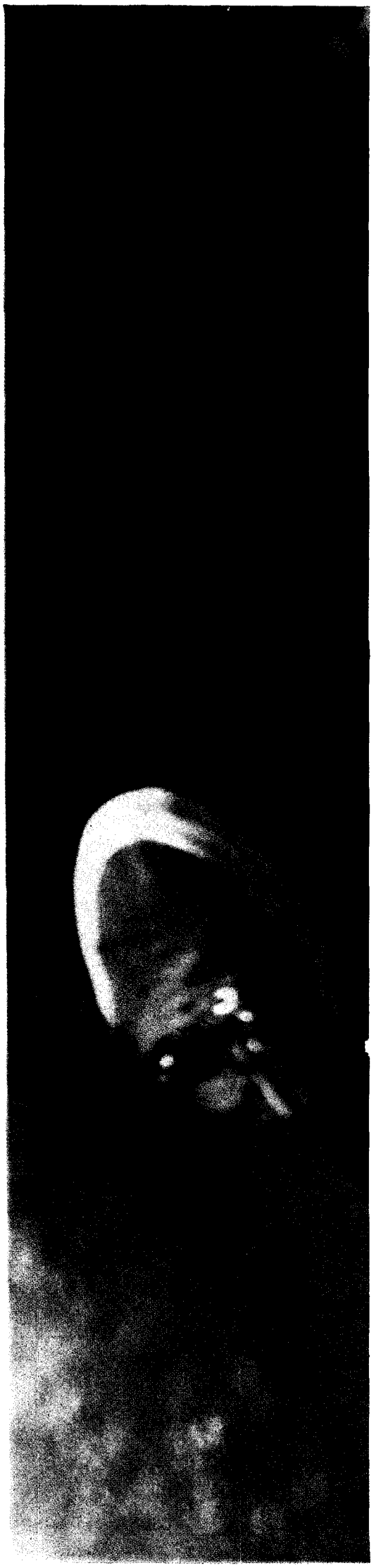
Left: Tucker uses an "air lift"—a suction pipe which clears away sand—to probe the hulk of a Spanish galleon which sank about 1595. This wreck has yielded him treasure valued at nearly $150,000.

Right: Peter Stackpole obtained this view from the Post *expedition's balloon, first ever used for underwater archaeology. A nineteenth-century wreck's form is visible beneath the anchored boat at left.*



There is no commercial helicopter in Bermuda, so I have never tried one as a search platform. I doubt that it would work well. The whirling rotor blades would stir too much chop on the surface of the water if it hovered low enough for a man to study the sea bottom.

When we planned the expedition, Otto Winzen, president of Winzen Research Inc. and manufacturer of the record-setting high-altitude balloons in which Lt. Col. David Simons and Cmdr. Malcolm Ross ascended to the edge of space, donated a 6000-cubic-foot plastic balloon.

Last August ninth, a perfect day with a glass-calm sea, we inflated the Winzen balloon, tethered it to my boat with 600 feet of line and set out to look for treasure wrecks. The balloon, candy-striped like a peppermint ball with alternating cerise and white polyethylene panels, reached for the sky, tugging fifty feet of mooring rope straight up as we steamed out of quiet Ely's Harbor at the southwest end of Bermuda.

When we reached the barrier reef, where I suspected that dozens of shipwrecks lay, I slipped into a flimsy bosun's chair suspended from the balloon. For two hours I had the boat describe a lazy crisscross pattern along the reef while I rode comfortably under the balloon 150 to 200 feet above the surface. It was a gentle ride which gave a sensation of freedom, of being a part of the sky, such as I have never had while flying in an airplane. By moving slowly, with the steady progress of the boat tugging the balloon along by its mooring line, I was able to study the bottom more thoroughly than I ever had from the close-up vantage point of the sea's surface. I could see individual rocks and coral heads clearly for a quarter of a mile in every direction.

Within five minutes I saw the first shipwreck. An untrained eye probably would have missed it. But about 1000 yards ahead I could see a long straight line. Every man who spends much of his life outdoors soon learns that nature abhors a straight line. Natural formations usually curve and wind about at random. Yet before me was a narrow indentation, straight as a taut rope and at least 100 yards long. It could be only the furrow plowed in the coral by the keel of a heavy ship. There was no trace of a ship. A wooden hulk immersed in the earth's salt seas disappears within ten years under the onslaught of teredo and other shipworms, the borers of the sea which have plagued mariners ever since man set out in the first dugout canoe.

Nearby I could see piles of smooth, ellipsoid rocks. Again, the untrained eye would overlook this evidence, But after years of studying the waters of Bermuda, I know every native rock, and these were not native. Clearly they were ballast stones from an old ship whose keel had plowed through the coral, digging the straight line. Her bottom had sprung open, spilling stones where she had foundered.

Before two hours were up, I had spotted half a dozen more shipwrecks, four of which I had seen before. Even so, it may be years before I find time to dive on the new finds. For the present my hands are full. I know the locations of 112 shipwrecks—ranging in age from a Spaniard, which went down in 1595 with a fabulous treasure, to a modern yacht, which hit a rock during the Newport-to-Bermuda yacht race in 1956. About sixty of these wrecks are known to other people, and none of them are particularly valuable. The remainder are mine until someone else discovers them. At least seven of them may be fabulously rich treasure ships.

Although the balloon worked beautifully, it did not work for long. Despite our efforts to save it, the gas in our balloon became contaminated with air which slipped in through an open safety vent in the bottom. By the second day of balloon operations the helium had mixed with enough air to lose much of its lifting power. The balloon would still hoist Stackpole or Schanche or some of the lighter members of our crew, but it would not take me aloft. Mendel Peterson, who was eager to get high above a shipwreck in order to sketch its dimensions and trace its death throes as it plowed through the coral reefs, weighs about the same as I do and could not get aloft either. But we thought that Sir Julian, who at 196 pounds weighs slightly less than Peterson or I, could make it. We pulled the balloon down to deck level and helped the exultant governor into the bosun's chair. Then we heaved him over the side. Instead of rising, the governor descended. With great dignity he adjusted his straw hat at a rakish angle, extended his limbs, pointed his toes toward the sky, and plopped into the water, bosun's chair and all. Dampened but not discouraged, His Excellency Maj. Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne, K.C.V.O., C.B., D.S.O., climbed back in the boat and quipped through his trim military mustache: "It was simply a case of too little gas and too much Gascoigne."

Locating old wrecks, whether by balloon or any other method, is the first, but by no means the most important, element of treasure hunting. The actual salvaging of long-lost cargo is far more difficult. Sometimes the work fairly drips with romance and mystery, but more often it is a painstaking affair, which calls for great patience, depending as much on scholarship as on brute strength and luck for success. Concentrating on sixteenth- and seventeenth-century wrecks, as I do, demands a tremendous amount of historical research. Without it I wouldn't know what I was looking for. More important, I would not know what I had when I found it. For although precious metals and stones are the richest treasure, there are great historical treasures in the remains of everyday shipboard life on the ancient wrecks. Many quite ordinary-looking artifacts are of immense value to archaeologists and historians.

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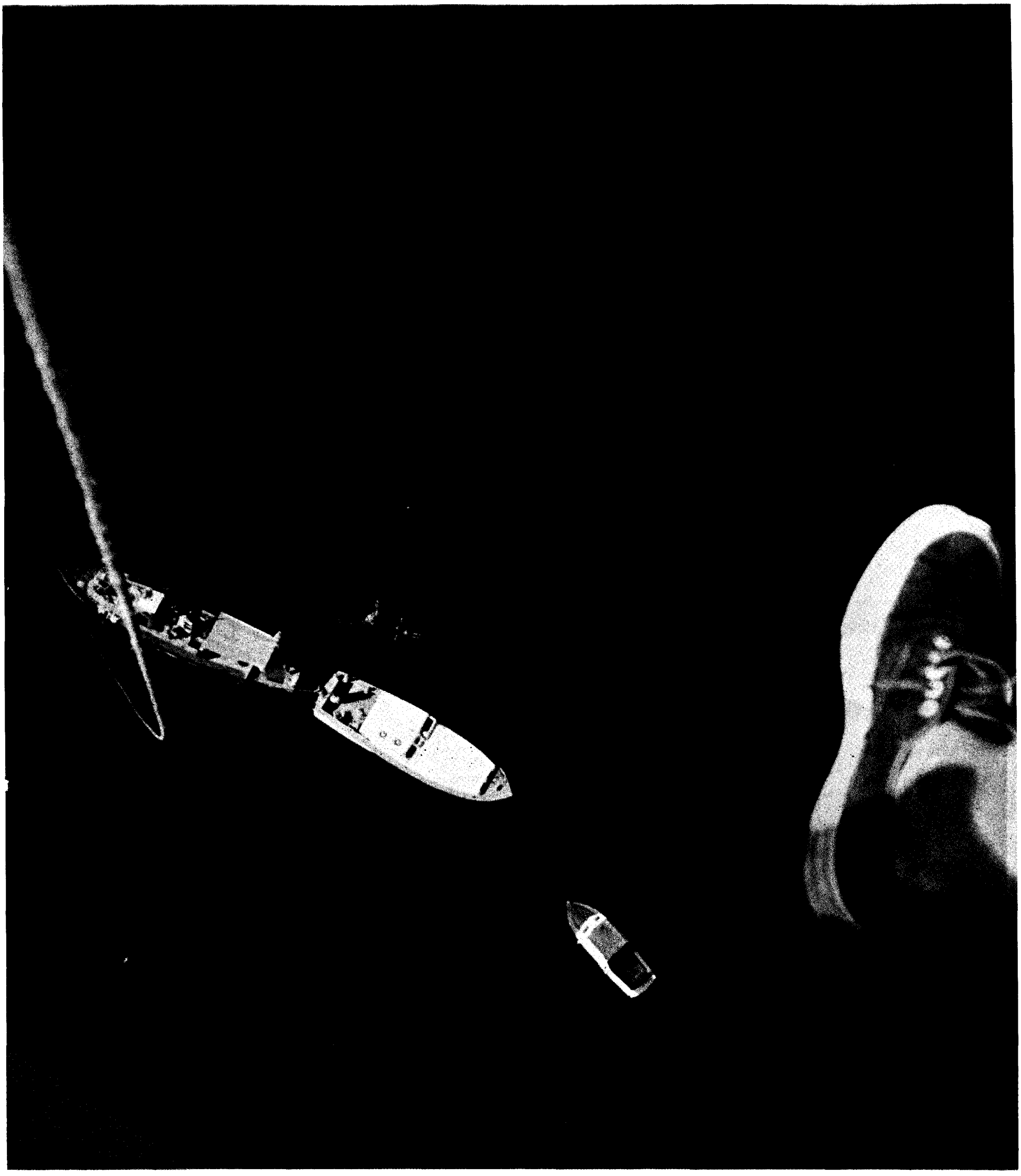

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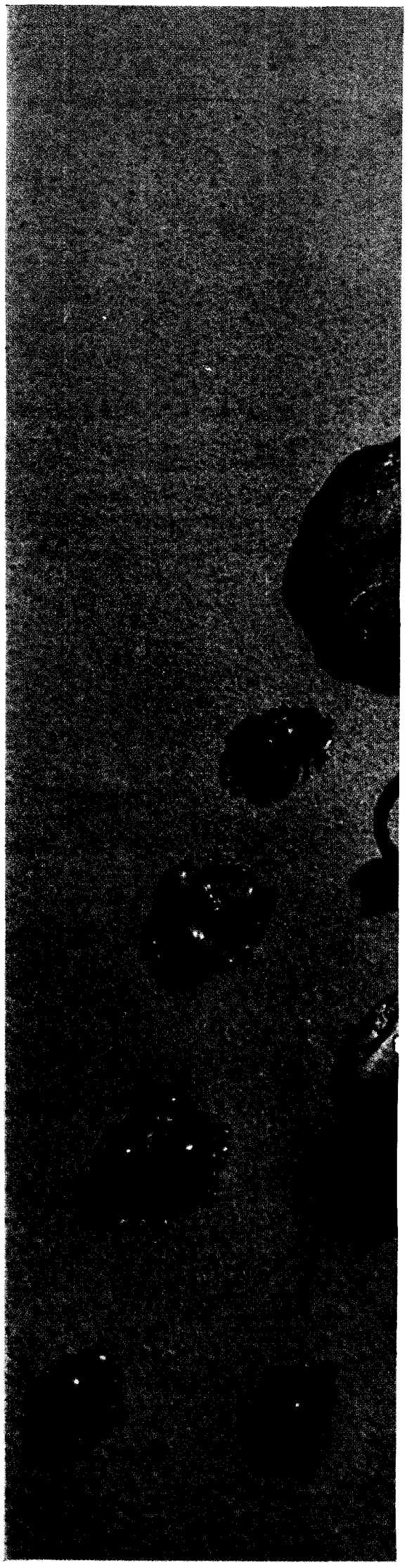
A diver (left) glides above the hull of the clipper North Carolina. *Only minutes earlier, Tucker's wife Edna and Bermuda's Governor Gascoigne had retreated to the boat to escape an eight-foot shark.*

Gold and gems from the Spanish Main: part of the treasure which the Bermuda government recently acquired from Tucker for $100,000. He once refused $75,000 for the emerald-set cross alone.



We uncovered a wide variety of these seemingly worthless items from the old colonial ships *Eagle* and *Virginia Merchant* last summer. To an uninformed salvor our hard-won pile of clay pipes, bricks, cannon balls, tools, writing utensils, pieces of silverware and fragments of china and pottery would be only curios. But after studying the historical records of the early days of the Virginia Company, which colonized Jamestown and Bermuda, we knew their archaeological value. The *Eagle* wrecked on Bermuda's Northeast Breaker between nine and ten P.M., January 12, 1659, while sailing to the struggling colony at Jamestown with immigrants and cargo. Happily, crew and passengers were saved and sailed on to Jamestown aboard the *Virginia Merchant*, which ran afoul of Bermuda's reefs herself two years later, drowning 170 crewmen and passengers.

Since 1934, archaeologists at Jamestown have been systematically digging in the old colonial settlement, trying to reconstruct the life of America's earliest English settlers. But the evidence they find is often confusing and hard to date. A clay pipe found on the hearth of an old hut, for example, may date from 1625 or from 1675. There is still controversy over the origin of some of the bricks used in the buildings. Were they shipped from England or were they baked in Virginia? At what period was a certain kind of silverware in use?

Evidence raised from the *Eagle* and the *Virginia Merchant* will help to solve some of these puzzles. The archaeologists can take a piece of silverware from the *Virginia Merchant* and exactly match it to pieces they have found at Jamestown. They can examine a piece of pottery which they know without question was in use on the night of January 12, 1659, when the *Eagle* went down, and compare it with similar pieces found in their excavations. They can study bricks which came off the wreck of the *Eagle*, clearly made in England for shipment to America, and compare them with those found in Jamestown.

To help them in their Jamestown studies, the Bermuda government, in co-operation with *The Saturday Evening Post*, has offered our collection of *Eagle* and *Virginia Merchant* artifacts as a gift to the state of Virginia and the U.S. National Park Service, which operates Jamestown. Many of the items, including cannons from both ships, will go on permanent display there.

The *Post* prize includes hundreds of other important artifacts—cannon balls, musket stocks, tools, swords, buckles and buttons and remnants of ship's cargoes ranging from thoroughly soaked tobacco to still-usable indigo dye from two Spanish galleons. Eventually all of these objects which can be preserved will go on display at my Wreck Museum in Bermuda.

We found treasure, too, but before describing it, I want first to present my credentials as a professional treasure hunter. Although I take a thoroughly scientific approach to underwater treasure hunting nowadays, I must confess that luck was the thing that got me started, and I have not since equaled the great treasure I discovered with my first lucky break.

In the late 1940's and early 1950's Robert Canton and I were partners in brass salvage, raising anything of value we found on modern-day shipwrecks. I had been a commercial fisherman, and many of my friends still were—sharp-eyed, lonely men with little else to do but peer over the sides of their boats and study the bottom of the sea. Often one of them would spot the remains of an old wreck with a bit of brass on it and tell me where to find it.

While looking for such a wreck one day in 1950, I spotted a pair of old cannons lying on the bottom. A few days later Robert and I raised the two guns, as well as a huge copper pot full of lead musket shot. Then we brought up four more guns, an anchor and a pewter plate. The wreck was old and interesting, but we were too busy scrambling to make a living out of brass salvage to bother with historical artifacts. We sold the lot to the Bermuda Monuments Trust for $100 and vowed to return to the wreck when we had more time to look around.

One late-summer day in 1955 we decided on impulse to stop at the old wreck. Slipping on a face mask, I leaped into the water and made a free dive to the bottom. The water was as clear as new-washed glass, the way it usually is around Bermuda, and I could see for fifty feet all around me. The first thing I noticed was a bronze apothecary's mortar.

Fascinated by the find, I went back to the boat, started the air compressor, slipped on a full-face diving mask and jumped overboard again. Back on the bottom I started a shallow excavation by fanning sand from a small area near the bronze mortar. Soon I uncovered a handful of blackened pieces of eight. Like all silver after long exposure to salt water, the coins had suffered from electrolytic action and turned to fragile silver sulphide. But I recognized them as Spanish coins and began to dig with more interest. Gradually I created a trench about eighteen inches deep.

Suddenly a small, bright object tumbled out one side of the sand trench. It sparkled in the sunlight as if it had been polished only a few minutes before. I picked it up. It was a five-sided piece of gold. The chunk weighed only about two ounces. To us, then, it didn't seem very valuable—maybe $75 worth, perhaps $100 to a museum. But it was exciting. If there was a small gold piece there, I knew there had to be more.

Forgetting brass salvage—our bread and butter—we set out to find the rest of the treasure. (*In the next installment, Tucker describes his fabulous treasure find and ruefully points out that it is harder to keep a treasure than to find one.*)

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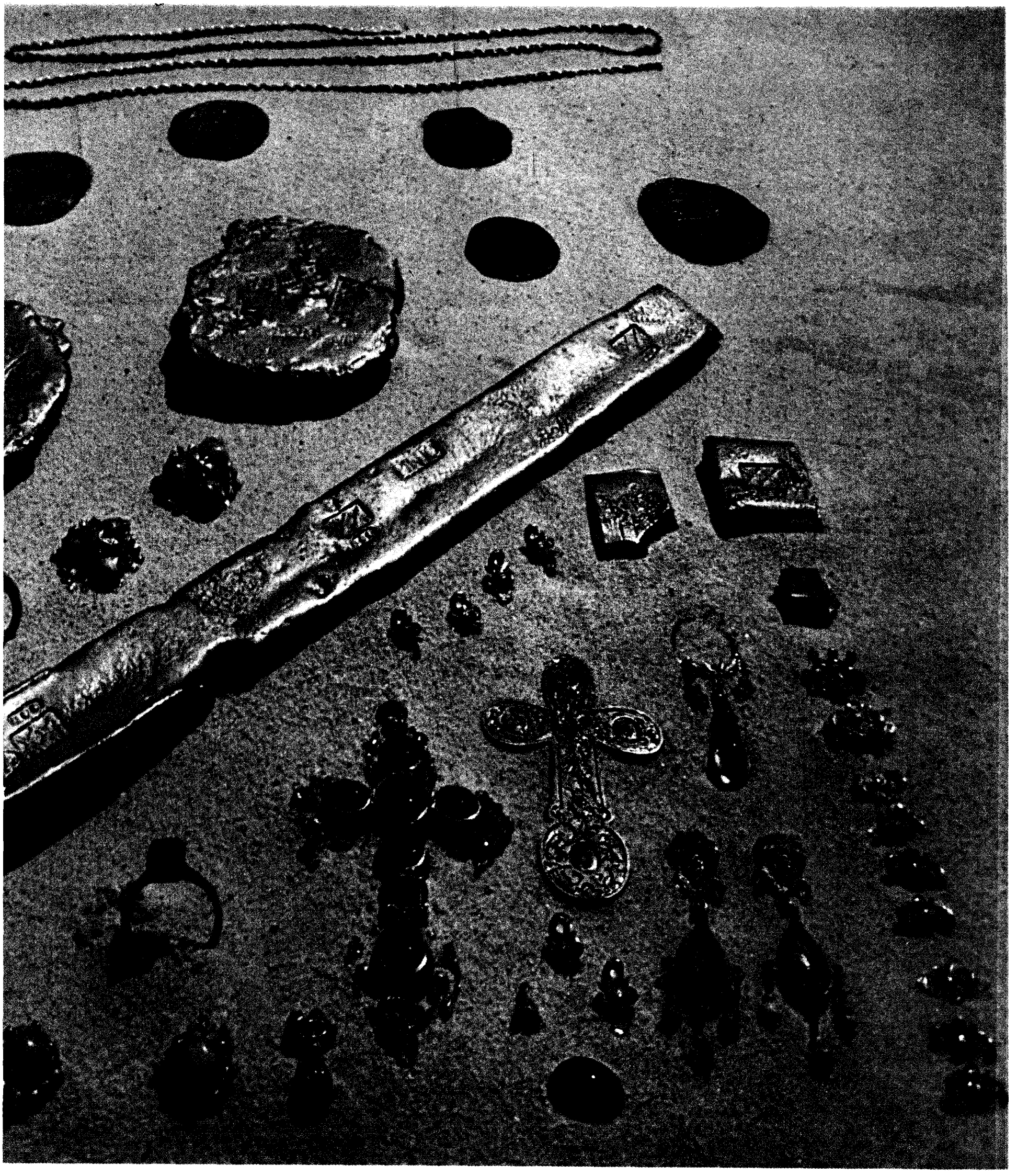

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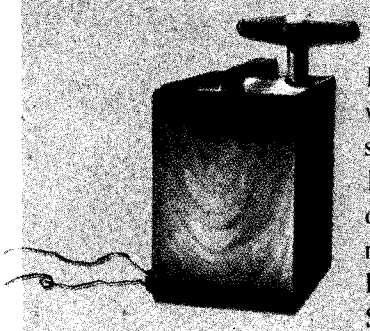

Matt Maypole came winging from West Pakistan, where he'd dammed Sutlej River. His clothes, still the linens of the hot, sticky Orient, were badly rumpled. He'd had no time to change. Here in his native Pacific Northwest, he looked down into Stampede Gorge. He considered the smash and carom of those deep-down waters. He felt rather than heard their distant piston throb. Even now, with seasonal flood crest past and flotsam high and dry on the sidewalls, their power was awesome.

"So here's where it's to go," H. U. McDade said to big Matt.

"Fill me in about it," said Matt Maypole, who thirty hours before had been standing amid turbans and fluttering cottons, handing over completed Bahawalpur Dam to the Pakistani Government.

Well, to begin with, H. U. McDade recapped, their Titan Corporation had been licked in the bidding on the $30,000,000 project—by a measly $22,290. Next, the winning contractor, after wasting fourteen diamond-studded days second-guessing the difficulties, had yelled "Impossible!" and forfeited his bond. Whereupon Titan Corporation, old hands at coping with the impossibles of this rough-and-tumble game, had moved boldly in. The president and general manager of Titan Corporation paused to let this much sink into Matt's absorptive brain, and to savor it himself. H. U. was a singularly inappropriate symbol of the heavy-construction business. He had long, musicianly fingers and sensitive features. He favored out-of-date starched collars. He walked about his incredible undertakings in polished shoes and, if serious work hadn't started, in a carefully creased fedora. To those who knew him well, these were mere outward manifestations of an acutely precise engineering mind. But he outraged the construction calling still further.

He was scholarly-looking, suggesting the patron of the arts—which he was—rather than a general of Commando-like forces in the roughest vocation on earth. He was a recognized authority on Debussy,

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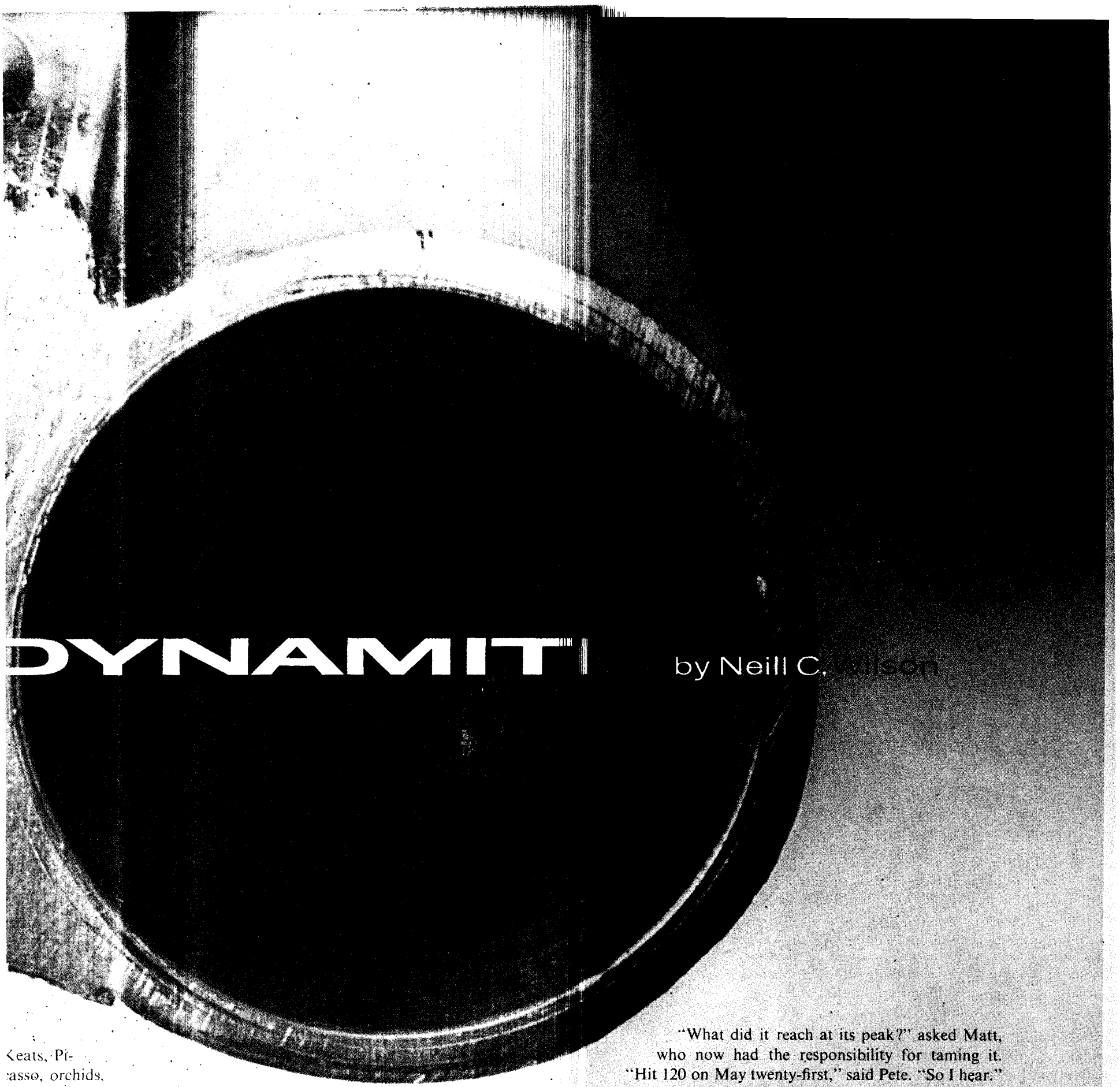

DYNAMITE

by Neill C. Wilson

Keats, Picasso, orchids, Satsuma ware and jades. His initials, which stood for Hannibal Ulysses, had been corrupted in the trade to Hurry-Up, and anyone seeing him for the first time thought the phrase a joke. It was not a joke. Where H. U. appeared, things happened.

This gorge which Matt Maypole, H. U. McDade and a highly dependable man named Pete Larsh were examining was 400 feet deep from rim to water. It was 200 feet wide where Stampede River surged from wall to wall. Sunlight got down there only about five hours or so most days. A short distance upstream the torrent issued out of a sharp s-turn. The massive promontory made by this twist was capped by a butte of igneous stone, which gleamed like an inverted glass bowl and which was known as Bubble Rock.

"You shoulda seen the water last week," remarked Pete Larsh, a squat, broad man in a helmet. "Hundred and twelve thousand second-feet."

"What did it reach at its peak?" asked Matt, who now had the responsibility for taming it.

"Hit 120 on May twenty-first," said Pete. "So I hear."

Thirty-seven hundred tons of water a second, charging out of the gap. If it came too soon, or burst its cofferdams, there was no place for men and machines to go but down the sluice.

The last dust of Punjab bazaars and Indus deserts went from Matt's large lungs, to be replaced by the energizing tang of fir, pine and cedar.

H. U. McDade brought his eyes down from that igneous dome atop the s-turn and the Lamplighter Mountains beyond. He looked again into the abyss at his feet. "So you'll dam this tailrace of hell, Matt," he said softly, as if he were composing a poem, "with a true arch dam, the prettiest work known to engineering. Four hundred eighty feet up from bedrock on its downstream face. Forty-four feet thick at base, ten at top. Six hundred fifty feet long around the curve of the crest. River to be turned in twelve weeks. Then eight months to excavate a hundred ninety feet to bedrock and throw dam and powerhouse into place. This is May twenty-ninth." *Continued on Page 88*

DESIGN BY GEORG OLDEN

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Fashion Queen: Seeking inspiration, Clodagh O'Kennedy, 24-year-old Dublin dress designer, pauses at a statue in the garden of New York's Museum of Modern Art. Clodagh, who began as a professional couturière at age 17, now ranks among Ireland's top three designers, bosses a $300,000-a-year business. Beautiful enough to do her own modeling, Clodagh (five foot six, Size 6) designs mostly to please herself, wears only her own creations ("I once bought someone else's, and so many people pestered me to find out whose it was, I swore I'd wear only mine"). Her talent beams through in her sportswear, dramatic suits and coats. Like many designers, she dislikes the sack concept. Her creations stress what lies beneath. Hats repel her: "If you had hair like mine, would you wear a hat?" She believes women should dress to satisfy men and is meticulous about her own clothes: "Even my blue jeans are tailor-made." Daughter of a retired British Army officer, Clodagh lives with her husband, a 41-year-old ad executive, and two-year-old son in a six-bedroom house near Dublin, entertains as often as three times a week. Affairs such as fashion shows usually bore her: "Afternoon audiences are sticky. Evening audiences are great because they've had time for a cocktail." It is not uncommon for Clodagh to be overcome with anxiety when her new creations are being shown for the first time. "It's like having forty babies in one night," she says. PHOTOGRAPH BY GARY GLADSTONE.

Natural-Born Naturalist: Handling a headstrong javelina (also known as a peccary) looks easy when the handler is William H. Woodin, 36. Director of the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum near Tucson, Woodin has a way with animals. The late explorer Roy Chapman Andrews called him "the most promising young naturalist in the United States." His greatest ambition: "To help people become one with the works of nature, and understand the vital relationships between soil, water, plants, wildlife and people." To this end, Woodin dug a tunnel under the desert, where visitors can see plant-root systems, bats napping in caves, foxes snoozing in their dens, snakes nesting. But Woodin doesn't wait for the public to come to him. He and his associates conduct wildlife shows in Tucson schools and on television, often taking along with them the wild sow at left, "Olivia de Javelina," and her boyfriend, "Gregory Peccary." Woodin, son of an inventor, and grandson of F.D.R.'s first Treasury Secretary, was smitten by herpetology at age six, when he captured a snake which gave birth to fifty-two offspring in one day. At twelve, he charmed the Tucson Rotary Club with a snake talk; during World War II, while driving an ambulance in India and Burma, he kept an eight-foot python as a pet. After the war he earned zoology degrees at the universities of Arizona and California, became curator of reptiles at the Museum of Northern Arizona, in Flagstaff. He offered his services at Arizona-Sonora shortly before its opening in 1952, was put to work carpentering and sweeping—at no salary. Two years later he succeeded cofounder William H. Carr as director. Woodin, his wife and their four sons—he calls them "Woodin Indians"—live in an adobe ranch house, raise bobcats as a hobby, keep a pet rattler. A compulsive snake collector, Woodin often prowls desert roads at night with a flashlight, stick and burlap bag, searching for specimens. Before Mrs. Woodin domesticated him, he kept his favorites in sacks in the living room. "It was a terrible sight," she recalls, "when the sacks wandered around at night." PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB TOWERS

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Junior Jezebel: Playing a hateful brat, film-find Karen Balkin, 12, gives an enraging performance in her movie debut, *The Children's Hour*. The film is Hollywood's second adaptation of Lillian Hellman's play. Karen fills the same spiteful role that launched Bonita Granville to stardom in the first version, *These Three*, in 1936. Says William Wyler, who directed both versions: "Karen's at least as good as Bonita Granville was in the part, maybe better. I'd guess this picture will make a star of her." The film's producers, Mirisch Brothers, have taken options on Karen for three more pictures. Last month she guest-starred in a *Hennesey* TV episode with Jackie Cooper. Karen is delighted with her success, but worries about how her seventh-grade schoolmates will react to her Hollywood fame. "She's afraid the kids will treat her like an actress, instead of one of the girls," explains her father, Sid Balkin, a Houston publicist and promoter. She worries too that she will become typed. "I played a murderess (as Rhoda in a Houston production of *Bad Seed*, the part that won her a screen test) and now I'm playing a little liar," she says. "I've played so many mean people, it would be a thrill to do a comedy." Her parents insist that Karen's brattishness is all acting. "At home or in school," says Balkin, "she's a nice, normal, twelve-year-old kid—until she steps in front of a camera. Then she becomes a pro." PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB WILLOUGHBY.

Global-Aid Man: With a direct line to the technical needs of the overseas world, good Samaritan Wil Rose, 30, provides help to neighbors everywhere. Rose heads an unusual organization called DATA (Development and Technical Assistance) International, which he formed three years ago in Palo Alto, Calif. "DATA," he explains, "operates like a switchboard. It takes calls, by mail, from Americans overseas who want to help people in other countries progress through technological improvements. DATA relays the 'how to' inquiries to U.S. experts in the particular field. The experts provide an accurate and understandable blueprint, and DATA sends it overseas." The 550 volunteer experts on call for DATA have supplied, free of charge, millions of dollars' worth of advice, plans and samples to 77 nations. "We hope," says Rose, "to put a new, more attractive face on the ugly American and to show that Christian principles are better than missiles for shoring up the world." Questions that DATA's experts answer range from "How do you lay out a baseball field?" to "How can our country's cloth-weaving productivity be increased?" A Purple Heart veteran of Korea, Rose lives with his wife, daughter and son in Palo Alto. He left the family farm in East Townsend, Ohio, when he was 14, later studied photography and electronics in Chicago. In 1958, while making a documentary film for Los Angeles State College, he got the idea for DATA. "Everywhere I went in Europe," he says, "Americans asked me if I knew about such-and-such, so that they could help their new neighbors. They knew that somewhere back home was the answer to their problems, but they didn't know exactly where. A clearinghouse was needed to give person-to-person aid." Rose now spends full working time running DATA, which exists solely on private donations. Its only paid workers are President Rose and Vice President William DeHart. (When funds ran low last summer, Rose went three weeks without a paycheck.) He sees his work as a crusade, explaining, "You might say we're trying to put Christianity into overalls. We're providing a method with the message." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS.

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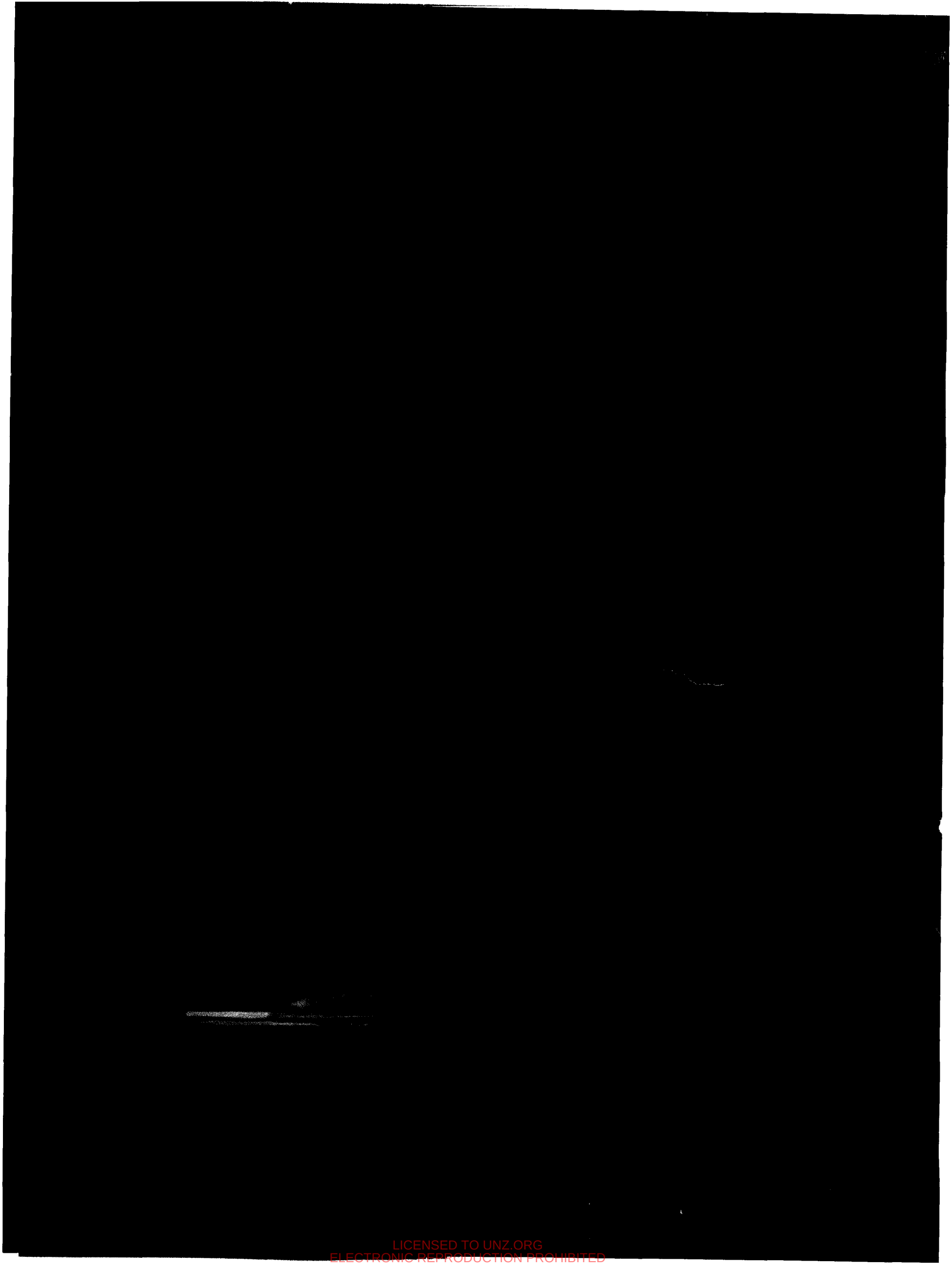

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Beginning a two-part story by Richard Martin Stern

RING OF FIRE

The flames began small, faint at first like delicate flowers in the darkness. A man could have stamped them out with ease. But there was no man to run to the flames. The only man around was asleep, the empty bottle beside him. He lay on his back, snoring.

The flames grew. They no longer flickered, and their colors had changed, deepened. They reached out for the wooden floor and flowed along it, fed through the cracks from beneath by a draft of their own creating. They reached up and found and devoured the racks of molding, of quarter-round and half-round, and after that there was no containing them. They rose to the roof of the shed and swept hungrily into the stacks of lumber, the bales of shingles and of oak flooring, the structure of the building itself. They were no longer weak, defenseless; they roared with their own sound and their fury and filled the night.

The man stirred in his sleep. The snoring stopped. The animal part of his mind, the old brain, tried desperately to send out its alarm. But there was too much alcohol in the man's bloodstream, and his body was unreceptive. And, in any event, it was too late.

The bedside clock showed quarter past two, and the telephone was ringing, and Harding rolled out of the warm bed and hoped futilely that Martha might sleep on. On his bare feet he padded into the living room and closed the door carefully behind him. He needed no light to find his way across the room to the phone, and he picked it up and spoke his name.

Murph's voice said, "Sorry, Ben. But we've got another one." Murph's voice was usually ebullient. It was grave now. "Carson's lumberyard this time. It looks like all the others, but there's one difference. Old Sam Walling was there, the night watchman. He had a bottle, and he didn't have a chance."

And then, "You're awake, Ben?"

"Enough," Harding said.

"So it isn't just arson this time," Murph said. "It's murder. Thought you should know."

"I'll come down," Harding said, and that was all.

Martha had switched on the bedside lamp, and she was propped up on one elbow, her hair tousled and her eyes not very bright, but even at that she looked better than any woman had a right to look—young and warm with sleep and entirely lovely. Harding said, "I've got to go, baby. I'm sorry. You go back to sleep." He peeled off his pajama jacket as he went through the room and into the bathroom. When he came back out, Martha was up, in slippers and a robe, and had her hair brushed, and there was coffee, hot and strong the way he liked it, and no questions at all while he pulled on his clothes in his quick, efficient way, took his gun out of the bureau drawer and checked it automatically before he strapped it beneath his arm. He finished his coffee and was, at last, fully awake.

"Sometimes," he said, "I look around at other people, and I wonder what in the world I've done to deserve you." He gave her his quick smile then, the tiny laughter crinkles deep at the corners of his eyes. "Did I ever mention that before?"

"Oh, once or twice," Martha said. "It seems to me I remember." Her kiss was warm. *(Continued on Page 62)*

DESIGN BY HERB LUBALIN

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I'VE BEEN LUCKY

By FRED MacMURRAY
as told to PETE MARTIN

Fred MacMurray, star of TV's *My Three Sons* and many Hollywood films, tells how he has scored a solid success in spite of his dislike for work.

A lot of fellows in my business fret if they're not up to their ears in work. I'd as soon go fishing or play golf. Once you can feed the wolf at the door, the only thing to be said for being in a movie or a TV show is this: If it's successful, it salves your professional pride. I've been lucky that way.

The last three pictures I've been in piled up warehouses of money. *The Apartment* so far has grossed $9,000,000. Walt Disney's *The Shaggy Dog*, released in the spring of 1959, was a top box-office grosser that year and ran for more than a year. Its world-wide earnings to date come to more than $16,000,000 for Walt. *The Absent-Minded Professor* was released in the spring of 1961, and Walt expects it to top *Shaggy Dog*.

I was lucky the same way with my TV show, *My Three Sons*, that was launched in the fall of 1960 on ABC-TV. It has always ranked among the top ten in the nation and promises to do even better this season.

The way I am about taking or leaving work, I nearly passed it up. I was mulish about not wanting to do a weekly TV series until Don Fedderson, a successful TV-show packager, came along with a new way to shoot *My Three Sons*. By then I had turned down so many TV shows that I lost count.

But Fedderson offered me a special TV-shooting arrangement that, as far as I know, is like nothing else that exists. It came about something like this:

When Fedderson approached me, I didn't make any financial demands. I just kept saying that I didn't want to work that hard. I said, "A lot of people enjoy working until their rumps drag. I don't." So Fedderson kept calling my agents, and my agents kept calling me, and, of course, I kept saying, "Tell him I'm sorry, I don't want to do it."

A couple of days later Fedderson sent me a story outline in the mail. Going over my agency's head was kind of sneaky, but I liked the fact that the script was comedy. I was also very much interested to hear that Fedderson had Bill Frawley signed as a supporting actor. But the thing that interested me most was an accompanying note in which Fedderson explained he had it figured so I wouldn't have to work every week. He named a hefty salary and said that he was willing to declare me in on a partnership deal.

I called my agents, M.C.A., and said I thought we'd better have lunch with this man. At lunch I was told that Pete Tewksbury, who'd directed *Father Knows Best*, was to direct our script. I began to have a boxed-in feeling. It was going to be hard to say "No" now. But after lunch when I went home and saw my wife June Haver and the kids, I thought about how much time a TV show would mean away from them. I called M.C.A. and said, "I'm sorry, I just can't." A week later I got another envelope from Fedderson. Inside was this promise: "You will appear in all of the shows, some more than others, but you will work only three months a year."

I thought, *If I only have to work three months a year for that kind of money plus a partnership percentage, I'd be a chowderhead to duck it.* I said, "O.K.," and I've never regretted it. *My Three Sons* is work, but no more wearying than shooting a movie. I just change my ties, shirts and suits faster.

Under the system of TV shooting that Fedderson invented, the star of the film is available to the producer for less than half of the shooting schedule. So all the scenes he's in are shot first, while he's available. That's pretty much the way we shoot *My Three Sons*. The producer does a partial sequence of first one scene and then another with his star. After the star's gone, he comes back to those same sets again to finish shooting the scenes. If the set has been knocked down, he has to put it back again.

In a couple of months last summer on *My Three Sons* I finished parts of twenty-two TV shows. Then I went to Europe to work in my next Disney movie, *Bon Voyage*, while the rest of the cast completed those segments. The cast remains pretty much the same, although once in a while we get a new outside actor. The biggest hazard, really, in making TV shows the way we do is that everybody in the cast has to stay well. If somebody had taken sick or met an accident before those shows were completed, we would have been in deep trouble.

My Three Sons is a family situation comedy. The story line is simple and flexible. We can do a lot of things with it. The basic situation is that I'm a widower, named Douglas, who's trying to rear a trio of youngsters. My dead wife's father is played by Bill Frawley, who for years was one of the main props of *I Love Lucy*.

We—the three sons, Bill and I—are five guys without a woman. All of our comedy situations are based on that fact. Bill wears an apron and stirs up cake mixes. I try to be a mother substitute. But there is something still missing. We lead a womanless life. On the other hand, that may be one of the reasons for the success of our show. It makes our women viewers feel wanted.

One of our problems in *My Three Sons* is that I'm not allowed to meet a girl who's too attractive. Last season we had one show in which we introduced an appealing woman engineer. Our writers wanted to make it look as if our meeting might turn into something romantic, then they'd saw it off before I got too involved. I said, "No, people will begin to wonder why I don't hang onto her. They'll ask, 'What's the matter with this guy? Is he abnormal or something?'"

Writing shows about a household in need of a dame is tricky. The natural question is, "Why doesn't the man of the house throw a net around an attractive doll and lug her home?" So we don't dare to bring a woman on our show unless we have a logical way to get rid of her.

For an episode in his television series MacMurray was able to draw on his early experiences as the leader of Mac's Melody Boys, playing one-night stands around Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

With his wife, June Haver, and their twin daughters, Katie (left) and Laurie. "People who know June know why I like to spend my time at home."

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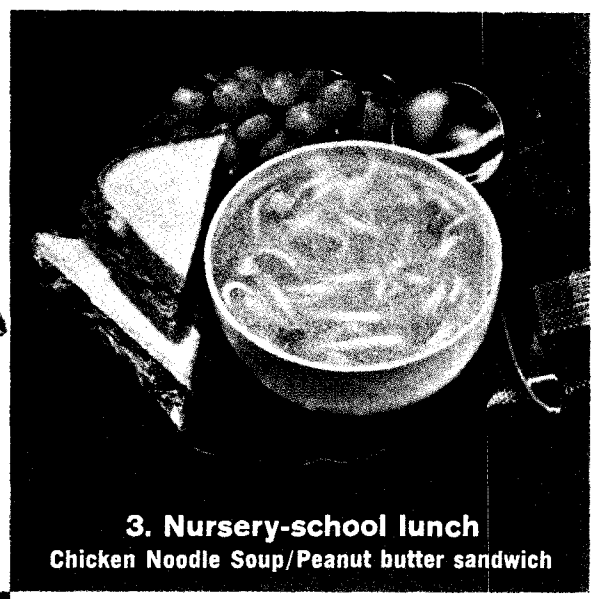
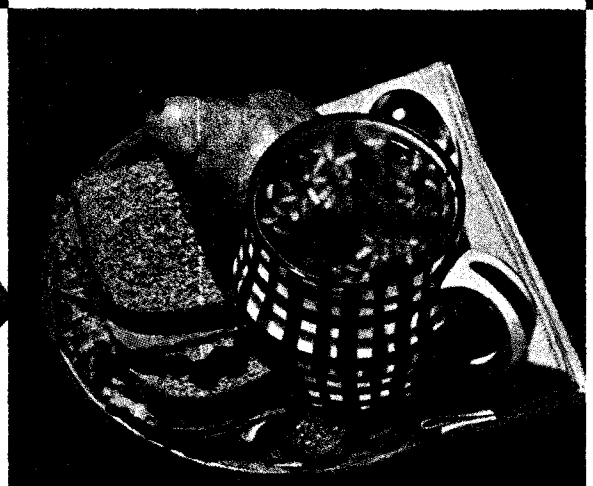
1. Home-from-school lunch
Vegetable Beef Soup/Cheese sandwich

2. Saturday lunch
Vegetable Soup/Tuna salad sandwich

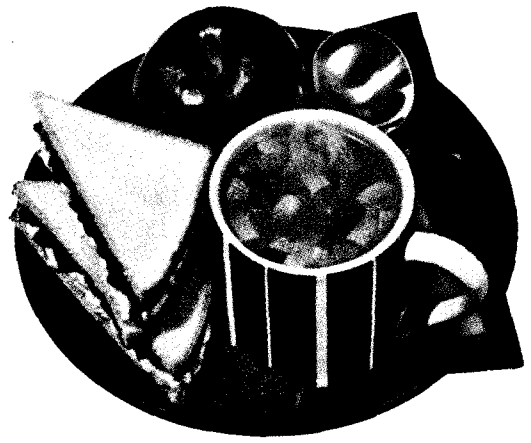


3. Nursery-school lunch
Chicken Noodle Soup/Peanut butter sandwich

4. Meatless supper
Clam Chowder/Grilled cheese sandwich



5. Sunday supper
Tomato Rice Soup/Ham sandwich

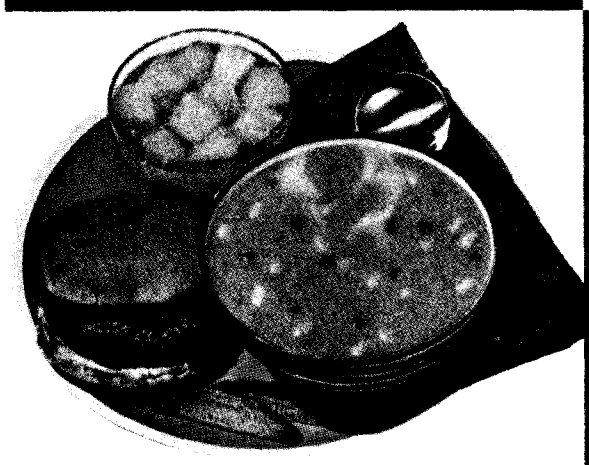


6. Committee lunch
Chicken Vegetable Soup/Cream cheese sandwich

10. After-the-game supper
Beef Soup/Bacon and tomato sandwich

11. Baby-sitter's supper
Chicken with Rice Soup/Ham-cheese sandwich

12. Take-to-school lunch
Tomato Soup/Chicken and lettuce sandwich



16. Teen-age special
Bean with Bacon Soup/Hamburger

17. Lunch for the boys
Scotch Broth/Western sandwich

18. Home-from-work lunch
Minestrone Soup/Bologna sandwich

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Soup 'n sandwich–4-minute magic

21 delicious nutritious meals—'cause the soups are Campbell's

Four quick minutes . . . that's all it takes! You can make the sandwiches while you heat the soup. And soup adds what a sandwich needs to make it a good hot nourishing meal. Sun-ripe vegetables, when it's one of Campbell's great vegetable soups. Nourishing chicken or beef, when it's one of Campbell's great meat-based soups. Wholesome milk, when it's one of Campbell's great cream soups. Here are 21 soup 'n sandwich plates, each one easy, each one wholesome, each one with a different Campbell's Soup to make it extra-delicious. *Save these two pages* . . . let them help you plan your daily soup 'n sandwich meals the whole year round.

Have you had your *Campbell's Soup* today? (M'm! M'm! Good!)

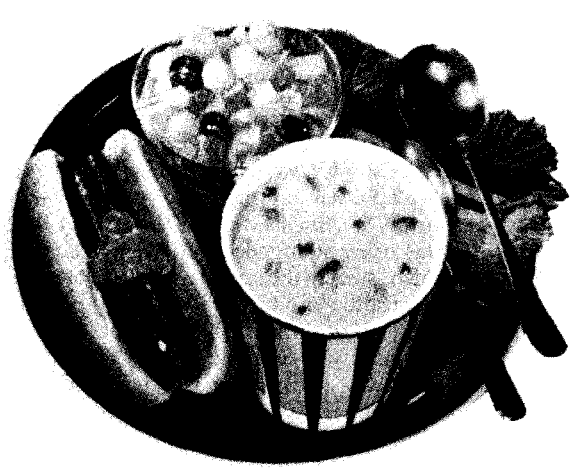
7. Friday lunch
Vegetarian Vegetable Soup/Salmon sandwich

8. Shopping-night supper
Cream of Mushroom Soup/Roast beef sandwich

9. Sunday brunch
Chicken Gumbo Soup/Luncheon meat sandwich

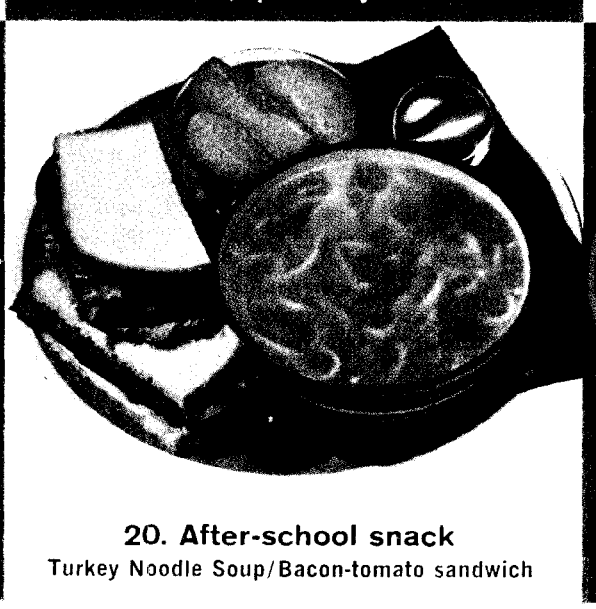
13. Midnight supper
Green Pea Soup/Sliced egg sandwich

14. Weight-watcher's lunch
Beef Broth/Open turkey sandwich



15. Meeting-night supper
Cream of Vegetable Soup/Hot dog

19. Picnic lunch
Cream of Celery Soup/Chicken sandwich



20. After-school snack
Turkey Noodle Soup/Bacon-tomato sandwich

21. High-chair lunch
Cream of Chicken Soup/Peanut butter sandwich

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FRED MacMURRAY

My TV sons are natural youngsters. You wouldn't know they are actors. They're as normal as three bowls of breakfast cereal. Sometimes youngsters are overcome by their own cuteness on a screen, or their parents are so impressed with the success of their offspring that their swollen ego rubs off on their young sprigs. I've known a few child actors who have become little monsters. They think they're so cute it's frightening.

I've been lucky that way with my three TV sons. Of course, they're at the age where they grow so fast the cuffs of their trousers whiz away from their shoes. But as I'm growing older too, at least we're getting older together.

We try to be honest with ourselves about our television scripts. They have a little depth. They make a point. Our writers have respect for their work. Such writers are not easy to come by. Too many people help themselves from the till and then loll around their swimming pools complaining about the terrible things they have to do for a living.

It was director Pete Tewksbury's idea to start *My Three Sons*'s first season armed with a detailed description of our TV family. He listed our street address, even our telephone number. Pete was convinced that all this was necessary to build the kind of show we wanted. To Pete those pages of family description, even the name of my youngest TV son's schoolteacher, were important in building our TV family as believable, living individuals.

If we hired a new writer for the *My Three Sons* show, he was given these thousands of words describing the family he was to write about. After he'd read them, he knew the whole family as well as he knew the neighbors in his block, maybe better.

Considering that I was dragged protestingly into the show, I've been very lucky. But if I was lucky in being shanghaied into a weekly TV show, I was equally lucky in having Walt Disney tag me for *The Shaggy Dog* and *The Absent-Minded Professor*. Walt was never stampeded by the TV panic which swept the movie studios and caused frantic producers to break out in a rash of third-dimensioned effects induced by wide, wide and wider screens, special glasses, shock appeal, horror, prurience and sex. Walt put the new medium to work for him. His TV'd Davy Crockett left the nation littered with coonskin caps and toy Kentucky rifles for small fry. As for his theatrical product, he baited his movie-box-office trap with laughter instead of oversized mammary glands. Walt has the pulse. His bait got people out of their living rooms and into the movie theaters.

His *Shaggy Dog* was instant box office. In it I played the father of a teenage son who changed into a huge, floppy, hairy dog at embarrassing moments. My part wasn't much—the dog had the biggest role—but it was comedy, and I yenned to do comedy again. I think I do that best. For one thing there's less competition. Not too many people do comedy.

In *The Absent-Minded Professor* I played a science teacher who had invented a substance called flubber. Walt mated the words "flying" and "rubber" to produce "flubber." I smeared flubber on the shoes of a basketball team. They swooped around the court like chimney swallows. They plopped the ball into the basket from any altitude. I put a hunk of flubber in my flivver instead of a motor. My ancient heap took off over rooftops instead of traveling along roads. Next year I'm doing a sequel to *The Absent-Minded Professor*. Tentatively it's called *Son of Flubber*. Disney is breaking a rule to do a sequel.

Although nowadays everybody gets percentage deals, like Bill Holden's wellnigh perpetual income from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, Disney doesn't go for percentages. But he does make successful movies, and what is good about owning 100 percent of a movie that's a flop? However, I must admit that I would like to have had a few percent of *The Professor* or *The Shaggy Dog*.

Some people seem to think there are two MacMurrays. There's MacMurray the comedian of *The Egg and I* in 1947, *The Shaggy Dog* in 1959, *The Absent-Minded Professor* in 1961 and the TV show *My Three Sons*. Then there's the MacMurray who played the heavy in *Double Indemnity* in 1943, *The Caine Mutiny* in 1954, *The Apartment* in 1960.

I'd say I'm a switch-hitter as an actor. If I'm playing a heavy, I don't play it that way from the beginning of a film, the way a Brando or a Sir Alec Guinness would. That's the way a *real* actor would do it. Whether I play a heavy or a comedian, I'm always the same fellow when I start out. If I play a heavy, there comes a spot in the film when the audience gets the message that I'm really a heel. I start out Smily MacMurray, a decent Rotarian type. Then I do or say something, and people know I'm a bastard.

I played my first heavy for Billy Wilder in 1943. I wasn't sure I could handle the part, but the script was so good that I finally said O.K. Billy wanted me in *Double Indemnity*. His reasoning seemed crazy. It was because I'd never done anything like that before. Billy has a thing about off casting. He counted on me to give moviegoers a shock.

If Bogart had played the part, the fans would say, "He's going to knock off her husband any minute. Just wait, you'll see." But in this picture I was just a decent insurance peddler who was hypnotized glassy-eyed by Barbara Stanwyck's sex appeal. Before she was done, I had killed her husband and had dumped him on the railroad tracks.

In 1959 Billy came up with another pleasant-on-the-surface, heel-on-the-inside role in *The Apartment*. He said, "Your part is not the biggest—Jack Lemmon's and Shirley MacLaine's are bigger—but yours is a good motivating part." In the early scenes of that film I was once more an O.K. Joe. Shirley worked as an elevator operator in my office building. I promised her that I'd divorce my wife and marry her. The audience believed me. Then at Christmas I slipped her a hundred-dollar bill. I tried to make it sound like a Christmas present, but the audience knew I was paying her for her love. She got it too. It was crude. It made her feel like a trollop, so she tried to kill herself. Jack Lemmon saved her—who else?

If I hadn't been a nice fellow in *The Apartment*, at least at the start, Shirley wouldn't have been in love with me. If she hadn't been in love with me, she wouldn't have tried to kill herself when I brushed her off. That was why Billy didn't want the audience to know I was a jerk until the key scene told them I was.

The Shaggy Dog and *The Absent-Minded Professor* were essentially Harold Lloyd comedies made with today's technical polish. Lloyd had a secret. It was fantasy made believable, nature defied. He made the impossible look sensible and logical.

A few people have compared me with Lloyd as a *farceur*. *Farceur* is too fancy a word for me. I take my movie parts as they come. I don't fly into an emotional storm about them. I just do them. I guess I am an offhand comedian in a natural way. I use no formula approach to comedy. Over the years I've learned my business fairly well, but that's like saying a singer knows what he's doing because he's got a certain kind of vocal cords. He has to study and practice head tones and chest tones, but he was born with that throat. That's luck. If I have any acting ability, I'm lucky too. I never planned to be an actor. I'm one by accident.

When I was barely a toddler, my mother took me to the circus. I wept because a clown knocked another clown's head off—although the head was papier-mâché. For some time I refused to go into a theater because of that. But I did learn to play the violin and, when I was five, standing on a chair, I played a duet with my father. I trembled. I shook. I had trouble fingering the strings. I loathed every second of it, but I did it. I still sweat profusely when I'm forced to face a live audience. I duck that whenever I can. I can be very elusive.

I had a hard time standing up and reciting in school. When I was graduated from the eighth grade, we had to give a speech. My first two lines were, "In a dingy garret in the lonely city of London lay a dying man. His legs were clothed in long, military boots." That's as far as I got. That's as far as I can get now. I sat down and shut my mouth.

As a kid attending Beaver Dam High in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, I played the baritone horn in the American Legion Band. I worked between terms in a pea-canning factory, until I earned enough to buy a saxophone. I began to play in orchestras. Presently I had my own orchestra—Mac's Melody Boys, three pieces. Occasionally I managed to stand up and play a sax solo, but it took all the will power I had. I could sing a little too. At first I sang into a megaphone sitting down. Finally I made myself stand up and sing with a megaphone, but it was soul wrenching. Then I got so I could sing without the megaphone, but I had to lean on a piano, propping myself up with one hand. My other hand was shoved in my jacket pocket so convulsively that I couldn't get it out even to make gestures.

I went to college at Carroll in Waukesha, Wisconsin. They had a good dramatic course there—good enough to turn out Alfred Lunt—but I didn't even think of dramatics in those days. At that time I was playing football or blowing a sax with a band in a night club six nights a week until four or five each morning. I had little chance to do anything else—even study.

So I left school and went to Chicago. My aunt knew Maurie Sherman, who had an orchestra in a room called The College Inn. It was a showcase for bands. When I met him I had my sax. I also had the shakes. Sherman put a piece of music in front of me. I was so nervous I couldn't read it. He said, "Fake it, kid." I did. He said, "Fine, boy, fine," and listed me with a booking office. The result was that I got a job playing with a combo from Loyola University.

Then the accidental things that made me an actor began to occur. My grandmother was in California. My mother and her aunt wanted to go to the Coast. Neither of them could drive. I drove. I took my sax with me, but the union said I couldn't get a steady job playing. You had to be there six months for that. So I worked meanwhile in a car-painting shop, sanding cars. I didn't get paid—the boss skipped with the money.

Then the accident progressed a little. To be a movie extra, you had to be registered with the Central Casting Agency, but at the time they were taking virtually no registrations. However, sound was coming in, so they began registering a few people who could sing. I had sung a little, so they registered me. I worked in two or three pictures as an extra and sang in none of them.

I was in *Girls Gone Wild*, with Sue Carol and Dixie Lee. Sue and Dixie were parked in a car in front of a fraternity house. A couple of us extras were supposed to rally around that parked car. So I borrowed makeup from my aunt, who had worked in pictures, and smeared it on with a purpose.

I was hoping to get a little dialogue to say, because it paid more. An assistant director asked me, "Can you read lines?" I stuttered, "I g-g-guess so." Naturally I didn't get the part.

On the stage at Warner Brothers Hollywood was a band called The *California Collegians*. It was one of the first performing bands to play any vaudeville circuit. One of the Collegians' saxophone players left to go to Harvard Business College. The Collegians signed me to go to New York and be on stage in a show, *Three's a Crowd*, costarring Libby Holman, Fred Allen and Clifton Webb.

The vaudeville part of the Collegians' act was real wild. At one point they pretended to be seals and went flippering across the stage. I flippered across the boards too. At another point we wore bald-headed wigs, and we did an organ number. We wore white gloves that looked like ivory keys.

For one scene I wore a sailor suit and stood close to Libby. She sang *Something to Remember You By* and, when she finished the song, she threw her arms around me. I was stiff with fright. It was the first time that had ever happened to me right in front of everybody.

I wasn't just a kid. I was born in 1908. *Three's a Crowd* opened in 1930 so that made me twenty-two, but being sung a hot song by Libby Holman and trying to react in an undopey way was murder. At the conclusion of Libby's song I was so self-conscious that I wanted to break away and stumble off stage. But I had to pull an anchor from my uniform, give it to her and say, "See you later, babe." The first three nights my hands shook. I had trouble getting that anchor off. I fixed that by attaching it to a hairpin. After that I plucked it off easier.

When *Three's a Crowd* closed, the Collegians played night clubs and vaudeville. Then we signed for another Broadway show, *Roberta*. Bob Hope was in it. No talent scouts spotted me in that show. While the show was on the road, we had our mail sent to our New York agent's office. When we got back, a young fellow, Dave Jonas, who worked in that office, asked me, "Why don't you go into the movies?" We were in the Paramount Building, and Oscar Serlin, who was head of Paramount's talent department,

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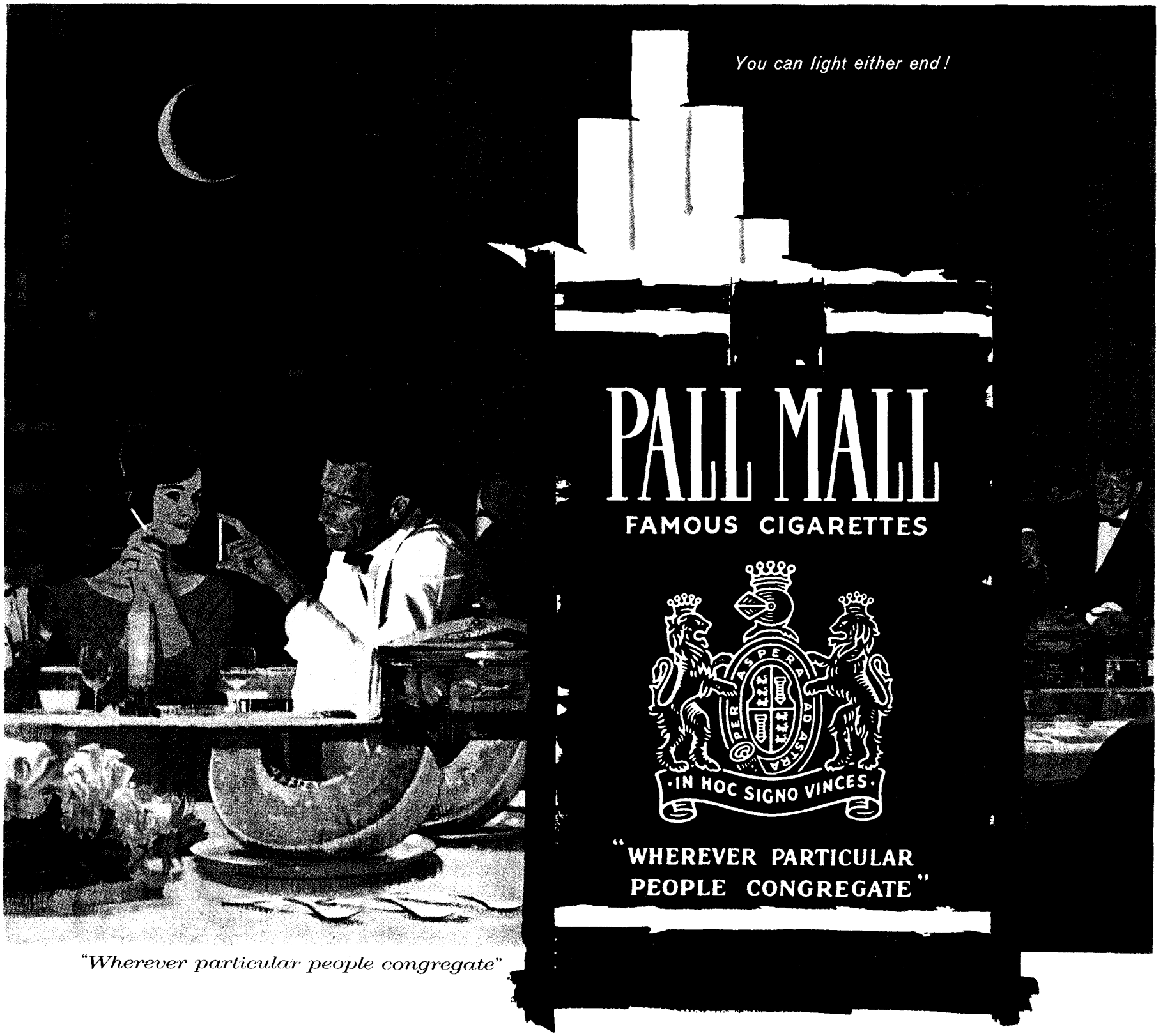

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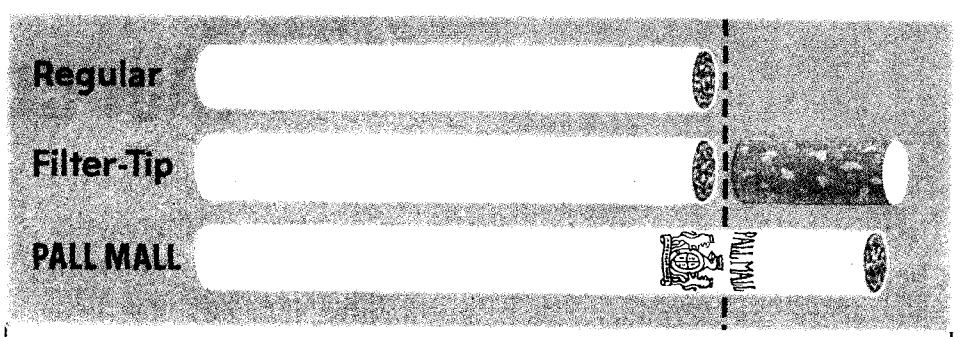

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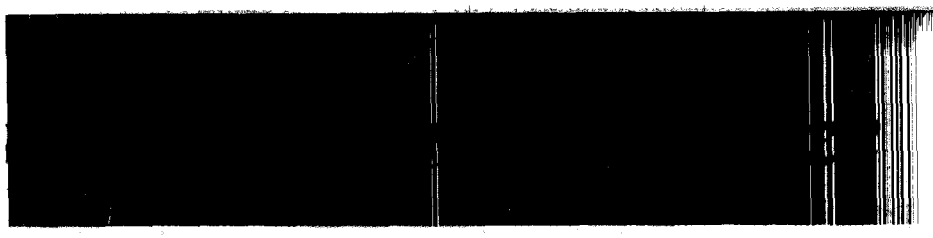

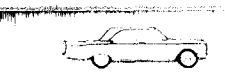

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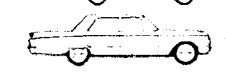

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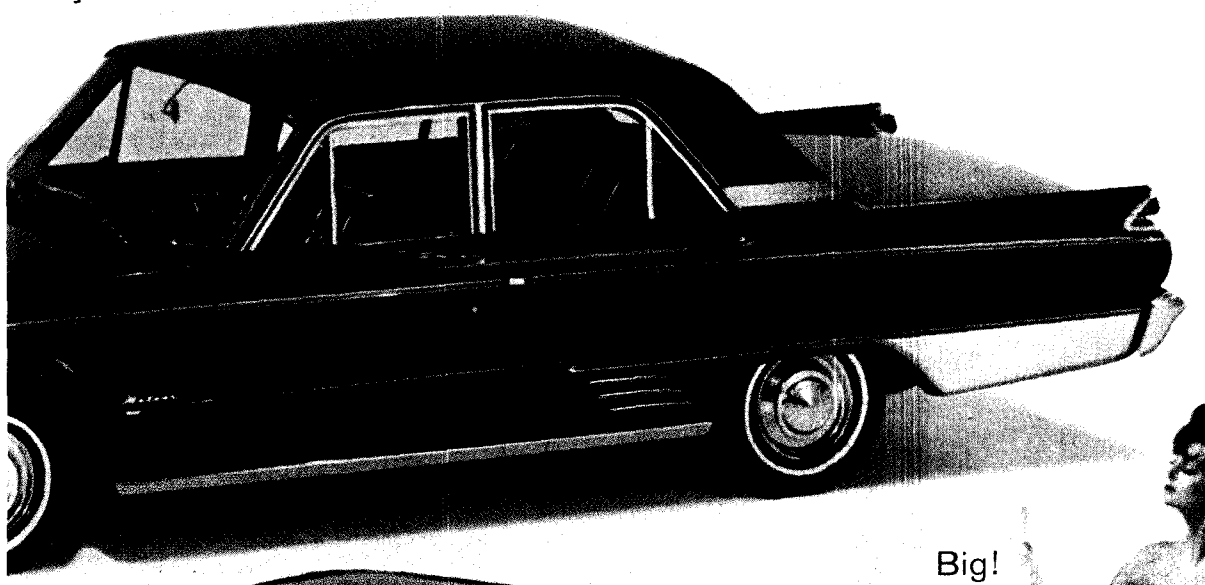

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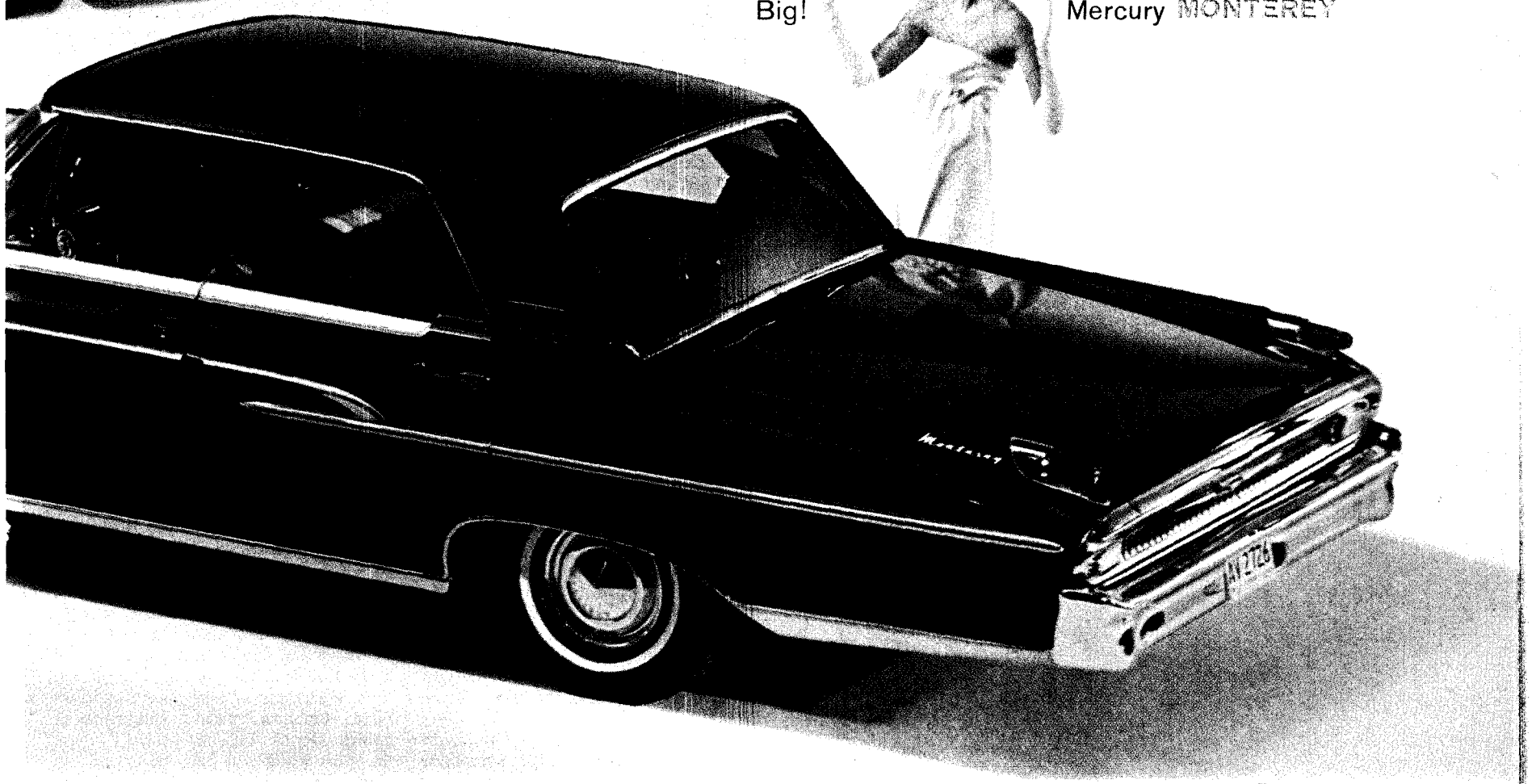

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As a befuddled American tourist searching for his lost son, in a scene from the forthcoming motion picture Bon Voyage, *filmed in Paris.*

FRED MacMURRAY

had his office upstairs. "Come on upstairs," Jonas said. Serlin looked me over and asked, "What are you doing?" I said, "I'm in *Roberta*." He asked, "What do you do in the show?" I said, "I'm with the stage band on stage, I have a few lines, and I understudy the lead."

Serlin arranged for me to read the part I was understudying. He set up a screen test. When they sent my test to the Paramount Studio on the Coast, word came back, "Send him out." I drew the standard seven-year contract with options at the end of each six months and did nothing for five months. Then a Paramount executive finagled a loan-out picture for me to RKO.

The third picture I was in, *The Gilded Lily*, made me a star. In the earlier loan-out to RKO I had played a truck driver who delivered ice cream to Mary Carlisle. We had a little romance going, but the important thing was that I ate popcorn at a football game. *The Gilded Lily* called for a lot of popcorn eating too, so, when they started looking around for a popcorn eater, I got the job. In *The Gilded Lily* I was a sloppy guy, a newspaper reporter who took his shoes off when he felt like it, and I had a case on Claudette Colbert. We'd go out into a park, sit on a bench; I'd take off my shoes, and we'd eat popcorn. Then after a while a smooth Englishman, Ray Milland, took her away to England. When she came back we had a big emotional scene. Kissing Claudette before the crew, the props and the electricians had me so embarrassed I didn't know what I was doing. It was worse than standing there reacting while Libby Holman sang to me. Claudette rumpled my hair and kidded me, and finally I made it.

I might as well admit it, because anyone who is willing to dig into a newspaper morgue can discover it. One year I was the highest-paid male star in the business. It was only because I did more pictures than anybody else. I've also appeared with more steamy leading women than anyone else, including Grant and Gable. But being a movie wolf is not my strong point.

I never think of myself as a great lover of the screen. Sometimes a writer writes in scenes for people who just say "Hi" to indicate they're in love. I play those scenes very well.

When I first began to make it big in pictures, I thought, *This is a lucky break. I'm making good money, but it may not last.* Maybe it's because I have Scotch blood. Maybe it's because I had very little when I was a kid, but I think it's stupid not to be thrifty. Somebody pointed out an ex-matinee idol who was working as an extra in a movie I happened to be in. There was a time when he'd brought his money home by truckloads. When I saw him, he was working for $12.50 a day, and he was working very few days a year. I made up my mind that wasn't going to happen to me.

There seems to be a Hollywood myth about me. It goes this way: If you take the Wilshire Boulevard bus from Westlake near downtown Los Angeles to Santa Monica, you'll always have a piece of MacMurray-owned real estate in view, no matter which side of the bus you sit on. I don't know how that all started. It's not true, of course. I do have one piece of property on Wilshire, which isn't paid for, but which we hope to sell one of these days.

Although I'm no Coal-oil Johnny, I do the things I like to do. I don't stint myself or my family. We have the kind of house we like. We live the way we want to live. A trout fly doesn't cost very much. My time is my own if I want it that way. If I'd wanted to sail, maybe I could afford a boat, but I get seasick. Even if I didn't get sick, I like to live simply. Boats aren't simple to maintain. My wife June and I have a ranch in northern California. It's quiet and peaceful there.

I'm not a dedicated actor. That would mean work, and I'm lazy in spurts. I've been asked many times to do New York stage shows. I'm sure many actors get great satisfaction out of playing in front of a live audience in a successful show, but I wouldn't care for that kind of life, doing the same thing over and over every night. I get a little fed up if shooting a scene in a picture goes too long. Then, too, I'd have to take my family to New York. I don't want that, but on the other hand a hotel room without my wife June would be the loneliest place in the world. June is great. I'm basically a family man. People who know June know why I like to come home at night. We do all our own cooking. We collect cookbooks. We try out new recipes. I've been told I'm a good cook.

Our adopted twin girls are five now, and we want to spend as much time with them as possible. I'd just made up my mind that I could afford to sit back and enjoy my family when Walt Disney came up with three pictures for me, Billy Wilder one and Don Fedderson the weekly TV show. I said to June, "This isn't exactly the way we planned it, is it?"

Of course, lives don't always go according to plan. After June and I had been married awhile and had no children, she asked, "Can't we adopt one?" I didn't go along with the idea. The two children of my first marriage, to the wife I lost in 1953, were growing up fast. Susan was seventeen and Robert was twelve when I married June. In a few years they'd be going off to school or getting married, and then I'd be able to travel with June and do all the things I've always wanted to do. So I told her, "I hope you understand. I don't want to be selfish, but that's it."

I don't know how it happened, but one night June and I were invited to a party given by an obstetrician, Dr. Al Mietus. There was another obstetrician there too, a Dr. Lou Prucher. As a matter of fact, there were three or four obstetricians on hand. Somehow we got to talking about babies. Doctor Prucher said, "I've got the most wonderful baby coming up in about a month." I hadn't had a drink, but before I said good night, somehow I'd said O.K. to Doctor Prucher about that wonderful baby.

The next thing I knew I was sitting in a golf club after a game and was called to the phone. It was Doctor Prucher, and he said, "Sit down, Fred." I asked why. He said, "Well, Fred, you're a father again." I said, "Wonderful, what is it?" Then he told me, "It isn't one. It's two. You've got twin girls."

When I tell this story, I usually end by saying, "Then I fainted," but I don't really mean that. I was very happy, and once again very lucky too.

Someday I must ask June how the whole thing happened. THE END

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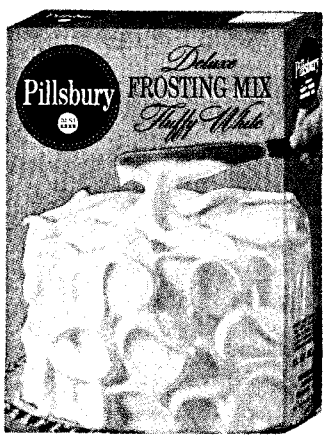

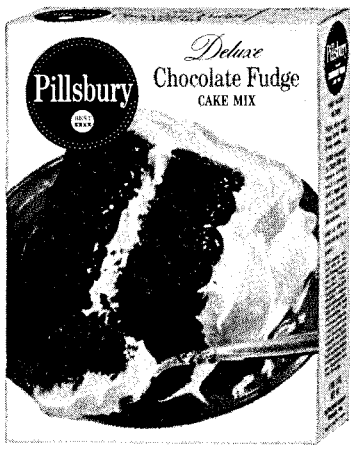

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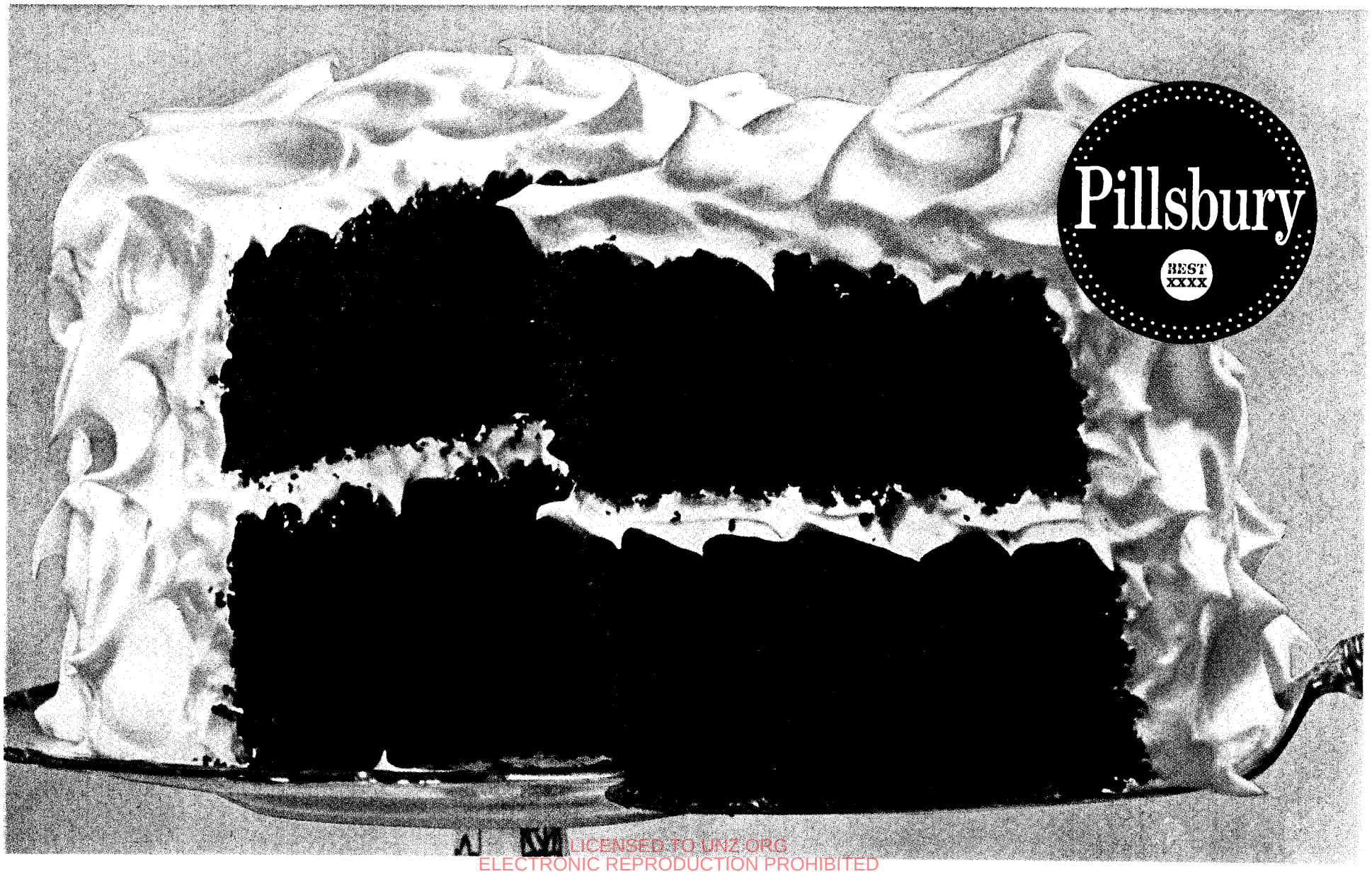

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THE LIE

Dr
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WHO TOLD IT?

by Kurt Vonnegut Jr.

It was early springtime. Weak sunshine lay cold on old gray frost. Willow twigs against the sky showed the golden haze of fat catkins about to bloom. A black Rolls-Royce streaked up the Connecticut Turnpike from New York City. At the wheel was Ben Barkley, a colored chauffeur.

"Keep it under the speed limit, Ben," said Doctor Remenzel. "I don't care how ridiculous any speed limit seems, stay under it. No reason to rush—we have plenty of time."

Ben eased off on the throttle. "Seems like in the springtime she wants to get up and go," he said.

"Do what you can to keep her down—O.K.?" said the doctor.

"Yes, sir!" said Ben. He spoke in a lower voice to the thirteen-year-old boy who was riding beside him, to Eli Remenzel, the doctor's son. "Ain't just people and animals feel good in the springtime," he said to Eli. "Motors feel good too."

"Um," said Eli.

"Everything feel good," said Ben. "Don't you feel good?"

"Sure, sure I feel good," said Eli emptily.

"Should feel good—going to that wonderful school," said Ben.

The wonderful school was the Whitehill School for Boys, a private preparatory school in North Marston, Massachusetts. That was where the Rolls-Royce was bound. The plan was that Eli would enroll for the fall semester, while his father, a member of the class of 1939, attended a meeting of the Board of Overseers of the school.

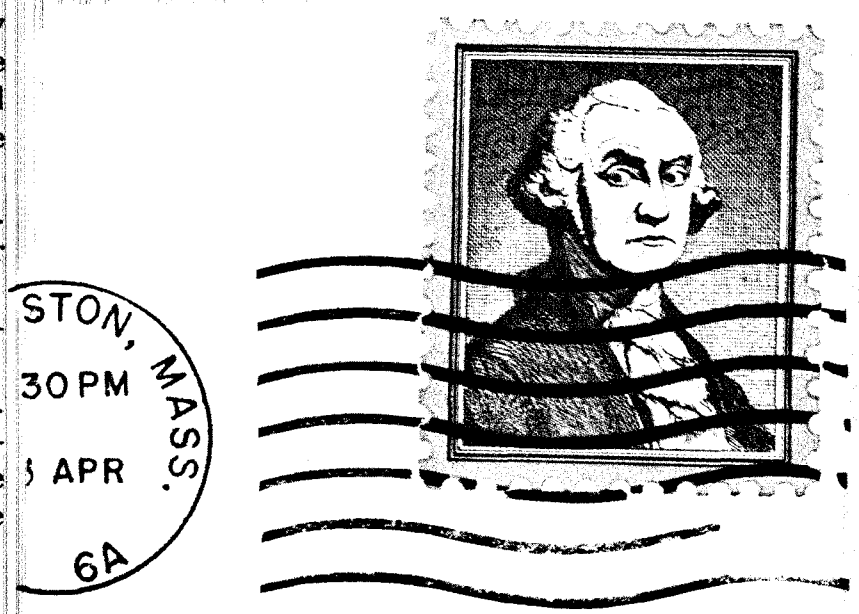
"Don't believe this boy's feeling so good, doctor," said Ben. He wasn't particularly serious about it. It was more genial springtime blather.

"What's the matter, Eli?" said the doctor absently. He was studying blueprints, plans for a thirty-room addition to the Eli Remenzel Memorial Dormitory—a building named in honor of his great-great-grandfather. Doctor Remenzel had the plans draped over a walnut table that folded out of the back of the front seat. He was a massive, dignified man, a physician, a healer for healing's sake, since he had been born as rich as the Shah of Iran. "Worried about something?" he asked Eli without looking up from the plans.

"Nope," said Eli.

Eli's lovely mother, Sylvia, sat next to the doctor, reading the catalogue of the Whitehill School. "If I were you," she said to Eli, "I'd be so excited I could hardly stand it. The best four years of your whole life are just about to begin."

"Sure," said Eli. He didn't show her his face. He gave her only the back of his head, a pinwheel of coarse brown hair above a stiff white collar, to talk to.



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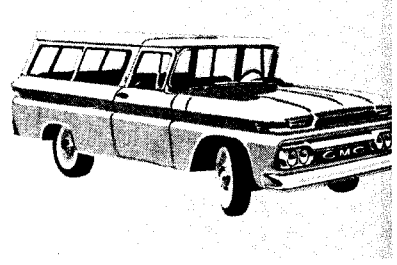

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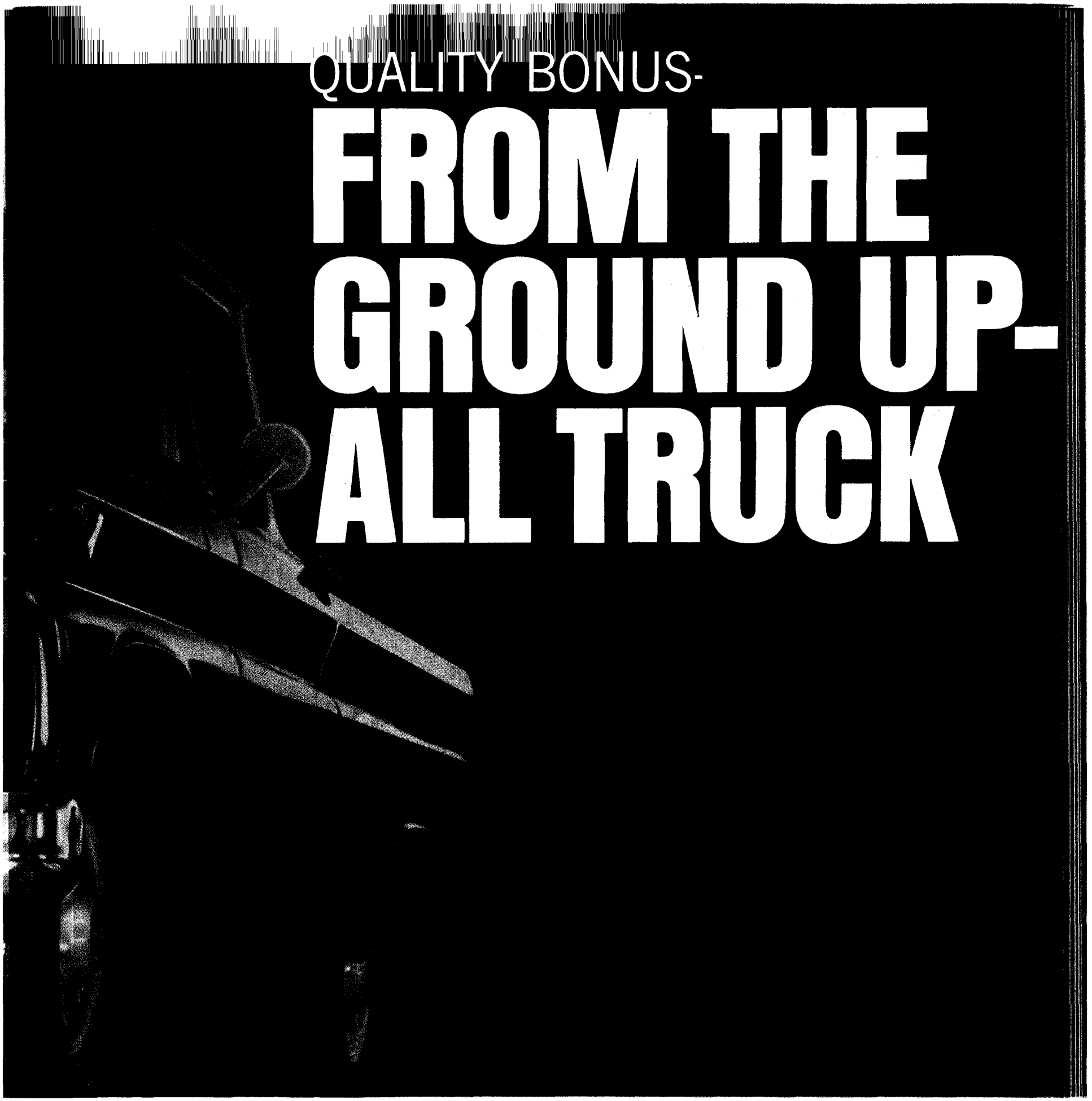

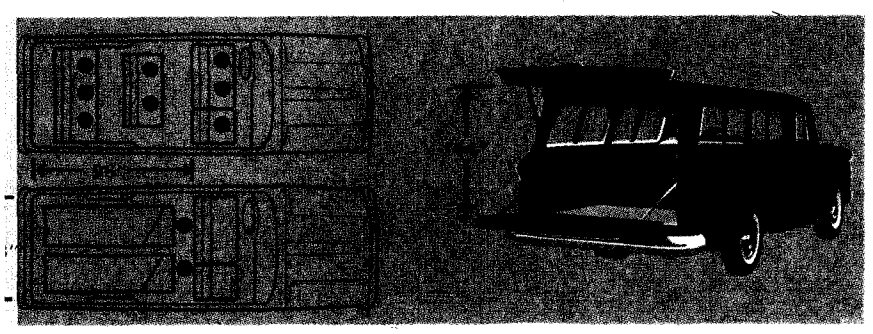

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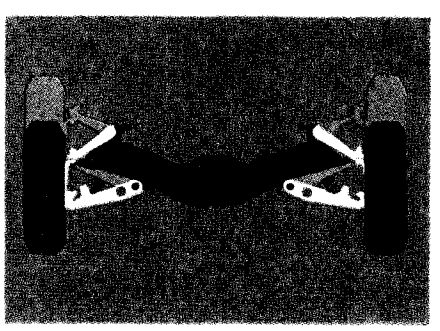

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THE LIE "I wonder how many Remenzels have gone to Whitehill," said Sylvia.

"That's like asking how many people are dead in a cemetery," said the doctor. He gave the answer to the old joke, and to Sylvia's question too. "All of 'em."

"If all the Remenzels who went to Whitehill were numbered, what number would Eli be?" said Sylvia. "That's what I'm getting at."

The question annoyed Doctor Remenzel a little. It didn't seem in very good taste. "It isn't the sort of thing you keep score on," he said.

"Guess," said his wife.

"Oh," he said, "you'd have to go back through all the records, all the way back to the end of the eighteenth century, even, to make any kind of a guess. And you'd have to decide whether to count the Schofields and the Haleys and the MacLellans as Remenzels."

"Please make a guess—" said Sylvia, "just people whose last names were Remenzel."

"Oh ——" The doctor shrugged, rattled the plans. "Thirty maybe."

"So Eli is number thirty-one!" said Sylvia, delighted with the number. "You're number thirty-one, dear," she said to the back of Eli's head.

Doctor Remenzel rattled the plans again. "I don't want him going around saying something asinine, like he's number thirty-one," he said.

"Eli knows better than that," said Sylvia. She was a game, ambitious woman, with no money of her own at all. She had been married for sixteen years, but was still openly curious and enthusiastic about the ways of families that had been rich for many generations.

"Just for my own curiosity—not so Eli can go around saying what number he is," said Sylvia, "I'm going to go wherever they keep the records and find out what number he is. That's what I'll do while you're at the meeting and Eli's doing whatever he has to do at the Admissions Office."

"All right," said Doctor Remenzel, "you go ahead and *do* that."

"I will," said Sylvia. "I think things like that are interesting, even if you don't." She waited for a rise on that, but didn't get one. Sylvia enjoyed arguing with her husband about her lack of reserve and his excess of it, enjoyed saying, toward the end of arguments like that, "Well, I guess I'm just a simple-minded country girl at heart, and that's all I'll ever be, and I'm afraid you're going to have to get used to it."

But Doctor Remenzel didn't want to play that game. He found the dormitory plans more interesting.

"Will the new rooms have fireplaces?" said Sylvia. In the oldest part of the dormitory, several of the rooms had handsome fireplaces.

"That would practically double the cost of construction," said the doctor.

"I want Eli to have a room with a fireplace, if that's possible," said Sylvia.

"Those rooms are for seniors."

"I thought maybe through some fluke ——" said Sylvia.

"What kind of fluke do you have in mind?" said the doctor. "You mean I should demand that Eli be given a room with a fireplace?"

"Not *demand* ——" said Sylvia.

"Request firmly?" said the doctor.

"Maybe I'm just a simple-minded country girl at heart," said Sylvia, "but I look through this catalogue, and I see all the buildings named after Remenzels, look through the back and see all the hundreds of thousands of dollars given by Remenzels for scholarships, and I just can't help thinking people named Remenzel are entitled to ask for a little something extra."

"Let me tell you in no uncertain terms," said Doctor Remenzel, "that you are not to ask for anything special for Eli—not anything."

"Of course I won't," said Sylvia. "Why do you always think I'm going to embarrass you?"

"I don't," he said.

"But I can still think what I think, can't I?" she said.

"If you have to," he said.

"I have to," she said cheerfully, utterly unrepentant. She leaned over the plans. "You think those people will like those rooms?"

"What people?" he said.

"The Africans," she said. She was talking about thirty Africans who, at the request of the State Department, were being admitted to Whitehill in the coming semester. It was because of them that the dormitory was being expanded.

"The rooms aren't for them," he said. "They aren't going to be segregated."

"Oh," said Sylvia. She thought about this awhile, and then she said, "Is there a chance Eli will have to have one of them for a roommate?"

"Freshmen draw lots for roommates," said the doctor. "That piece of information's in the catalogue too."

"Eli?" said Sylvia.

"H'm?" said Eli.

"How would you feel about it if you had to room with one of those Africans?"

Eli shrugged listlessly.

"That's all right?" said Sylvia.

Eli shrugged again.

"I guess it's all right," said Sylvia.

"It had better be," said the doctor.

The Rolls-Royce pulled abreast of an old Chevrolet, a car in such bad repair that its back door was lashed shut with clothesline. Doctor Remenzel glanced casually at the driver, and then, with sudden excitement and pleasure, he told Ben Barkley to stay abreast of the car.

The doctor leaned across Sylvia, rolled down his window, yelled to the driver of the old Chevrolet, "Tom! Tom!"

The man was a Whitehill classmate of the doctor. He wore a Whitehill necktie, which he waved at Doctor Remenzel in gay recognition. And then he pointed to the fine young son who sat beside him, conveyed with proud smiles and nods that the boy was bound for Whitehill.

Doctor Remenzel pointed to the chaos of the back of Eli's head, beamed that his news was the same. In the wind blustering between the two cars they made a lunch date at the Holly House in North Marston, at the inn whose principal business was serving visitors to Whitehill.

"All right," said Doctor Remenzel to Ben Barkley, "drive on."

"You know," said Sylvia, "somebody really ought to write an article ——" And she turned to look through the back window at the old car now shuddering far behind. "Somebody really ought to."

"What about?" said the doctor. He noticed that Eli had slumped way down in the front seat. "Eli!" he said sharply. "Sit up straight!" He returned his attention to Sylvia.

"Most people think prep schools are such snobbish things, just for people with money," said Sylvia, "but that isn't true." She leafed through the catalogue and found the quotation she was after.

"*The Whitehill School operates on the assumption*," she read, "*that no boy should be deterred from applying for admission because his family is unable to pay the full cost of a Whitehill education. With this in mind, the Admissions Committee selects each year from approximately 3000 candidates the 150 most promising and deserving boys, regardless of their parents' ability to pay the full $2200 tuition. And those in need of financial aid are given it to the full extent of their need. In certain instances, the school will even pay for the clothing and transportation of a boy.*"

Sylvia shook her head. "I think that's perfectly amazing. It's something most people don't realize at all. A truckdriver's son can come to Whitehill."

"If he's smart enough," he said.

"Thanks to the Remenzels," said Sylvia with pride.

"And a lot of other people too," said the doctor.

Sylvia read out loud again: "*In 1799, Eli Remenzel laid the foundation for the present Scholarship Fund by donating to the school forty acres in Boston. The school still owns twelve of those acres, their current evaluation being $3,000,000.*"

"Eli!" said the doctor. "Sit up! What's the matter with you?"

Eli sat up again, but began to slump almost immediately, like a snowman in hell. Eli had good reason for slumping, for actually hoping to die or disappear. He could not bring himself to say what the reason was. He slumped because he knew he had been denied admission to Whitehill. He had failed the entrance examinations. Eli's parents did not know this, because Eli had found the awful notice in the mail and had torn it up.

Doctor Remenzel and his wife had no doubts whatsoever about their son's getting into Whitehill. It was inconceivable to them that Eli could not go there, so they had no curiosity as to how Eli had done on the examinations, were not puzzled when no report ever came.

"What all will Eli have to do to enroll?" said Sylvia, as the black Rolls-Royce crossed the Rhode Island border.

COMING
in the March 3 Post
NEVER DIE TWICE
a strange love story

"I don't know," said the doctor. "I suppose they've got it all complicated now with forms to be filled out in quadruplicate, and punch-card machines and bureaucrats. This business of entrance examinations is all new too. In my day a boy simply had an interview with the headmaster. The headmaster would look him over, ask him a few questions and then say, 'There's a Whitehill boy.'"

"Did he ever say, 'There isn't a Whitehill boy'?" said Sylvia.

"Oh, sure," said Doctor Remenzel, "if a boy was impossibly stupid or something. There have to be standards. There have always been standards. The African boys have to meet the standards, just like anybody else. They aren't getting in just because the State Department wants to make friends. We made that clear. Those boys had to meet the standards."

"And they did?" said Sylvia.

"I suppose," said Doctor Remenzel. "I heard they're all in, and they all took the same examination Eli did."

"Was it a hard examination, dear?" Sylvia asked Eli. It was the first time she'd thought to ask.

"H'm," said Eli.

"What?" she said.

"Yes," said Eli.

"I'm glad they've got high standards," she said, and then she realized that this was a fairly silly statement. "Of course they've got high standards," she said. "That's why it's such a famous school. That's why people who go there do so well in later life."

Sylvia resumed her reading of the catalogue again, opened out a folding map of "The Sward," as the campus of Whitehill was traditionally called. She read off the names of features that memorialized Remenzels—the Sanford Remenzel Bird Sanctuary, the George MacLellan Remenzel Skating Rink, the Eli Remenzel Memorial Dormitory, and then she read out loud a quatrain printed on one corner of the map:

"*When night falleth gently*
"*Upon the green Sward,*
"*It's Whitehill, dear Whitehill,*
"*Our thoughts all turn toward.*"

"You know," said Sylvia, "school songs are so corny when you just read them. But when I hear the Glee Club sing those words, they sound like the most beautiful words ever written, and I want to cry."

"Um," said Doctor Remenzel.

"Did a Remenzel write them?"

"I don't think so," said Doctor Remenzel. And then he said, "No — Wait. That's the *new* song. A Remenz didn't write it. Tom Kilyer wrote i

"The man in that old car we passed

"Sure," said Doctor Remenzel. "T wrote it. I remember when he wrot

"A scholarship boy wrote it?" Sylvia. "I think that's awfully nic *was* a scholarship boy, wasn't he

"His father was an ordinary au bile mechanic in North Marston.

"You hear what a democratic you're going to, Eli?" said Sylvi

Half an hour later Ben Barkley br the limousine to a stop before the House, a rambling country inn t years older than the Republic. Th was on the edge of the Whitehill Sw glimpsing the school's rooftops spires over the innocent wilderness the Sanford Remenzel Bird Sanctua

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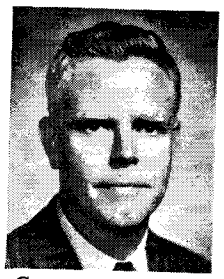

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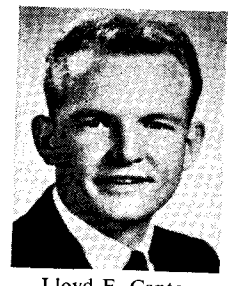

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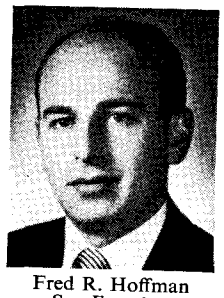

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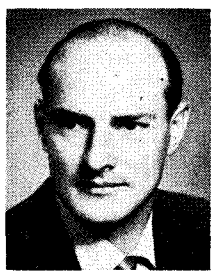

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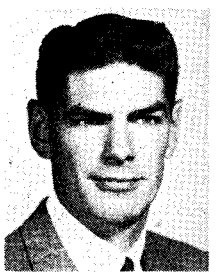

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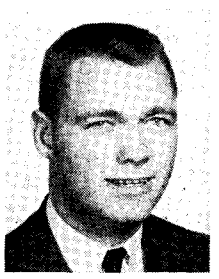

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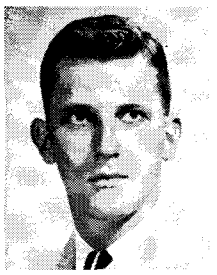

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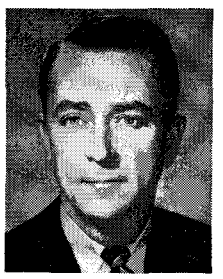

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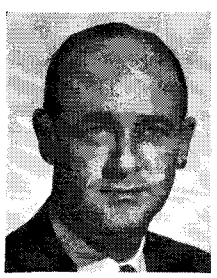

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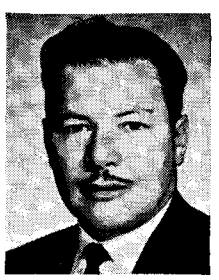

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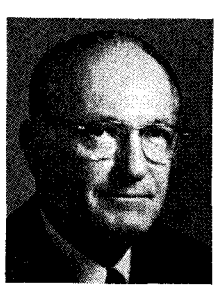

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THE LIE

Ben Barkley was sent away with the car for an hour and a half. Doctor Remenzel shepherded Sylvia and Eli into a familiar, low-ceilinged world of pewter, clocks, lovely old woods, agreeable servants, elegant food and drink.

Eli, clumsy with horror of what was surely to come, banged a grandmother clock with his elbow as he passed, made the clock cry.

Sylvia excused herself. Doctor Remenzel and Eli went to the threshold of the dining room, where a hostess welcomed them both by name. They were given a table beneath an oil portrait of one of the three Whitehill boys who had gone on to become President of the United States.

The dining room was filling quickly with families. What every family had was at least one boy about Eli's age. Most of the boys wore Whitehill blazers—black, with pale-blue piping, with Whitehill seals on their breast pockets. A few, like Eli, were not yet entitled to wear blazers, were simply hoping to get in.

The doctor ordered a Martini, then turned to his son and said, "Your mother has the idea that you're entitled to special privileges around here. I hope you don't have that idea too."

"No, sir," said Eli.

"It would be a source of the greatest embarrassment to me," said Doctor Remenzel with considerable grandeur, "if I were ever to hear that you had used the name Remenzel as though you thought Remenzels were something special."

"I know," said Eli wretchedly.

"That settles it," said the doctor. He had nothing more to say about it. He gave abbreviated salutes to several people he knew in the room, speculated as to what sort of party had reserved a long banquet table that was set up along one wall. He decided that it was for a visiting athletic team. Sylvia arrived, and Eli had to be told in a sharp whisper to stand when a woman came to a table.

Sylvia was full of news. The long table, she related, was for the thirty boys from Africa. "I'll bet that's more colored people than have eaten here since this place was founded," she said softly. "How fast things change these days!"

"You're right about how fast things change," said Doctor Remenzel. "You're wrong about the colored people who've eaten here. This used to be a busy part of the Underground Railroad."

"Really?" said Sylvia. "How exciting." She looked all about herself in a birdlike way. "I think everything's exciting here. I only wish Eli had a blazer on."

Doctor Remenzel reddened. "He isn't entitled to one," he said.

"I know that," said Sylvia.

"I thought you were going to ask somebody for permission to put a blazer on Eli right away," said the doctor.

"I wouldn't do that," said Sylvia, a little offended now. "Why are you always afraid I'll embarrass you?"

"Never mind. Excuse me. Forget it," said Doctor Remenzel.

Sylvia brightened again, put her hand on Eli's arm and looked radiantly at a man in the dining-room doorway. "There's my favorite person in all the world, next to my son and husband," she said. She meant Dr. Donald Warren, headmaster of the Whitehill School. A thin gentleman in his early sixties, Doctor Warren was in the doorway with the manager of the inn, looking over the arrangements for the Africans.

It was then that Eli got up abruptly, fled the dining room, fled as much of the nightmare as he could possibly leave behind. He brushed past Doctor Warren rudely, though he knew him well, though Doctor Warren spoke his name. Doctor Warren looked after him sadly.

"I'll be damned," said Doctor Remenzel. "What brought that on?"

"Maybe he really *is* sick," said Sylvia.

The Remenzels had no time to react more elaborately, because Doctor Warren spotted them and crossed quickly to their table. He greeted them, some of his perplexity about Eli showing in his greeting. He asked if he might sit down.

"Certainly, of course," said Doctor Remenzel expansively. "We'd be honored if you did. Heavens."

"Not to eat," said Doctor Warren. "I'll be eating at the long table with the new boys. I would like to talk, though." He saw that there were five places set at the table. "You're expecting someone?"

"We passed Tom Hilyer and his boy on the way," said Doctor Remenzel. "They'll be along in a minute."

"Good, good," said Doctor Warren absently. He fidgeted, looked again in the direction in which Eli had disappeared.

"Tom's boy will be going to Whitehill in the fall?" said Doctor Remenzel.

"H'm?" said Doctor Warren. "Oh—yes, yes. Yes, he will."

It's difficult to feel much urgency about installing a fallout shelter when the builders offer twenty years to pay.

G. Norman Collie

"Is he a scholarship boy, like his father?" said Sylvia.

"That's not a polite question," said Doctor Remenzel severely.

"I beg your pardon," said Sylvia.

"No, no—that's a perfectly proper question these days," said Doctor Warren. "We don't keep that sort of information very secret any more. We're proud of our scholarship boys, and they have every reason to be proud of themselves. Tom's boy got the highest score anyone's ever got on the entrance examinations. We feel privileged to have him."

"We never *did* find out Eli's score," said Doctor Remenzel. He said it with good-humored resignation, without expectation that Eli had done especially well.

"A good strong medium, I imagine," said Sylvia. She said this on the basis of Eli's grades in primary school, which had ranged from medium to terrible.

The headmaster looked surprised. "I didn't tell you his scores?" he said.

"We haven't seen you since he took the examinations," said Doctor Remenzel.

"The letter I wrote you ——" said Doctor Warren.

"What letter?" said Doctor Remenzel. "Did we get a letter?"

"A letter from me," said Doctor Warren, with growing incredulity. "The hardest letter I ever had to write."

Sylvia shook her head. "We never got any letter from you."

Doctor Warren sat back, looking very ill. "I mailed it myself," he said. "It was definitely mailed—two weeks ago."

Doctor Remenzel shrugged. "The U.S. mails don't lose much," he said, "but I guess that now and then something gets misplaced."

Doctor Warren cradled his head in his hands. "Oh, dear—oh, my, oh, Lord," he said. "I was surprised to see Eli here. I wondered that he would want to come along with you."

"He didn't come along just to see the scenery," said Doctor Remenzel. "He came to enroll."

"I want to know what was in the letter," said Sylvia.

Doctor Warren raised his head, folded his hands. "What the letter said, was this, and no other words could be more difficult for me to say: '*On the basis of his work in primary school and his scores on the entrance examinations, I must tell you that your son and my good friend Eli cannot possibly do the work required of boys at Whitehill.*'" Doctor Warren's voice steadied, and so did his gaze. "'*To admit Eli to Whitehill, to expect him to do Whitehill work,*'" he said, "'*would be both unrealistic and cruel.*'"

The chaos that followed this statement was not only emotional. It was real as well. Thirty African boys, escorted by several faculty members, State Department men and diplomats from their own countries, filed into the dining room.

And Tom Hilyer and his boy, having no idea that something had just gone awfully wrong for the Remenzels, came in, too, and said hello to the Remenzels and Doctor Warren gaily, as though life couldn't possibly be better.

"I'll talk to you more about this later, if you like," Doctor Warren said to the Remenzels, rising. "I have to go now, but later on ——" He left quickly.

"My mind's a blank," said Sylvia. "My mind's a perfect blank."

Tom Hilyer and his boy sat down. Hilyer looked at the menu before him, clapped his hands and said, "What's good? I'm hungry." And then he said, "Say—where's your boy?"

"He stepped out for a moment," said Doctor Remenzel evenly.

"We've got to find him," said Sylvia to her husband.

"In time, in due time," said Doctor Remenzel.

"That letter," said Sylvia; "Eli knew about it. He found it and tore it up. Of course he did!" She started to cry, thinking of the hideous trap that Eli had caught himself in.

"I'm not interested right now in what Eli's done," said Doctor Remenzel. "Right now I'm a lot more interested in what some other people are going to do."

"What do you mean?" said Sylvia.

Doctor Remenzel stood impressively, angry and determined. "I mean," he said, "I'm going to see how quickly people can change their minds around here."

"Please," said Sylvia, trying to hold him, trying to calm him, "we've got to find Eli. That's the first thing."

"The first thing," said Doctor Remenzel quite loudly, "is to get Eli admitted to Whitehill. After that we'll find him, and we'll bring him back."

"But darling ——" said Sylvia.

"No 'but' about it," said Doctor Remenzel. "There's a majority of the Board of Overseers in this room at this very moment. Every one of them is a close friend of mine, or a close friend of my father. If they tell Doctor Warren Eli's in, that's it—Eli's in. If there's room for all these other people," he said, "there's damn well room for Eli too."

He strode quickly to a table nearby, sat down heavily and began to talk to a fierce-looking and splendid old gentleman who was eating there. The old gentleman was chairman of the board.

Sylvia apologized to the baffled Hilyers, and then went in search of Eli.

Asking this person and that person, Sylvia found him. He was outside—all alone on a bench in a bower of lilacs that had just begun to bud.

Eli heard his mother's coming on the gravel path, stayed where he was, resigned. "Did you find out," he said, "or do I still have to tell you?"

"About you?" she said gently. "About not getting in? Doctor Warren told us."

"I tore his letter up," said Eli.

"I can understand that," she said. "Your father and I have always made you feel that you had to go to Whitehill, that nothing else would do."

"I feel better," said Eli. He tried to smile, found he could do it easily. "I feel so much better now that it's over. I tried to tell you a couple of times—but I just couldn't. I didn't know how."

"That's my fault, not yours," she said.

"What's father doing?" said Eli.

Sylvia was so intent on comforting Eli that she'd put out of her mind what her husband was up to. Now she realized that Doctor Remenzel was making a ghastly mistake. She didn't want Eli admitted to Whitehill, could see what a cruel thing that would be.

She couldn't bring herself to tell the boy what his father was doing, so she said, "He'll be along in a minute, dear. He understands." And then she said, "You wait here, and I'll go get him and come right back."

But she didn't have to go to Doctor Remenzel. At that moment the big man came out of the inn and caught sight of his wife and son. He came to her and to Eli. He looked dazed.

"Well?" she said.

"They—they all said no," said Doctor Remenzel, very subdued.

"That's for the best," said Sylvia. "I'm relieved. I really am."

"Who said no?" said Eli. "Who said no to what?"

"The members of the board," said Doctor Remenzel, not looking anyone in the eye. "I asked them to make an exception in your case—to reverse their decision and let you in."

Eli stood, his face filled with incredulity and shame that were instant. "You what?" he said, and there was no childishness in the way he said it. Next came anger. "You shouldn't have done that!" he said to his father.

Doctor Remenzel nodded. "So I've already been told."

"That isn't done!" said Eli. "How awful! You shouldn't have."

"You're right," said Doctor Remenzel, accepting the scolding lamely.

"Now I *am* ashamed," said Eli, and he showed that he was.

Doctor Remenzel, in his wretchedness, could find no strong words to say. "I apologize to you both," he said at last. "It was a very bad thing to try."

"Now a Remenzel *has* asked for something," said Eli.

"I don't suppose Ben's back yet with the car?" said Doctor Remenzel. It was obvious that Ben wasn't. "We'll wait out here for him," he said. "I don't want to go back in there now."

"A Remenzel asked for something—as though a Remenzel were something special," said Eli.

"I don't suppose ——" said Doctor Remenzel, and he left the sentence unfinished, dangling in the air.

"You don't suppose what?" said his wife, her face puzzled.

"I don't suppose," said Doctor Remenzel, "that we'll ever be coming here any more."

THE END

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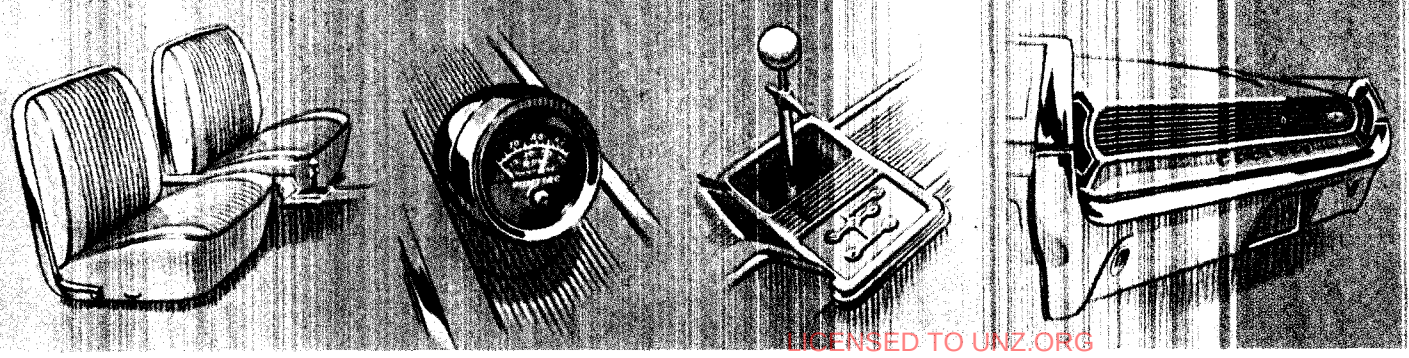
This beauty eats mountains for breakfast—Pontiac Grand Prix! Point the G.P. uphill, and you find its 303 h.p. Trophy V-8 flattens towering grades almost casually. (And by paying a bit more, you can pick from engines ranging way on up in horsepower.) The custom-styled G.P. doesn't just look like a finely honed piece of road machinery—it is, in fact, the real article. Let's tick off some of the reasons: Deep-cradling bucket seats, center console with tach, plus floor-mounted Hydra-Matic and four-speed stick as extra-cost options. And the G.P., you'll be happy to know, has Pontiac's road-wedded Wide-Track. See your Pontiac dealer—the G.P. man. Pontiac Motor Division, General Motors Corporation.



Grand Prix

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THEY THINK WE HAVE

A polio victim tells how the public helps—and hinders—the physically disabled.

Some people touch themselves on the breast when they pass me. I see their lips move. I don't know if they are praying for me or for themselves. And, of course, some spit. It's an old superstition—to avert the evil eye."

The man speaking is a paraplegic, grotesquely deformed. He is a businessman, intelligent and unsentimental. He is smoking a cigarette and he looks at the rest of us with amusement.

There are six of us in all, sitting in the waiting room of a university building. We are discussing social attitudes toward the crippled and deformed, a conversation which will continue, with interruptions, for several days. It is not a hospital, and we are not there to be treated. We are to serve as models or guinea pigs in a seminar called to try to raise the standards of the manufacture of orthopedic equipment, or at least to make it uniform in manufacture. We have taken time from jobs or professions to meet here. To be asked to perform a service is something we have been unable to refuse.

Waiting, we have already begun to feel the effect of what might be called institutional indifference, the draining away of our identities. We have been asked to remove our clothing, and we are wearing bathrobes of white terry cloth, washed so often they barely meet in front and extend only to the knees. Underneath we are wearing shorts, also supplied to us, and, of course, our orthopedic equipment, astonishingly medieval in this technical age we live in.

There is the paraplegic who wears two leg braces and walks with crutches. There is a former Army paratrooper in his thirties, a great hulk of a man, a technician in an electronics factory, tough but pleasant. There is another businessman, of middle age, who has apparently been crippled since childhood. We cannot see what equipment he is wearing, other than his builtup shoes, because he is still dressed in his business suit, having been unable to sit down and undress in the small locker room assigned to us. He will wait to undress in the conference room where his equipment will be discussed. He stands, leaning on crutches with leather slings under the armpits.

There is an older man, a shoemaker. His head and shoulders and the trunk of his body, as well as his feet, are of normal development; but his legs are those of a child. His feet, in black shoes attached to braces on his short legs, extend in front of him as he sits in his chair. He looks much like a figure carved in wood, a puppet to dance on strings for children. He has a grave, reposed face, with that unlined serenity which comes from an acceptance of life.

I sit on the left side of the shoemaker, wearing the long leg brace with its lock at the knee which I have worn for fifteen years, since I contracted polio in North Africa in World War II. In fifteen years I have managed to convince myself that I have forgotten about my disability, but in an hour or more of waiting in bathrobe and shorts, dressed, as it occurs to me, as for the gas chambers at Auschwitz, I have already smoked half a pack of cigarettes.

But our star witness is speaking. He is a former Marine fighter pilot. He was shot down over Korea. He has a part of one leg; the other is gone. He was unconscious, he says, for two years.

"Two years!" I say in astonishment, leaning forward to look at him.

"It only seemed like two months to me," he says with a gentle smile. "I'll tell you what happened. I went up to the pearly gates, and Saint Peter came to the door with his key, and he said, 'No more openings in the Marine Guard.' So then I went to the other place, and a man came out with horns and a pitchfork, and he took one look at me, and he said, 'There isn't room in here for you and me both,' and he slammed the door."

We laugh together.

For the pilot they have managed somehow, mercifully, to find a longer bathrobe. He has walked into the room on special crutches with attachments for the hands, and he stands on something, but "you can't look at what there is of him below," the paraplegic has told us, who was alone with him in the locker room. I find it difficult to look at the paraplegic himself, whose abdomen seems to have been wasted away by his accident.

Suddenly I am reminded of the playwright Samuel Beckett. We are arranged as if in a scene for him. But the resemblance ends there. There are some cripples afflicted, even as others sound of body are, by self-pity. But they are not in this room.

We are to come here for three consecutive days to assist in the program. First, a physical therapist tests us to determine for her records what disability and degree of muscle loss we have. We are all familiar with this testing. It is a tiresome routine.

When it is my turn, I find the physical therapist so typical and familiar that I close my eyes during the testing to avoid having to look at her. Most physical therapists spend the greater part of their time with afflicted children, who may be expected to improve during years of growth, and their professional manner is the nursery manner. She is brisk and cheerful, pretty and young.

"Now, try!" she says. "Oh, come on, you can do better than that! Try!"

I try. When they closed my records some years ago, saying that I had reached a "plateau" of improvement, it was reported that my right quadriceps was "zero." The quadriceps is the great extensor muscle at the front of the thigh which lifts the entire weight of the body while climbing stairs. I try for the pretty physical therapist, but the nerve by which my brain once signaled that muscle to respond is still gone. The adductor muscle of that leg is almost helpless too, the muscle which makes it possible to draw the leg in from an extended position at the side, and the loss of which accounts for the result one often sees in the walking of the lame: the compulsive throwing outward of the foot. But I try. I keep my eyes closed, trying. I have long finished, I tell myself, with preoccupation about my disability. I gave my years to that, in learning to walk again with brace and cane, and with the help of many fine physical therapists, with whom this young woman may one day count herself if she ever gets beyond her nursery manner and learns to communicate with her patient in treatment that is, in fact, an act of love, the memory of which has brought me here to give my time.

Now she is taking me down a corridor to test my walking. In my abbreviated bathrobe I pass desks where members of the staff are working and talking. Their eyes slide over us. They do not mind me and, I suppose, it does not occur to anyone that I might mind them.

"But it is for the children that we are here," the paratrooper says. We are all together again, our testing finished, back in the waiting room. The tide of impatience is rising in us. We try to dissipate it in conversation. "Who cares about us old crocks?" the paratrooper continues. "We've had it. We are doing this for the children."

There has been a great advance in the manufacture of artificial limbs, legs and arms, the paratrooper goes on to say, as a result of the war, and the dramatic attention focused on veterans. But the crippled we have had with us always, and no one has looked clearly at orthopedic equipment for a long time. The first bracemakers came from Europe. They trained others, but they are dying off. There are no schools where one may go to learn how to make a brace. Most such equipment, adequate or not, is what might be called custom-made. There are no standards. There is no uniformity of manufacture. A primary result is the exorbitant cost of such equipment. We have all worn our equipment for some years, with perhaps repair now and then; but if a child is disabled by paralytic disease or accident, his brace or other equipment must be changed every six months or so, as he grows. Who can afford this? If there were a uniform practice of constructing such equipment, parts might be interchangeable or replaceable. A brace might grow with a child, instead of being completely replaced. And the whole thing might be less expensive if parts were manufactured in our time-honored American manner of mass production.

"We are doing this for the children." Now we are lying on wooden tables in a long room, side by side, to be measured and examined by the makers of braces who have come from many parts of the country for this seminar. They are mature men, practitioners in their field. They, too, are volunteers in this program, desiring to improve this curiously neglected area of physical disability. We are without whatever equipment we wear, and we lie, in the shorts provided us, on the uncompromising tables. It is not a comfortable or pleasant experience.

The technicians, as technicians will, become absorbed in their assignment. They are not professional medical men, but this part of the course requires that they locate the major muscles and tendons in the bone structure, and having done this, take measurements for a brace they will construct during this three-day period. Two technicians have been assigned to each of us. They measure and check their results against each other.

After that, we are finished for the first day and may go home. I cannot sleep easily that night, and when I do fall asleep, I have old nightmares about the war. I wake in the morning, tired and reluctant to go for the second day. I am not required to be there until the afternoon, but I do not look forward to it.

On the second day they are "running behind." It is difficult to fit all of the proposed work into the time scheduled for the program, and so we must wait while the technicians continue their work on the equipment they are making for us in the shop in the building.

It is 3:30 in the afternoon, and we are in the waiting room, waiting. Our nobility is wearing thin, and our conversation, as a result, becomes more intensely personal. We are withdrawing to that private world we had fought our way out of in the past. The institutional atmosphere has succeeded in taking our hard-won identity from us, and we are cripples, sitting together in a room.

"With all of our boasted technology, why hasn't anyone done anything about orthopedic equipment before?" I complain. "Surely someone could make an apparatus for my leg which would in some way compensate for the loss of my extensor quadriceps, so that I wouldn't have to clank along the street, stiff-legged like the mechanical man from *The Wizard of Oz*."

The childhood cripple, dressed in his business suit, looks at me with amusement. "Oh, you war veterans! If you had been crippled since childhood, you'd know why."

"Why?" I ask. "What difference does being a war veteran make?"

"Because people shun us," he says. "You were crippled during the dramatic period of war. You were a hero. You had the attention of people focused on you. You had public sympathy. You didn't grow up hidden in a back room."

This statement shocks me. I protest. "I don't believe that happens except in fairy tales," I say.

The shoemaker speaks softly. "But it does," he says.

"Who hides you?" I ask.

"Your family," the shoemaker says.

I still do not want to accept this. "Out of love? To protect you?"

"Oh, no," the shoemaker says, still softly. "They hide you because they are ashamed of you. They begin by keeping

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THE EVIL EYE

BY BENTZ PLAGEMANN

"Our social attitude toward the crippled . . . archaic, primitive, touched with superstition and taboo."

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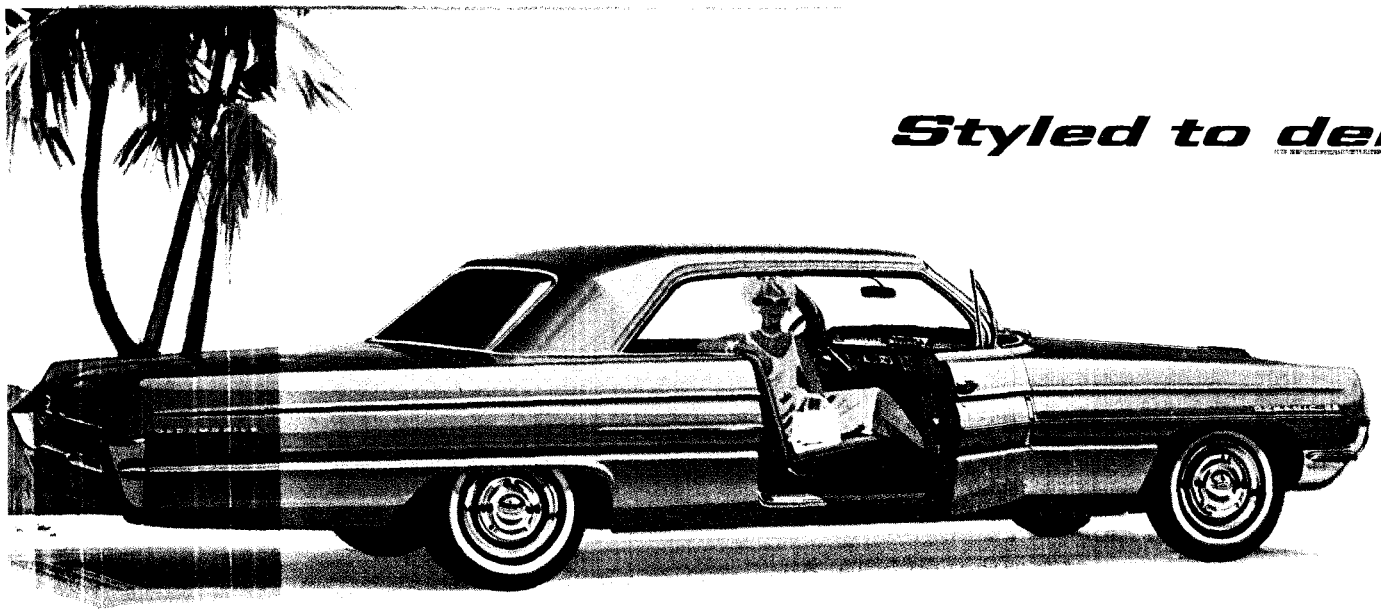

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"Silent, waiting, ugly and exposed . . . we, the crippled ones, withdraw to our private world."

you in the background when other people are present."

"And the years go on and on," the childhood cripple says.

"Until finally no one looks at you any more," the shoemaker says.

A depression settles over me. But I am not prepared to give up so easily. "Do you think it is because of our American cult of youth and physical perfection?"

"Oh, no," the paraplegic says. "It is more primitive than that. It is a kind of natural, universal taboo. Societies reject the deformed."

I am silenced. We are all silent, waiting, exposed, ugly. And now we talk about anger. I do not know how it began.

"I had to give up drinking entirely," the paratrooper says. "I couldn't stop when I started, and I would always be brought back home with my crutches smashed. I would go to the neighborhood tavern, and when I was drunk, I would beat on the bar with my crutches until they were smashed. I didn't know I was doing it. I didn't know what I was doing. I have two brothers bigger than I am, with more battle stars than I have, so being a veteran meant nothing to them. One night my oldest brother waited for me to come home, and when I came in, he said, 'Are you drunk?' I was so drunk I couldn't even answer him. So he said, 'Well, braces or no braces,' and he hit me, and I fell on the floor. So I quit drinking."

I begin to laugh. "You mean that's why I get mad when I have a drink?" I ask. "I just thought it was my own unpleasant nature. My wife made me stop hitting taxis."

"Hitting taxis?" the paraplegic asks.

"Yes, I used to hit them with my cane," I explain. "It's wonderfully satisfying to give a taxi a good crack over the hood with a cane. You know, when they've practically run over your toes while you're waiting at the curb, or come to a screeching halt six inches away from you while you're crossing the street with the green light. One evening we were going to the theater, and I hailed a taxi, but he complained when he found out where we wanted to go, because he was on his way home, and it meant going out of his way. So I hit the hood of his taxi with my cane. My wife went back home. She said she wouldn't go out with me again until I stopped hitting taxis."

We laugh together and look toward the door, hoping to be relieved from the tedium of our waiting. The afternoon light is failing, but nothing happens.

"You claim you're a writer?" the paratrooper asks.

"Of sorts," I say.

The paratrooper shakes his head. "You seem more like an older juvenile delinquent to me," he says.

This time while we laugh they come for us. We make our way toward the long room with the wooden tables. It is after five o'clock, and the staff is going home. The secretaries hurry by us in the hall.

In the long room the technicians are apologetic. They want to get us home, and they perspire, with their haste and the urgency of their task. They must try on us the equipment they have made, since tomorrow they will face their assembled peers to show what they have done. At this stage the equipment does not fit well, of course, but they must know what changes and corrections will be needed by tomorrow; so they force us into the braces with fumbling fingers.

Now we are finished for the second day and we may go home. As we leave, the night man is methodically swabbing the hall which we must follow to get to the locker room and our clothes. The floor is awash with water and soapsuds. We creep, we crawl, pressing ourselves against the wall. But now the supervisor has discovered the situation; and while we dress, he takes the mop from the night man and tries to mop the floor dry.

But the elevator operator has gone home. Alerted, the supervisor of the project goes off in search of someone who can run the elevator. I cannot wait, because my car is parked in a lot which will be closed. I make my way down the stairs. It is simple thoughtlessness, I tell myself, hoping the physical effort of going downstairs will help dissipate my anger. It is simply another example of institutional indifference. No one can be blamed. Institutions of this kind, as I have learned again and again over the years, are not run for the people who come to them. They are run for the staff.

It is not so easy to dissipate my anger and depression. I try to hurry up the street toward the parking lot. When it is necessary for me to hurry, I cannot walk with the discipline I like to maintain. My foot drags, and I hoist my weight at the hip and lurch along, feeling ugly and distasteful to look at, resenting the thoughtless people who made it necessary for me to compromise the standards I have set for myself.

That night I take a sleeping pill. I must be up early if I am to be in town at ten o'clock, as requested. In the morning I arrive at ten. The others are there. We put on our shorts and bathrobes—and wait. Beyond us the machines are humming in the shop. To while away the time we tell stories to one another.

I tell my favorite story: of the small boy in the hardware store. Every crippled person is cheerfully familiar with the natural curiosity of children. Little girls seem to be born with a sense of tact, but small boys—particularly intelligent small boys—want to know how things work. "What's the matter with your leg?" they ask at first meeting, dispensing with formalities.

I have learned two things about that question. First of all, the child doesn't want a complicated answer. And secondly, it is not the leg he is interested in, but the brace. Parents permitting, I usually try to demonstrate my brace, by sitting down, standing up, and locking the brace at the knee. Unfortunately, many parents are embarrassed and apologetic about this small episode—my classical example of this embarrassment being the story of the boy in the hardware store.

He was perhaps five or six. He came in with his young mother while I was there buying a faucet washer, and he came right over to me, stooped down, and grasped the upright support of my brace in his hand, then looked up and said, "What's the matter with your leg?"

I was just about to hike up my trouser leg a bit, to help him in his examination, when his mother snatched him away. She was crimson with embarrassment.

"You apologize to the man for saying that," she said.

"Please don't," I said. "It happens all the time."

"No," the woman said, unable to bring herself to look at me and holding her boy tightly by the arm. "You apologize to the man."

"But it doesn't matter!" I said. "I'm used to it. Little boys ask me that question all the time. Especially intelligent little boys," I added, trying to be helpful.

But the woman was firm. "You apologize to the man," she said.

We looked at each other helplessly, the little boy and I. Finally he spoke.

"I'm sorry about your leg," he said, "but it wasn't my fault."

While we are laughing they come for us, to take us to the long room again, for the final conference, the examination of the equipment they have made for us.

Each of the two technicians assigned to me has made a separate leg brace. They were not made for me to have, but to serve as examples in their future work. Even so, I had been discouraged the afternoon before, since neither one had seemed even remotely satisfactory. But in the interim they have worked from the corrections indicated by the fitting, and each one now seems to approach the point of being satisfactory. With further work they would serve as well as the one that I wear, but only that. They are still the elementary, medieval brace of the type that I wear. But they are made from identical parts, interchangeable, uniform in standard. That, at least, is a beginning. I feel that my time has been well given.

And now our part in the seminar is finished. I feel a lightness of heart as I go back to the locker room to dress. I can return to my life now, and its work, and forget about my disability.

But while I dress, a climactic irony occurs. The zipper of my trousers breaks, and goes off its track. I tighten my belt carefully, button the lower button of my jacket. Holding my hat in front of me, I make my way to the elevator and down the street. I remember having passed a tailor shop on the street.

It seems an amusing situation to me, but the tailor does not smile. He shakes his head in a negative response.

"You don't have a zipper?" I ask him.

"Oh, yes," he says, "but your pants would have to be cleaned before I would work on them."

I flush and go out to the street. Ordinarily I would not have thought twice about this remark. Perhaps it is a universal custom among tailors. I might well feel that way myself. But now I think of the stories I have heard in the last three days—the touching of holy medals, the shunning, the spitting to avert the evil eye. In all honesty I am not repulsively unclean in appearance. I am wearing a gabardine suit, not new, as witness the broken zipper, but fresh from the cleaner. I am better and more neatly dressed than the tailor.

The sun is shining—the bright, indifferent sun. I had intended to do some errands in town, but my appetite for such has left me. I will walk to my car, my hat held in front of me, and go home.

Over the years I have acquired the small habit of trying to think of something pleasant when I am distressed by something in life which I cannot change. Now I try to fix my thoughts on the memory of the clear, open face of that small boy in the hardware store. It had always seemed just an amusing story to me, but now in the light of my experience of the last three days it suddenly seems to take on a different significance. He was sorry for me, but it wasn't his fault.

I hadn't wanted his sympathy. I most certainly did not need his disclaimer of guilt. Is our social attitude toward the crippled archaic, primitive, touched with superstition and taboo? I was crippled by a virus which can be isolated under a microscope. I also wear eyeglasses, and I have a dental bridge. But because I limp along the street on a leg brace and a cane, am I supposed to be relegated to a corner, to the half-world of fairy tales, along with dwarfs and Captain Hook and the Hunchback of Notre Dame?

I do not think that anyone really intends this to be so. But perhaps it might help if someday some small boy were allowed to go on looking at me with clear, candid eyes, entirely free of sentiment or guilt or apology. To look at me and the leg brace I wear.

For the children. THE END

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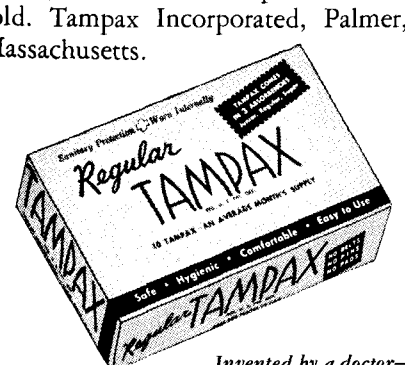

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

RING OF FIRE

continued from page 35

"Take care, Ben."

"I always do." This was ritual.

"I'll be waiting," Martha said.

The fire no longer burned; it merely smoldered and smoked with a damp ashy smell. In the lights of the fire trucks everything was gray and shapeless, desolate. Murph was standing off to one side talking with the fire chief when Harding came over. Murph said, "We'll have to wait till it cools off and we get some daylight before we can get in and dig, but there isn't much doubt what we'll find."

"There isn't any doubt at all," the chief said. "It started over there." He pointed. "That was already burned out when we got here. You see that lump? That's what's left of a five-gallon can."

"Gasoline?" Harding said.

"What the hell else? Same as the Quality yard and Rovere's and Bryan's."

"Somebody," Murph said, "likes to play with matches."

Harding said, "The watchman? Walling? Where is he?"

The chief pointed with his thumb. "He's under that tarp, what's left of him. The bottle's part melted, but there isn't any doubt what was in it, and in him."

Harding said, "You're sure he was alive?" And he watched the chief's mouth open and then close again as the new thought hit him. "We'll find out," Harding said. He looked around. Volunteer firemen still played their hoses, spraying the smoking ashes. And there were people scattered, standing in little groups, the usual gapers, and the photographer for the local paper was walking around with his camera and flashgun. Harding watched the photographer as if he had never seen one before.

It was Murph, back in character again, who said, "I can hear the wheels turning from here. Give us our revelation, Ben."

Harding smiled automatically. He said, "Just a thought. Ask him for a print of each of his pictures, Murph, the ones he's taking now, and the ones he took at each of the other fires. Pictures of the crowd."

"Well, I'll be damned," Murph said. "People who like to play around with matches like to watch what happens—plain as the nose on your face. Correction: on my face." He walked away.

The fire chief said, "A character."

"A good cop," Harding said, unsmiling now. "Don't ever forget that, chief." He turned to look at the mounded tarpaulin covering what was left of a man who had not been much of a man, true, a periodic drunk, a village bum working only on Henry Carson's charity—but a man, nonetheless, and Harding could not wish that kind of death on the Devil himself. He said, "I'll want that bottle."

"For all the good it'll do you," the chief said, "half melted ——"

"And," Harding said, "who turned in the alarm? I'd like to talk to him."

It was not a man. It was a woman, small and somewhat shriveled, with gray hair and a sharp nose and a no-nonsense attitude, dressed at this time of night as for morning housework in a flower-print house dress complete with apron. "I live over there across the street, young man," she said, "in one of the second-floor apartments, and at my age you don't sleep as much as you do when you're younger, and I saw light flickering on my ceiling, and I looked out of the window, and, my lands!—it was like those pictures of London during the war."

"And," Harding said, "you called the firehouse?"

"I did not. I dialed 'O' for Operator, the way it says in the book, and I must say the young lady handled it well. I wasn't even dressed before I heard the sirens, and I ran over. I was one of the first here." The old lady said, "They say there was a man in there. Is that true?"

Harding said slowly, "I'm afraid it is."

"Then," the old lady said, "if the fire was set the way the others were, it's death in the commission of a felony, which is murder, first degree. Don't look surprised. I wasn't a librarian for forty years for nothing." And she added, "When are you going to do something to stop all this? It is outrageous."

Harding could not agree more. And here came Murph, nodding, to say, "We'll have prints of the plates by noon, and then maybe ——"

"Just maybe, Murph," Harding said. He had the blackened, melted bottle from the fire chief, and he held it out. Its square base was intact, and a portion of the label still clung to the glass. "We'll check this out, too, Murph. When the stores are open, find the liquor store where Sam bought it, and find out when, and ——" He stopped and watched Murph.

Murph sighed. "I was born unlucky and not very smart, but I wouldn't mind that so much ——" He paused. "Tomorrow, which is today, is supposed to be my day to howl, to rush into the city and sow what wild oats. Instead ——"

Harding could smile again. He said, "Go ahead, Murph. Turn over the bottle and the follow-up on the pictures. I won't cramp your style." He was to remember that later. Oh, how he was to remember it! Now, once more, he looked around the scene at the groups of people standing gaping. "Henry Carson," he said. "He isn't here. He's been notified?"

Murph said, "He's up at his cottage where he fishes and hunts—he and his wife and his dachshund. They left this afternoon. There's no phone, but they're taking a message in to him. He'll have things to say about police protection."

WATCH FOR
THE APE IN THE FAMILY TREE
A ZANY TALE BY ROBERT STANDISH
COMING NEXT WEEK

And this was true, too, and required no comment. "Well," Harding said, "I think that's about all we can do now. Get Doc Sommers on the autopsy, and we'll see where we stand." He went to his car.

He did not drive home. He drove instead to the station where, in his small back office, he could sit and ponder.

Of the first three fires, all in lumberyards within the county, two had been outside his jurisdiction, but he had asked for, and received, reports which amounted to very little if anything at all. The fires had been set—no question. Gasoline-soaked rags and wood and a match probably thrown, and where was a handle to grasp in the problem of finding the person who had done it? As the police chief over in Pearl Valley had said, "This isn't the city. If somebody wants to keep out of sight late at night, he doesn't have much trouble doing it. And there aren't any fingerprints after a fire. And we don't have the men to stake out all the lumberyards, or if we did, he'd switch to something else probably. If we catch him at all, it'll be pure accident."

And after the third fire—down on the highway, Bryan's lumberyard, which was a small operation and isolated and protected only by a few padlocks anybody could force with a big screwdriver—Harding had no argument to offer the Pearl Valley police chief.

Only Murph, in his perpetual ebullience, had said, "There isn't any such thing as arson. That I know. I can't even keep a fire burning in my fireplace, so how the hell can somebody burn down a lumberyard?" Kidding, and yet there was a grain of wisdom hidden in his words. It took determination to start a fire that, left alone, would destroy a building and everything within it. And what kind of a man, for what purpose, would have that kind of determination?

Harding picked up the phone and dialed a number over at the State Hospital. To the calm, sleepy voice he said, "Ben Harding, doctor. I apologize for disturbing you, but I need some help." He explained briefly.

Doctor Rogers said, "You might as well come over, Ben. I'm awake, no thanks to you."

The big house was set outside of the fenced grounds of the hospital. Doctor Rogers, in trousers and pajama tops, let Harding in and smiled wearily and said, "I thought when my private-practice days were over I'd get some sleep. How silly can a man be? Drink? Or coffee?"

They sat in the doctor's study with coffee, and Doctor Rogers, cup in hand, listened. Then, "It's too broad a question, Ben." And he smiled suddenly. "That's one of the standard answers we head shrinkers have. It means we can't be pinned down, because maybe we don't know enough." He paused. "You don't want scientific terms, so I'll put it in plain, inexact language. Perhaps it's somebody with a grudge that's become a fixation? Remember the Mad Bomber in the city?"

Harding nodded. He thought about it. He shook his head. "Four different yards, unconnected—a grudge against the whole lumber industry?"

"Unlikely," Doctor Rogers said. "I agree." He paused. "Somebody who just likes fires? I won't go into the theories. Some children like to play with matches. Some don't particularly. An arsonist likes to watch things burn."

Harding said, "Just that? He likes to watch things burn, not people?"

Doctor Rogers put down his coffee cup. He watched Harding in silence for a

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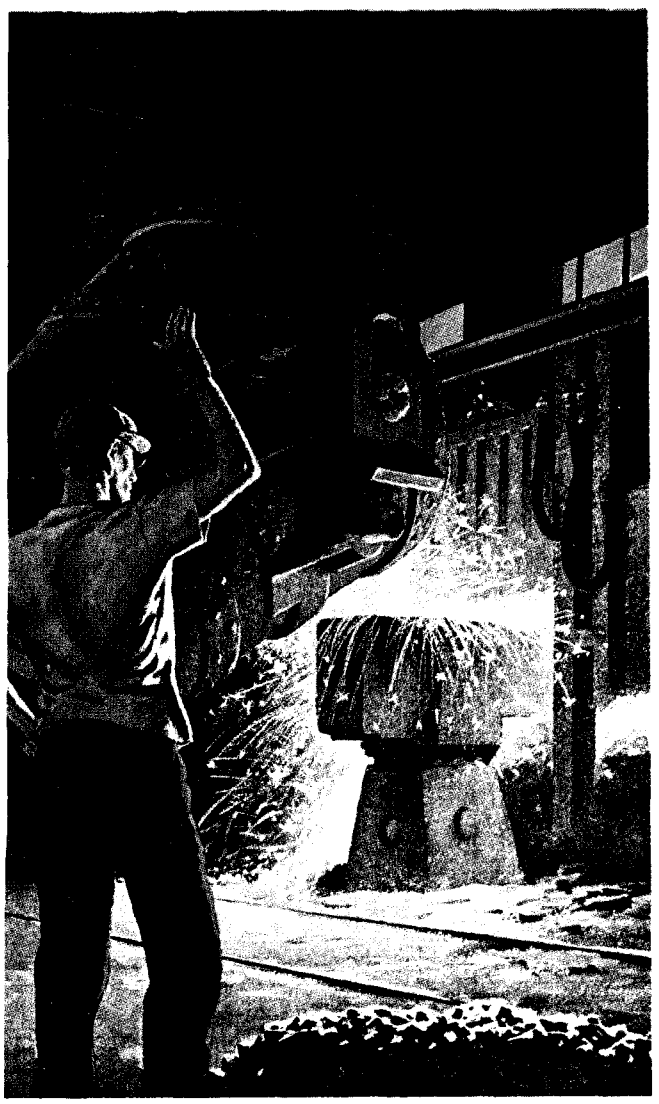

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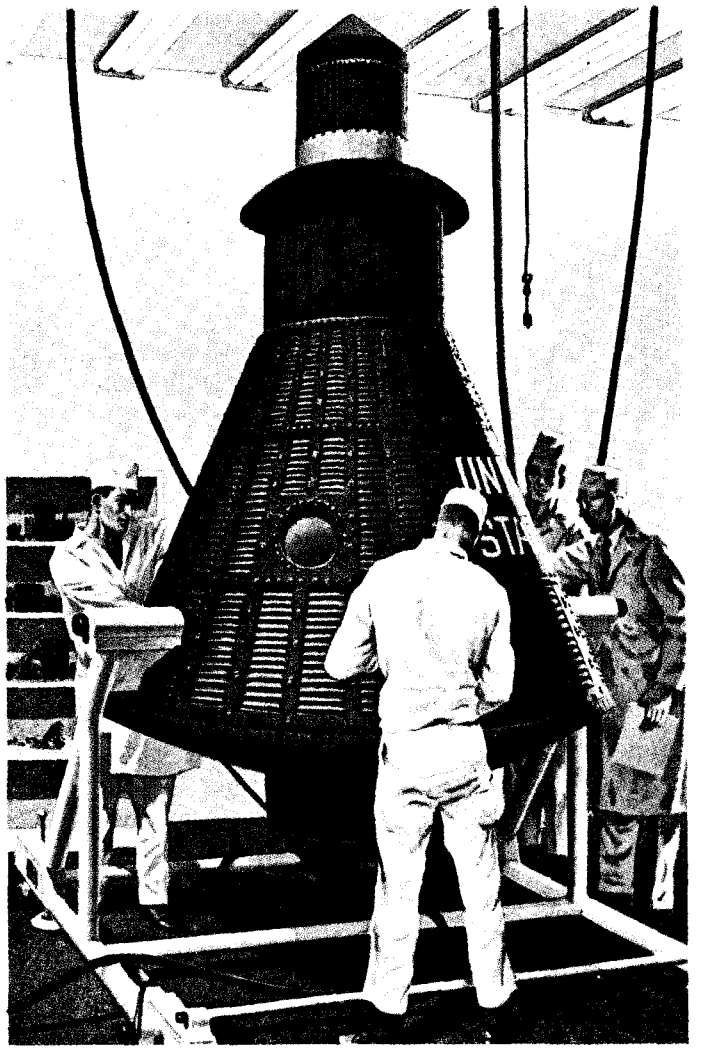

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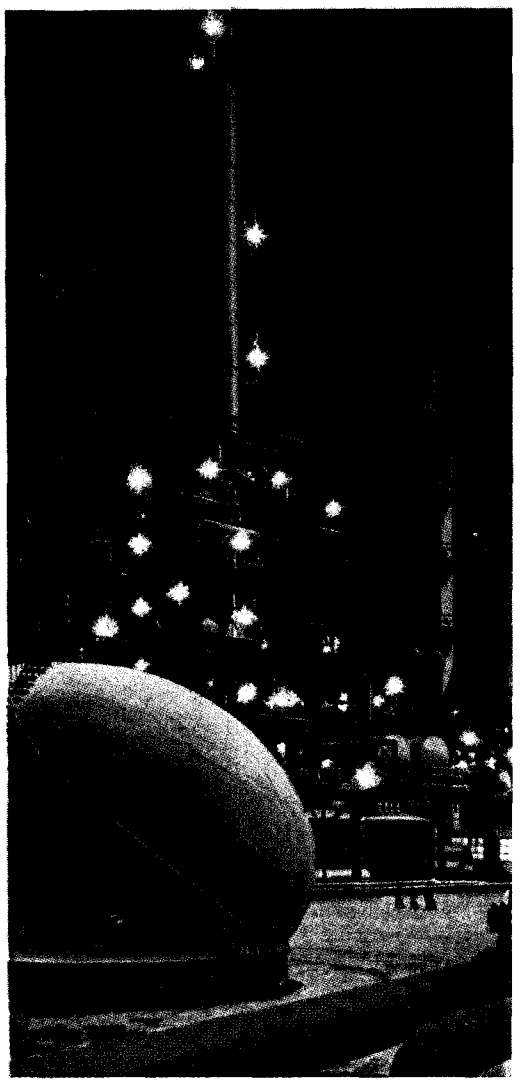

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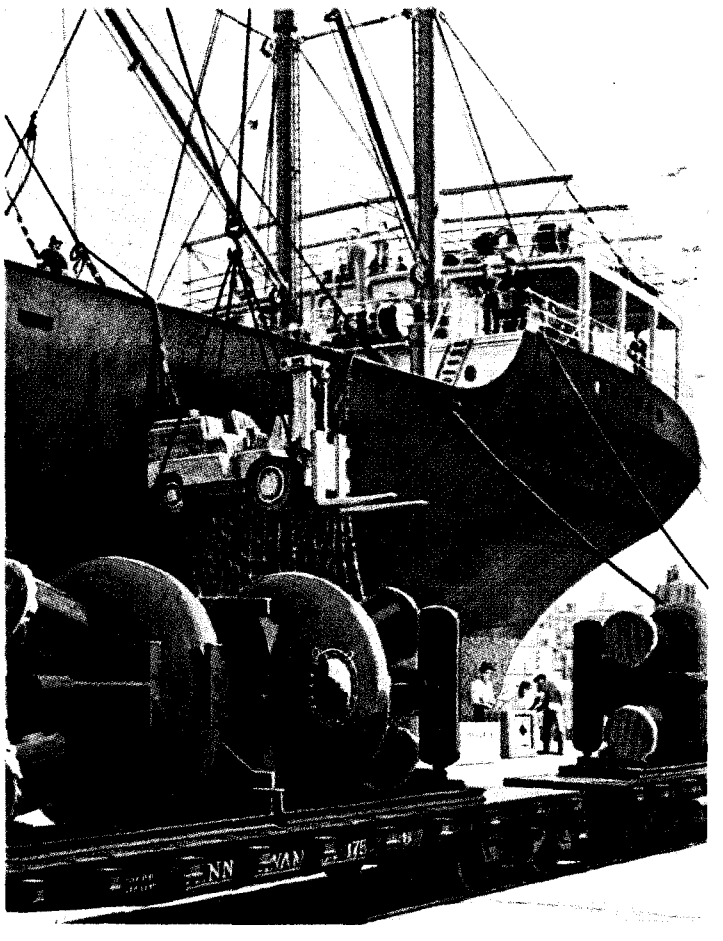

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RING OF FIRE

moment. Then, "I doubt the connection. An apartment-house fire is set, and people are killed." He shook his head. "The deaths are usually incidental. Three fires set in deserted lumberyards at night by your man. One set in a yard that isn't deserted. I'd be inclined to think the watchman's death was a by-product."

The feeling was strong, and yet it had no root in reason. Harding said, "I don't. I think his death was deliberate, and I can't say why. It's just that something is wrong." He produced his quick smile, somehow embarrassed this time. "Do you believe in hunches, doctor?"

"What some people call hunches, yes," Doctor Rogers said. "The part of your mind that's buried deep, that never sleeps or forgets or stops working, that part of your mind comes up with a lot of answers and unless or until those answers bubble up to the surface, they're just vague feelings, hunches, if you will." He smiled. "Where do I send my bill, Ben?"

Harding stood up. "To me. I'll buy you a drink when this is over." And he added, "If it ever is."

It was turning dawn when he got back to the station, questions still unanswered and the feeling remaining strong. Henry Carson was waiting for him, and Carson was not alone. Carson said, "You know Councilman Bowers, captain."

Harding nodded. Councilman Bowers was a little man, with a little man's hard eyes looking out at a big world. He was the village's leading druggist and a state committeeman, and he wielded power. Harding sat down behind his desk. It was anger that he felt now, but he kept it under control. He waited.

Henry Carson was large, graying, easy-going if you agreed with him. Most people in the village made it a point to agree with him. And he had just lost his business, and that was something to bear in mind. He said, "You have a nice job here, captain. It pays pretty well, and there are prerogatives that go along with it. That's one side of it. The other side is that the people who pay your salary expect something in return. They don't expect ——"

Harding said, "Your lumberyard burned down. I'm sorry about that."

"Generous of you."

Ben ignored the sarcasm, or tried to. "Your watchman was killed. I'm sorry about that too. The indications are that he was drunk. We hope that we can find out for sure ——"

"So that," Carson said, "you can blame the whole thing on him and wash your hands of it?"

There was silence. Harding looked then at the second man. He said, "I don't like threats, Mr. Bowers. I don't like pressure." He looked at his watch. "The fire occurred less than five hours ago."

"And what have you done about it?" Carson said. "What have you done about the other fires? They were obviously set by the same hand."

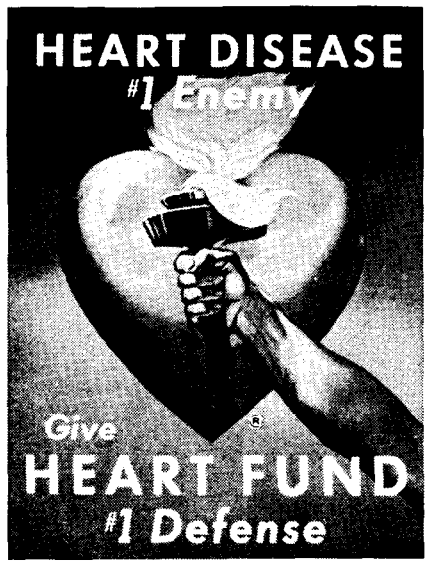
"Maybe," Harding said. "Maybe not."

Carson leaned forward. "Explain that."

"No, I won't explain it. I'm not sure I can, yet. As for what we're doing about it, we're doing several things, and I don't think I should explain them, either, until we know more about them, until we are more certain. I'm not trying to be belligerent, but as long as I'm running this police department ——"

"Which may not be for long," Carson said.

But it was the little man who was important, and the little man took his slow time, and the small office was quiet. "I think," Bowers said finally, "that we'd better give Harding a little time, Henry, and see what he comes up with." He



paused. "A few days, anyway." He looked at Harding then. "We don't expect miracles. But an epidemic of four fires seems enough, more than enough. We expect you to find the man who set them, captain." And that was that.

Harding went home to shave and to have more coffee, and some breakfast with it this time, and to see Martha—most important of all. Sitting across the table from her, talking to her, telling her all about everything, he could feel the tension going out of his mind, the stiffness out of his back.

Martha said, "That poor man, Ben." And Harding knew that she referred to Sam Walling. "Had he ever been drunk before on the job?"

"I don't know," Harding said. "I hadn't thought about it."

"Maybe it isn't important."

"Maybe it is, baby." And then it was time to get back to the station.

Martha said then, "Do you want me to stay home? I was going into town to do some shopping, remember?"

"Oh, that." And then, "Sure. Go ahead. I'll leave the car."

She was smiling, shaking her head. "Parking is a nuisance. And expensive. I'll take the bus." As simple, as innocent-seeming as that.

It was young Fuller who came into Harding's office with his notebook and a frown and the blackened and melted bottle which he set on Harding's desk. "I've covered the liquor stores the way Murph told me to," Fuller said. He shook his head. "Walling didn't buy it at any one of them, which doesn't make any sense, does it?"

"I don't know," Harding said. One more thing that bore thinking about, because for every fact there was an explanation if a man dug deep enough. There had to be. And the bottle, lying next to Walling, was a fact.

"Of course," Fuller said, "I just covered the local stores. He could have picked it up anywhere in the county, or even across the state line. Liquor's cheaper there."

Harding nodded. He said then, "We'll let that sit for a bit. Go out and ask around here and there, the places where Walling hung out, find out if you can if he'd ever been drunk before on the job."

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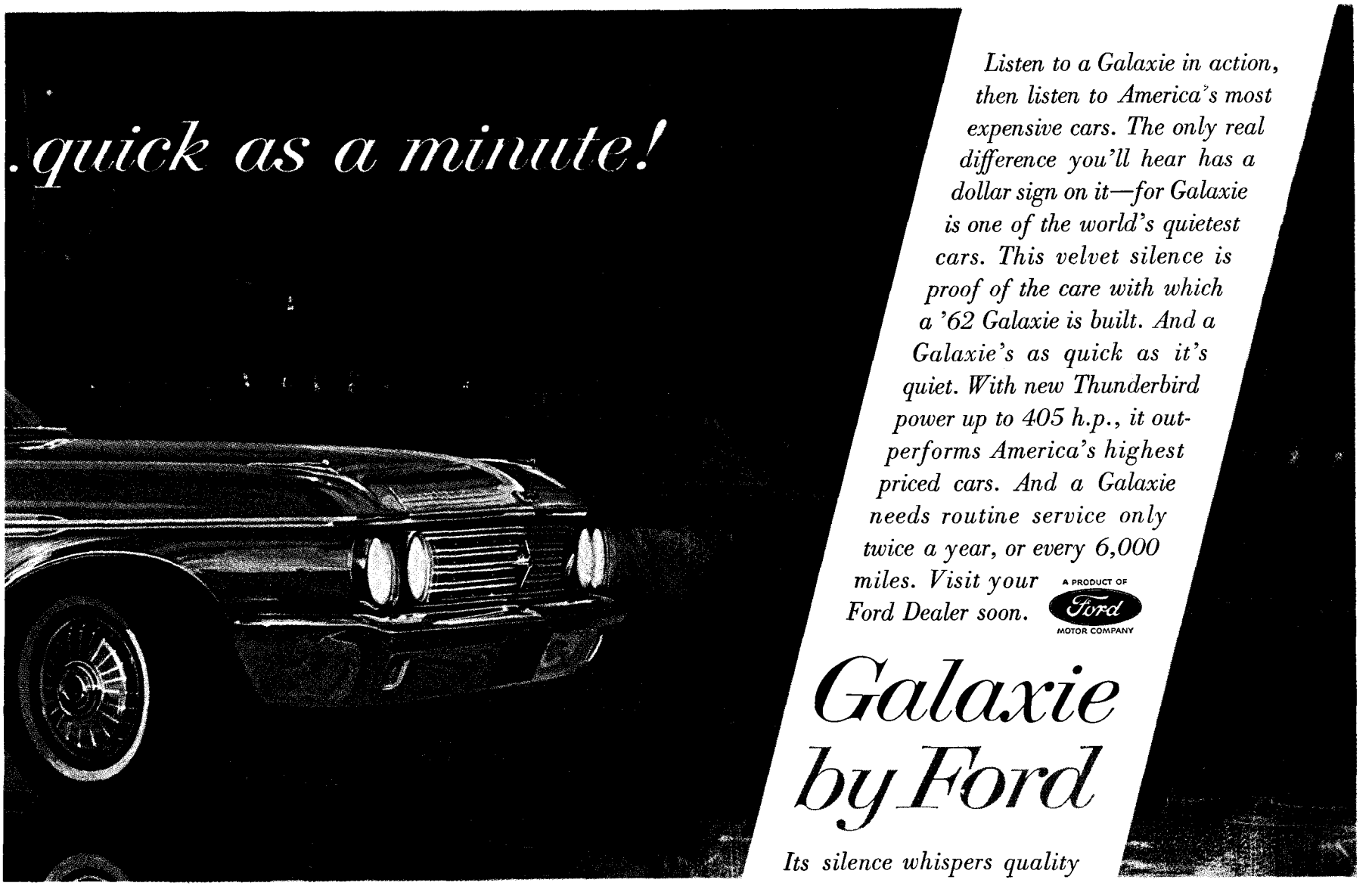
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He looked at his watch. "And then stop down and see what the fire people turn up in the ashes, and the insurance people. There'll be one or two of them there."

"Yes, sir," young Fuller said. He wrote in his notebook. Then, "The pictures at the newspaper?"

"I want them as soon as they're ready." He left the station then and drove over to Pearl Valley. He sat in the office of the Pearl Valley police chief, and they talked, comparing notes on the four fires, and got nowhere as far as Harding could see, but then this was another of the things you had to try. Anything and everything.

And then, on the way back, he stopped off at the county courthouse to check in with the district attorney, whose name was Paul Wallace and who was young and smart and ambitious—a collection of characteristics that was sometimes good and sometimes not so good.

"Henry Carson called me," Wallace said, "and George Bowers, among others." And he settled back in his chair to give a little lecture on a county like this one that was trying to attract industry, business—as who was not—and what happened if something like these fires continued and local insurance rates went up? It would make everybody unhappy from the county supervisors on down. Ben Harding could see that, couldn't he? And so there was bound to be pressure applied.

"Insurance rates aren't my business," Harding said. "Catching somebody who plays with matches is. And pressure doesn't help. It just gets in the way and sometimes makes people go off half-cocked." But he did have a question. "If you have a choice," he said, "what crime will you prosecute for? Arson, or technical first-degree murder?"

"That's a little naïve," Wallace said. He had a smile that usually worked well in courtrooms. It seemed out of place here. "The greater crime, of course."

That's what I was afraid of, Harding thought; but he didn't say it aloud, and he didn't even know why he felt it, but that hunch was still there, pushing at him as he drove back to the station.

Fuller had checked in, left the pictures piled high, and word that he was still checking on Sam Walling's haunts. And there was a man named Sharpe, representing the insurance company, waiting to see Harding, so Harding turned the photographs face down on his desk and had Sharpe shown into the office.

Sharpe didn't miss much. He saw the photos, and he was curious about them, but Harding didn't say anything in explanation, and Sharpe didn't ask the question. He sat down. His shoes and trouser legs were ashy from plodding through the mess of the lumberyard. He said, "It's the same technique as the other three. That much I can say, captain. But that's about all."

Harding said without any special emphasis, "The same man?"

"That I can't say, captain. Like everybody else, arsonists have individual techniques. Some get fancy and use candles and fuses and maybe explosives. Some like signal flares. Some use newspapers. This technique is rags and gasoline, and the other three were the same."

Harding waited.

"This much I can say," Sharpe said. "The odds against having two arsonists in this neighborhood are pretty small."

Harding said, "You have files ——"

"We do, captain. We have files on all kinds of people." He shook his head. "We don't have anybody in the files who fits this technique, a rural area *and* who picks nothing but lumberyards." And, again, he looked at the pile of photographs, and this time he seemed to understand their significance. "Your idea, captain?" There was a new note in his voice, and the question itself was a compliment.

"A long shot," Harding said. "It figures he'd want to see what he'd done, stand in the crowd and watch it burn."

"For what it's worth," Sharpe said, "we picked one up out in Chicago because a mobile TV camera panned the crowd that was watching, and there he was, a firebug we'd run into before. We hadn't even known he was in the Middle West." He was good at his job, this Sharpe, too good to try to push the local law if it didn't want to be pushed, and so he merely sat and waited.

Harding gave him that quick smile. He pushed the photographs across the desk. "Help yourself," he said. "We're not proud. We'll take help from anybody who can give it." And the phone at his elbow rang then, and he picked it up and spoke his name.

"Doctor Sommers here, Ben. I can't tell you much. You didn't give us much to work on. But he was alive. His lungs were seared and he was breathing."

So there it was, murder, and murder was always nasty no matter who or how or why. Murder sent a shiver up and down your back every time you caught up with it regardless of what the paperbacks and the TV violence shows seemed to indicate. "Thanks, doc," Harding said.

"For the rest," Doctor Sommers said, "was he drunk? I'd have to give opinion, not percentage of bloodstream alcohol proof. That fire burned hot. But he had been drinking. That I can say for sure."

Harding said, "Was there anything else to indicate why he might have been there and not able to get out?"

"Nothing," Doctor Sommers said. "He wasn't shot, stabbed or bashed as far as we could tell." He paused. "For what it's worth, I don't think he felt much, Ben. I think he went out fast."

Harding said, "Thanks for that, doc," and meant it. It helped some, but not much. He hung up. Sharpe was watching him. "The watchman was alive," Harding said. "That makes it murder."

Sharpe had worked with photographs before. He had them set out in four groups now, and he was shifting the order of the photos within each group. Harding stood watching him. Sharpe said, without looking up, "Where the fire appears in the background—and the photographer usually tries to get it in—we can pretty well tell the order in which they were taken by how far the fire's burned down."

Harding said, "What difference? If he's there, he's there."

Sharpe looked up then. There was no condescension in his smile; it was merely one professional to another. "He wouldn't want to miss any of the show, so he'd get there as early as he dared."

And after that there was silence, only the slow shuffling of the photographs, and then the long, careful examination. Sharpe looked up at last. "Nobody I recognize. Sorry. It was just a chance."

Harding watched him and waited.

"There are some people," Sharpe said, "a half dozen or so, who appear in all four groups. This one, for example." He touched one of the faces with his pencil,

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RING OF FIRE

and Harding bent to look and then smile without amusement.

"That's fine," he said, "except he's one of the county supervisors and chases every fire the way La Guardia used to. He'd wear a tin hat if he weren't afraid of looking silly."

Sharpe nodded. He stood up. "As I said, you know the local people. I don't." He held out his hand. "Thank you, captain. If I can help at all." He was gone.

Young Fuller came in shortly afterward. "I picked up your mail at the post office while I was there." He laid two or three sealed envelopes and some junk mail on the desk and sat down. He opened his notebook and then closed it again. "There's no use telling you who all I talked to. It all adds up to the same thing. Sam Walling most times saved his drinking for days off. He got started, he didn't like to stop. If he drank on the job, nobody'd say anything about it. On days off he'd have maybe two or three drinks at a bar and then go buy himself a bottle of cheap ——" He stopped there, watching Harding's face, particularly his eyes.

There was an envelope in Harding's hand, and he had slit it open while he listened and pulled out the note inside, read it once, and then read it again. It was typed and unsigned with a local postmark. It said, "Hadn't you better ask your wife how she spends her time when she goes off to the city with Lieutenant Murphy? It happened this morning. It has happened before."

His hands were not quite steady as he folded the note and put it back in the envelope, and this and the look in his eyes were the only signs he gave. He stared at young Fuller. "You were saying?" His voice was gentle and frightening.

Young Fuller took a deep breath. He didn't know whether to go on, or get out and leave the captain alone, because the way the captain looked and sounded he, Fuller, had better not make a mistake and choose wrong. But the question had been asked, and so he answered it. "He'd go off and buy himself a bottle of cheap blend and ——"

Harding hammered once, hard, on the desk with his fist. When he spoke, his voice was cold with anger, because the answer to one question was bubbling up out of the depths of his mind; while for the other question, the question raised out of nowhere by the typed note, there was no answer, no answer at all except rage, and so there was only frustration and impotence in his thoughts. "Cheap blend," he said, and Fuller flinched. "When you showed that bottle in the liquor stores, did they recognize it? Could they identify it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What was it?"

"Bourbon, sir. Old Tavern. Hundred proof. Bonded ——"

"Would Sam Walling have bought it for himself? Bonded bourbon is extremely expensive."

Fuller swallowed hard. He said, "No, sir, I guess he wouldn't." And those terrible eyes just looked at him, and he wished he could disappear. He said, "I guess I wasn't very smart."

And it was over all at once, the expression gone from Harding's face, his eyes, that look of wildness. He said, "Forget it, Tommy. I lost my temper." He shook his head. "But at myself, not at you. That's all for now."

He had it all then, right there in front of him, all that really mattered, the whole explanation of everything—but he didn't see it. He merely sat and stared at the envelope in his hand, opened it and read the note again and then fitted note and envelope together and started to tear them across, wanting to tear them across and then across again and again until the tiny pieces were nothing. But his fingers would not obey.

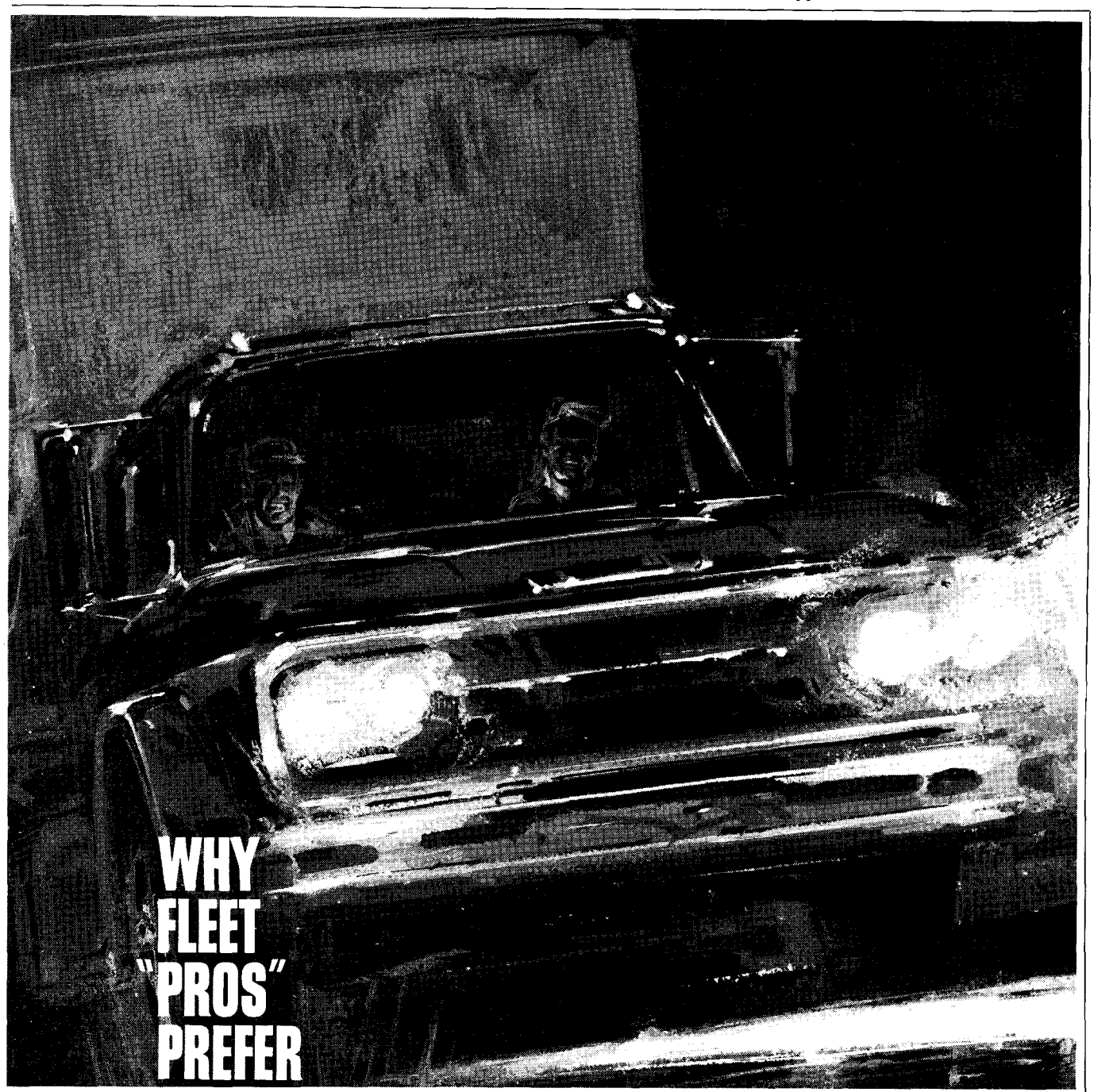
Anonymous notes—he knew all about them. He was a cop, and he had encountered them many times before. They were like anonymous phone calls that almost always meant nothing at all, just somebody with a grudge trying to stir up trouble. Almost always.

But there was that one time, in a hundred or maybe in a thousand, when there was something to an anonymous note or call, and this knowledge he had, too, and could not ignore.

He did not for a moment believe the implications of the note. Martha and Murph—it was, of course, ridiculous. Oh, such things happened. As a cop, he knew that too. And not infrequently the husband was the last to realize what was going on. But Martha and Murph, his Martha—it was just plain silly.

He did not tear up the note. Instead he tucked it in his coat pocket. He would show it to Martha tonight, and they would laugh over it together. Maybe one day he'd show it to Murph, too, and that would be an end to it. He felt better then, beginning to think again.

The pictures were still there the way Sharpe had left them. And it occurred to him that maybe they had not, after all,



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reached the blind end of the alley. There was still the chance he had hoped for, wasn't there? Sharpe had said half a dozen faces appeared in all four scenes, and so he had happened to pick out the one that was impossible, the supervisor who chased fires. That still left a few others, didn't it? And that bottle thing wanted thinking about too. He was a cop again, everything else but the problem at hand forgotten.

He called young Fuller back, sat him down at the desk and told him what he wanted—every face that appeared at all four fires circled and numbered and identified, no matter who they were. And Fuller went to work, eager, still a trifle frightened. It was then that Harding left the station and went out to lunch.

When he came back, there was a big convertible parked near the station, its left front fender crumpled badly, and Henry Carson's wife, who was blond, sleek and immaculate, had just left the car and started into the station. Harding said, "Hello, Mrs. Carson." Neither deferential nor defensive, merely polite.

"Captain," she said, and that was all, and Harding assumed that some of her husband's venom had reached her and been absorbed.

"Can we help you?" Harding said.

Mrs. Carson said, "According to law, I have to report an accident, don't I?" They were at the door of the station. "Well," Mrs. Carson said, "I'm here to report it. A car went through the red light down at the Corners on the highway this morning. It hit me. The man wasn't paying any attention to what he was doing. He was busy." The venom was strong, too strong.

Harding said, "Busy, Mrs. Carson?"

"Driving with one hand. There was a woman with him."

Harding said slowly, carefully, "Who was the man?"

Mrs. Carson's lips were thin, tight. "His name is Murphy. He is ——"

"I know him, Mrs. Carson," Harding said. "He is my lieutenant." His voice was quiet, as it had been with young Fuller. "Who was the woman?"

Mrs. Carson looked away. She said, "I don't know who she was. I didn't ask. It was none of my business."

He remembered saying automatically that the desk man would take care of her, help her fill out the form; and then he was in his office again, and Fuller was still there, and Harding wanted to tell him to get out, to take his overlarge ears and his stupid young face somewhere else, but there was no good in that because his anger—rage, really—had nothing to do with Fuller, only with himself and Martha and Murph—dear God!

"There are seven of them," Fuller said, almost breathless with excitement. "And ——" He stopped there, as he had stopped before.

Harding struggled with himself and won. He made himself nod, and say, "Show me, Tommy." And he bent over the pictures and studied the circled faces one by one—the county supervisor, a local banker and ——

"You're in three of them," Fuller said.

Harding looked at his own face in the photos and nodded.

"Murph's in all four," Fuller said, "so we can leave him out too. That leaves four, and I don't recognize any of them, so maybe I'd better get busy and take the pictures around?"

Harding was glad that he had not had to think of the next step himself. He said, "Do that, Tommy." And then, at last alone, he could sit down heavily and just stare at the far wall. From the front room of the station he could hear Mrs. Carson's voice answering questions about her accident. He wished she would stop.

It had been a long day, and Harding told the deskman that he'd be home if he were wanted, that Jordan, Murph's night relief, could take whatever Fuller had to report and decide whether it was important or not. And then he drove slowly out to the little house.

Martha was not yet home. Harding was sitting in the living room, just sitting, when she came in, and she said, "In the dark, Ben? Why didn't you turn on a light?" She did, the table lamp and the stand lamp in the corner. She took off her hat and tossed her head and her hair rippled and gleamed. And then she saw his face. She said, "Bad day?"

"Not good."

"I'm sorry, Ben. I'll get you a beer."

"No beer. Sit down." He watched her obey. There was a tiny frown on her face. "You had an accident this morning."

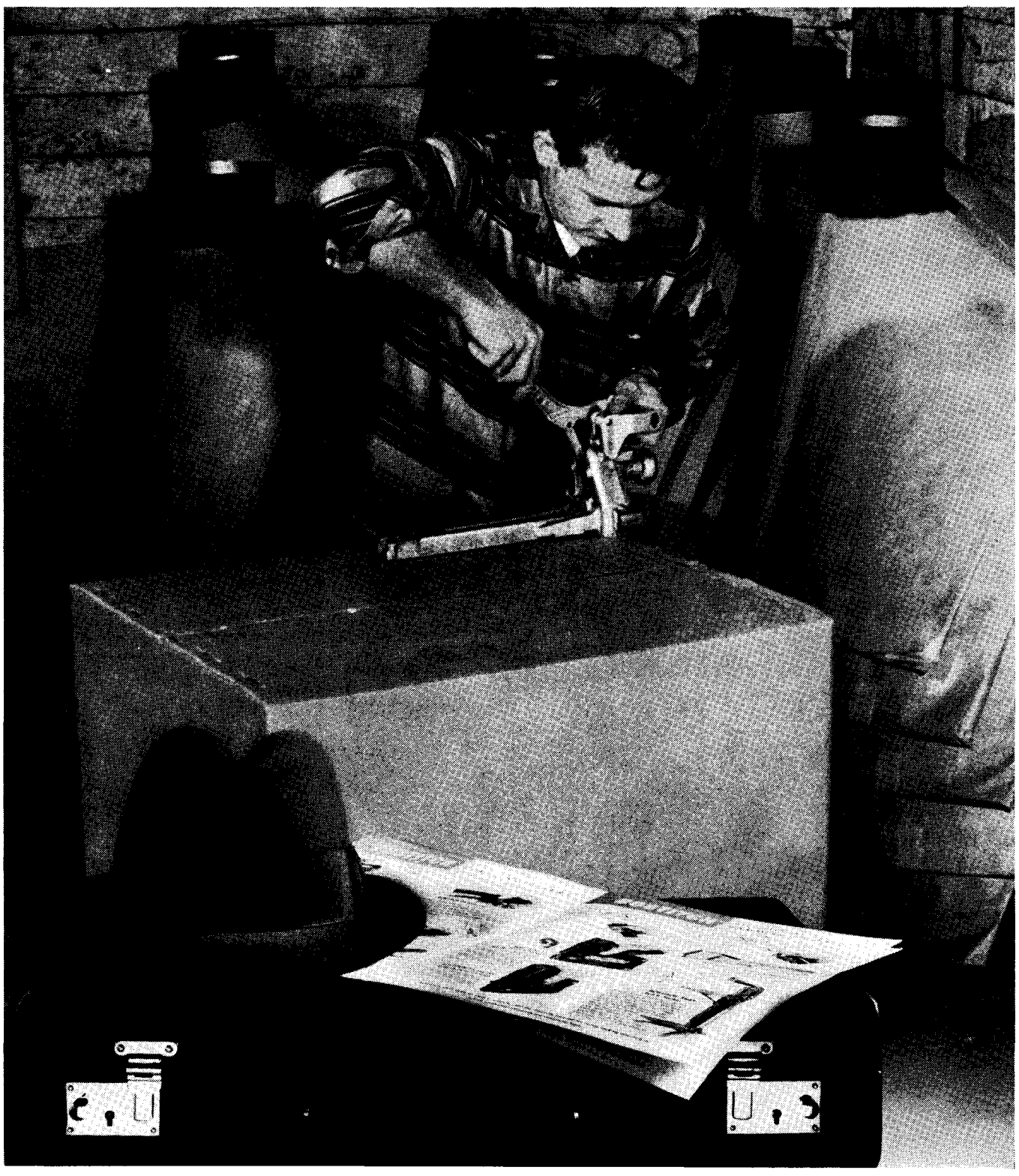
"Yes." She spread her hands. "I'm sorry about that, Ben. And Murph was furious. The woman came right through the red light ——"

"Mrs. Carson."

Martha said, "That's why I'm so sorry, Ben. You have enough trouble with Henry Carson now and ——"

"You were going to take the bus," Harding said.

There was that tiny frown again. "I was. I was waiting for it when Murph



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RING OF FIRE

came along and ——" She stopped. Her eyes opened wide. "What are you getting at, Ben?" And then, "What? Tell me."

They were going to laugh about it together, he remembered as he took out the letter, held it out to her. Now he watched her read it and read it again and the shock on her face looked real, and why not? She said, "It's a joke, isn't it?"

He said slowly, heavily, "Mrs. Carson came in to report the accident." And he told her how Mrs. Carson claimed it had been that the man, Murph, had been too busy with his one-hand driving to pay any attention to the red light. He told her that Mrs. Carson had refused to say who was in the car with Murph, claimed that she didn't know, pointed out that it was none of her business. And Martha, hands in her lap, sat and looked at him.

He did not know what reaction he had expected. Denial, almost certainly; denial was practically his right. Probably anger; although what would anger mean? The trouble was, what would anything mean? Faith can have the strength to move mountains; and yet faith can also be damaged irrevocably by a whisper, a glance. Harding had never read *Othello*, but in that moment he would have recognized its veracity. And so he waited and hoped for he knew not what.

Martha's tongue came out between her lips and then retreated like a small frightened animal. She said at last, "Ben?"

"Yes."

"What do you want me to say? That it's untrue? What this filthy note implies, what Mrs. Carson says, all of it?" She paused. "It's untrue." She paused again. "But that isn't enough, is it, Ben? Nothing would be enough. I can't argue, fight against what doesn't exist."

"Martha ——"

But she was not yet done. "There's nothing I can say, Ben. There's only what you want to believe." She stood up then, and it was as if her standing were a signal for the phone to ring and ring again. They both turned to look at it as if it were a strange, intrusive thing suddenly appearing in the room, and then Harding got out of his chair and walked over to it and picked it up. He spoke his name.

"Jordan, Ben. Fuller's back in, and he's got with him ——" He stopped there. Then, "I think you'd better come down, Ben. I think this is something for you to handle."

There was only the one possible answer. "Right," Harding said. And when he hung up and turned around, Martha was still standing there watching him, the question large in her eyes. "I've got to go," he said.

She turned slowly away toward their bedroom. Over her shoulder she said, "Always. Even now." Merely that.

Harding hesitated, baffled, over his depth. And then he walked out to his car. What else was there to do?

Young Fuller was in the front room of the station, and he looked as if he were about to burst, but he managed to hold his tongue. Harding merely looked at him curiously as he walked past and on into his own office where Jordan waited, standing against the wall. Jordan pointed with his chin to the man who sat in the straight visitor's chair. "His name is Jackson," Jordan said. "Will Jackson." And then, "This is Captain Harding, Jackson. He's our chief."

Jackson stood up. He was middle-sized, slender, in clean work trousers and a khaki shirt. He had a friendly, open smile, and there were calluses on the hand he held out to Harding. "I'm glad to know you, captain. I'm a carpenter by trade, a simple man." He sat down.

Harding glanced at Jordan, who still stood against the wall. Jordan said, "Jackson's in all four of the pictures."

Jackson said, "Fires are beautiful. They purify, captain. Did you know that? They purify. They cleanse."

Harding sat down behind his desk. He looked up at Jordan, and Jordan said, "In the trunk of Jackson's car, Ben, there are three five-gallon cans. They're full of gasoline. There's also a lot of that cloth stuff mechanics use to wipe their hands."

"It is called waste," Jackson said.

"—and carpenter's tools," Jordan went on. "Good tools, used, but well kept, not that it matters."

"There," Jackson said, "speaks the ignorant man. It does matter. Unless tools are well kept, they will not serve you. A dull tool turns in the hand, and a rusty tool ——"

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Harding said, "What is the gasoline for, Mr. Jackson?" Martha was still there in his mind, but set aside temporarily; and it shocked him that he had managed to accomplish this, but it was so, and he could concentrate on here and now, his job. "Do you mind telling us?"

Jackson frowned.

Slow and easy, Harding thought; and he said quickly, "You're an educated man, Mr. Jackson." And the frown disappeared. "I think," Harding said then, "that you're an intelligent man."

"A simple man, captain." But the statement lacked conviction.

"So," Harding said, "you can appreciate our interest in the gasoline, can't you, Mr. Jackson?" Out of the corner of his eye he could see that Jordan was frowning, indicating plainly that this was no way to treat the man. Harding ignored him. "You do appreciate that?"

"Of course," Jackson said.

"And then," Harding said, "the waste. That, too, is a little odd, wouldn't you say? For a carpenter, I mean?"

"You're a clever man, captain."

Harding shook his head. "I wish I were. I'm not, Mr. Jackson. I blunder along and make mistakes, many of them. I try to do my job. I always try to do what I think is right, although I don't always succeed." He paused. "I have learned that you try to do what you think is right, too, don't you?"

"Always." Jackson studied him for a little time. And then, "You and I are kin, captain."

Harding had never yet raised his hand against a man who served under him, but he hoped Jordan understood that a snicker or a guffaw at this point might very well force him to break that precedent. From Jordan there was only silence. Harding said, "Perhaps we are, Mr. Jackson." He paused long enough for the statement to have effect. Then, and only then, "Tell me, Mr. Jackson, because I'm interested, did you think it was right to use your gasoline and your waste to set those fires?"

Jackson smiled. "Entirely right, captain. Fire is beautiful, as I have said, and it purifies."

Jordan, against the wall, closed his eyes and let his breath out soundlessly.

Harding said, "All four fires?"

"Only three, captain. The Quality lumberyard, and Rovere's and Bryan's."

"There were four."

Jackson nodded, unsmiling. "I considered the Carson yard, captain. It was the largest. It would have made—it did make—the best blaze. But it was guarded by the watchman, and so I gave it up."

Jordan opened his mouth. Harding merely looked at him, and he closed it again. Harding opened the drawer of his desk. There was a pack of cigarettes there someone had forgotten. He held it out. "Do you smoke, Mr. Jackson?"

"I detest tobacco."

Harding nodded. Nothing at all showed in his face. He dropped the cigarettes into the drawer and closed it. He said, "Would you care for a bottle of beer?"

"Captain," Jackson said, and his voice was firmer now, "I have never in my life tasted a drop of alcohol. I never will. Alcohol is an abomination. I will have nothing at all to do with it in any form."

There was more, but none of it important, merely routine. Jordan, still shaking his head in bewilderment, took Will Jackson into another room, where they spent a long time preparing a statement for Jackson's signature. Harding called young Fuller in, because it was only fair to listen to his report firsthand and to compliment him.

Young Fuller blushed and was properly modest and said that he had only done what Harding had told him to do, showed the pictures around until all four faces were identified and then gone to see the owners of the faces. It had been pure luck that Jackson's car trunk was open, and Fuller had seen the gasoline cans. "He didn't try to hide them," Fuller said. "He just smiled at me. And he made no objection when I said I'd have to bring him in." He paused. "He's sort of strange, isn't he, sir?"

It was understatement, but all Harding said was, "Yes, he is."

Martha was still walled off in one corner of his mind, but he was conscious of her presence, and it was this consciousness of her, perhaps, that prompted the feeling of sadness where there ought to have been triumph, the feeling that he had been merely lucky instead of clever. He was reacting strangely, he knew, but there it was. And then, at last, he put in a call for Paul Wallace, the D.A., and while he waited for Wallace, he went back to the photographs and studied them carefully.

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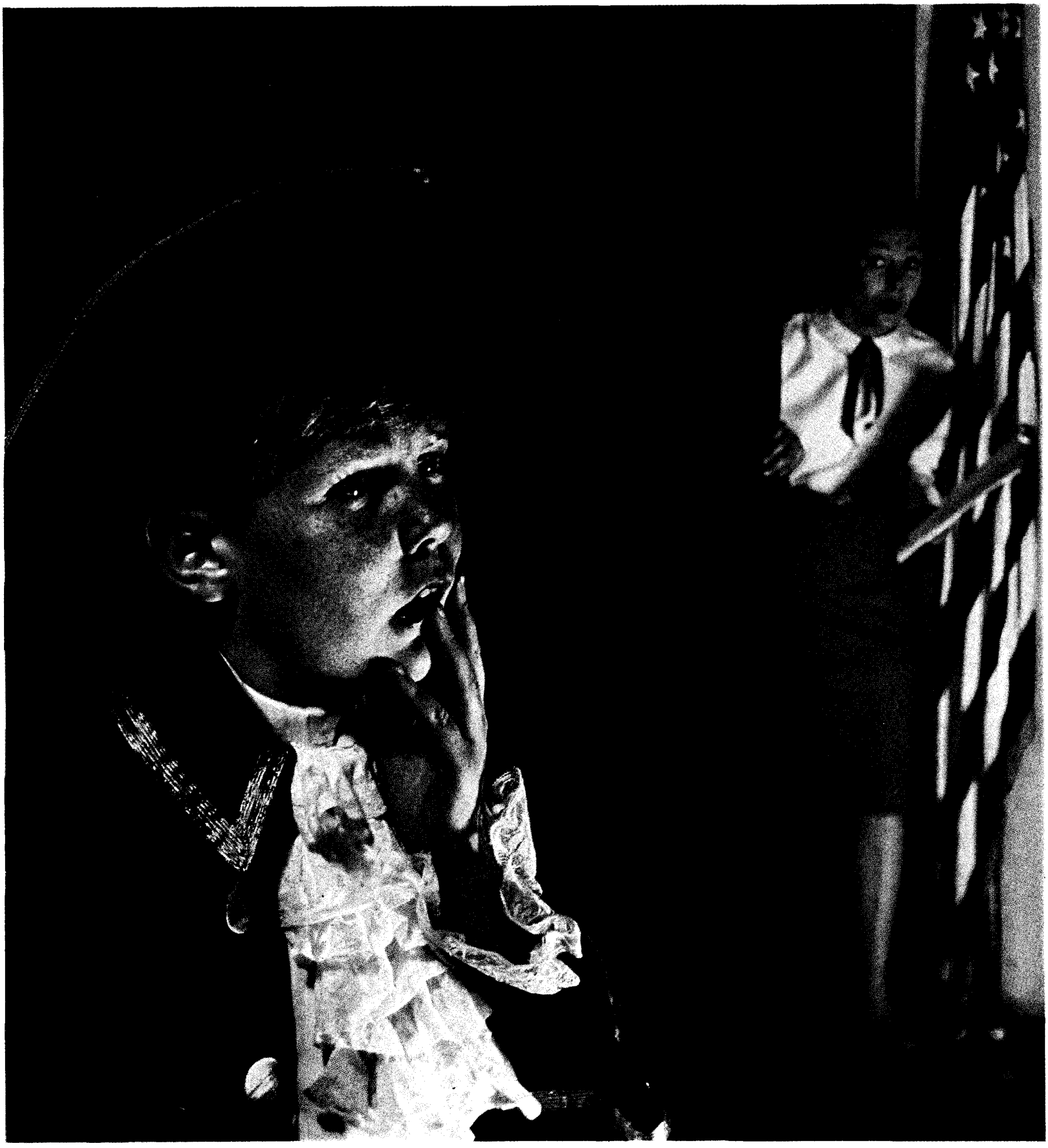

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This showcase—once considered a bad investment—creates half a billion dollars in business yearly and serves as a "mercantile UN."

By STANLEY FRANK

Few people would undertake to move the furniture and personal effects of 500 batty families into one building at the same time and put each apartment into impeccable condition to receive guests within seventy-two hours. Yet a comparable job is faced practically every two weeks by the operators of the huge, handsome New York Coliseum, the leading exposition center in the United States. Its nine acres of floor space house an average of forty big shows every year, including the World Trade Fair each May, to which sixty countries sent exhibits in 1961. Since the Coliseum was opened five years ago, more than 16,000,000 visitors have passed through its turnstiles to gape at anything from flowers and scouting equipment to the latest in rockets or automated kitchens.

Space in the Coliseum is booked solidly a year in advance, usually for two-week cycles that begin on a Wednesday with the arrival of exhibits for a Saturday opening. A show runs nine days until the following Sunday, two days are allowed for dismantling, and then the process begins all over again. The rent for all four floors is $61,000 for the two weeks, but separate floors can be leased at rates ranging from $10,000 to $23,000. The Coliseum can accommodate four shows at once, each with its own marquee, lobby, elevators and catering service.

Watching the installation of 3,000,000 pounds of paraphernalia in the Coliseum is a fascinating study of controlled chaos. Early Wednesday morning huge trailer trucks begin lining up on West 58th Street from Columbus Circle to the Hudson River three quarters of a mile away. At eight A.M. the trucks lumber into the building in a sequence determined by Ernest Moorehouse, superintendent of operations. Two ramps and a brute of an elevator—that can handle a forty-nine-foot vehicle carrying thirty-eight tons—take the trucks from the street directly to their destinations on the floors.

Emergencies pop faster than toy balloons in a hailstorm when displays are assembled. People with perishable food and flowers scream for refrigeration. Orders are yelled in a babel of languages to technicians hooking up water, steam, electric, gas and telephone connections to outlets that honeycomb the floors. Alterations have to be made in displays to satisfy fire-department inspectors. Missing crates are still sitting on docks in Hamburg, Genoa, Bangkok and Caracas.

By Friday afternoon 4000 workmen are wading through knee-deep debris around the booths. Howard G. Sloane, the Coliseum's managing director, surveys the confusion calmly. "An awful mess, isn't it?" he observes airily. "I'll bet a hundred guys are moaning we'll never open on time tomorrow. We haven't missed yet, but there were a lot of close calls. Two hours before the kickoff of a flower show, a landscaper was stuck with three extra tons of topsoil. The aisles were too jammed to get a truck through, so the dirt was carried off in wheelbarrows and cartons. We scraped up the last specks just as the crowd came in."

Because the Coliseum can become an arena of international complications second only to the UN, the State Department and the building's operators have to be on the alert during shows attracting foreign countries, especially newly created states quick to resent real or imagined affronts to their national pride.

South Korea's delegation to the World Trade Fair set a new record for high dudgeon in May when its flag was flown upside down at the Coliseum. The previous year Tunisia's consul general noticed that his country's flag followed Turkey's although alphabetical order was supposed to govern the display. He stalked to the gallery sixty feet above the floor and pointedly corrected the mistake.

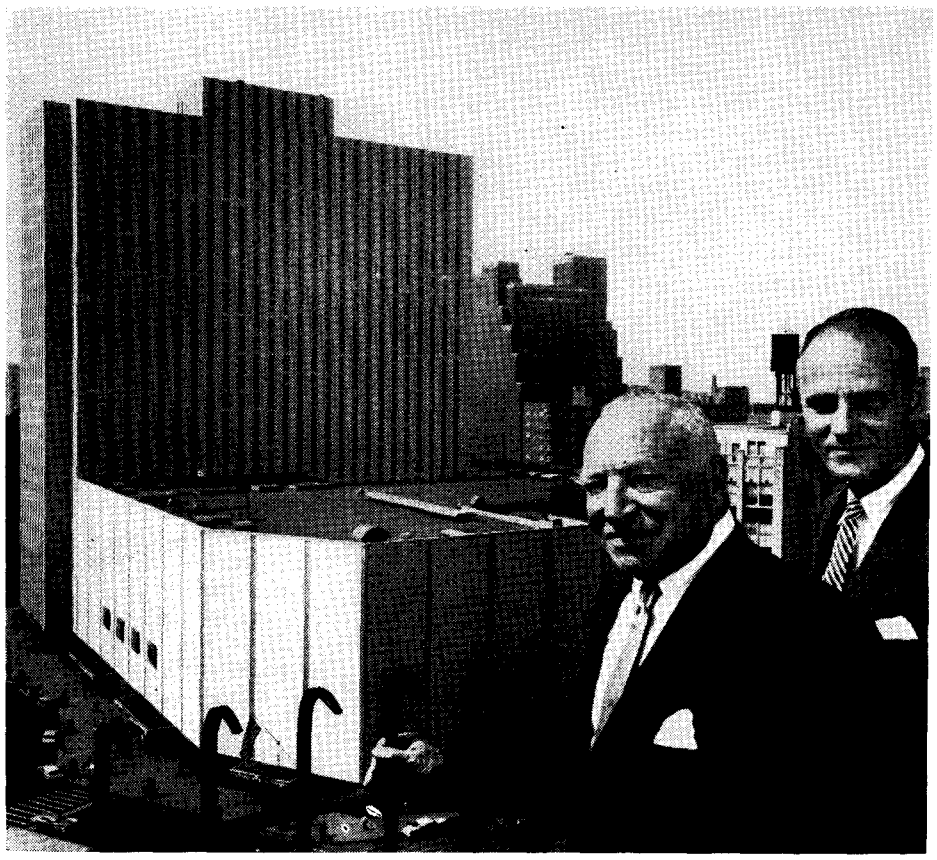
Despite the sticky situations, the Coliseum has promoted a significant increase in commercial and cultural relations, particularly with iron-curtain countries, since it was completed in 1956. Previously the Russians had declined to discuss a reciprocal program with us, because exhibition facilities in New York were wholly inadequate for the big publicity impact they wanted. After the Coliseum was available, the Soviet Union entered into negotiations for an exposition in New York and an American fair in Moscow that ran concurrently during the summer of 1959.

That breakthrough opened the doors to Poland, Czechoslovakia, Romania and Bulgaria. Political propaganda is barred from the shows, but displays of American products point up the sparse fruits of Communism, of course. Our annual fair in Poland, sponsored by the Department of Commerce, is such a hit that a permanent pavilion has been built at Poznan, the scene of wild riots against the pro-Russian regime in 1956.

The most important function served by the Coliseum was to jolt American industry out of its patronizing attitude toward foreign competitors. Many companies assumed that their superior enterprise could run stodgy rivals out of overseas markets whenever they elected to turn on the heat. Once the Coliseum began attracting exhibitors from all over the globe, our people discovered they were bush leaguers in staging presentations at trade fairs, a blend of showmanship and merchandising.

"We have a lot to learn from European and Asian experts," says Charles Snitow, president of the World Trade Fair and the only American accredited to the Union of International Fairs, which establishes regulations and assigns dates for events. A fifty-four-year-old lawyer, Snitow is recognized as the top American specialist in the business.

Until the Coliseum was built, says Snitow, "there wasn't one modern plant in the country suitable for the elaborate fairs that are the backbone of business in Europe.



The Coliseum's president, Arthur Smadbeck, and managing director Howard G. Sloane. Smadbeck leases the mammoth emporium (background). He pays a rent of $300,000 a year plus a share of the profits.

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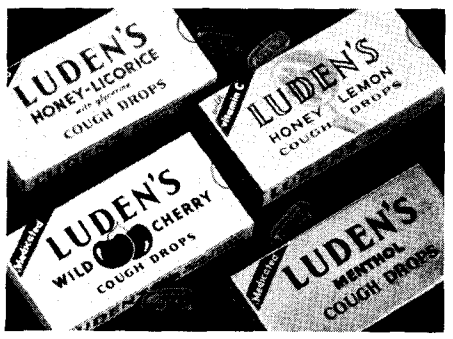

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COLISEUM

"Milan has a beautiful setup holding 14,000 booths on one floor, and a dozen other cities maintain swell installations designed exclusively for fairs. We have good facilities now such as McCormick Hall in Chicago and Cobo Hall in Detroit, but we haven't overcome a blind spot that's the biggest handicap to boosting our export volume. Manufacturers here don't realize foreign firms get the bulk of their orders at trade fairs, an extension of the ancient market place. The tradition of going to one central source of goods has a strong psychological appeal for buyers overseas."

Snitow's criticism of our failure to cultivate foreign markets has been echoed repeatedly by the Department of Commerce since 1954, when slumping exports began to cut alarmingly into the nation's gold reserves. President Eisenhower, drawing on emergency funds, created the Office of International Trade Fairs to put on exhibits and trigger more aggressive action by manufacturers. The agency has presented 105 shows on every continent.

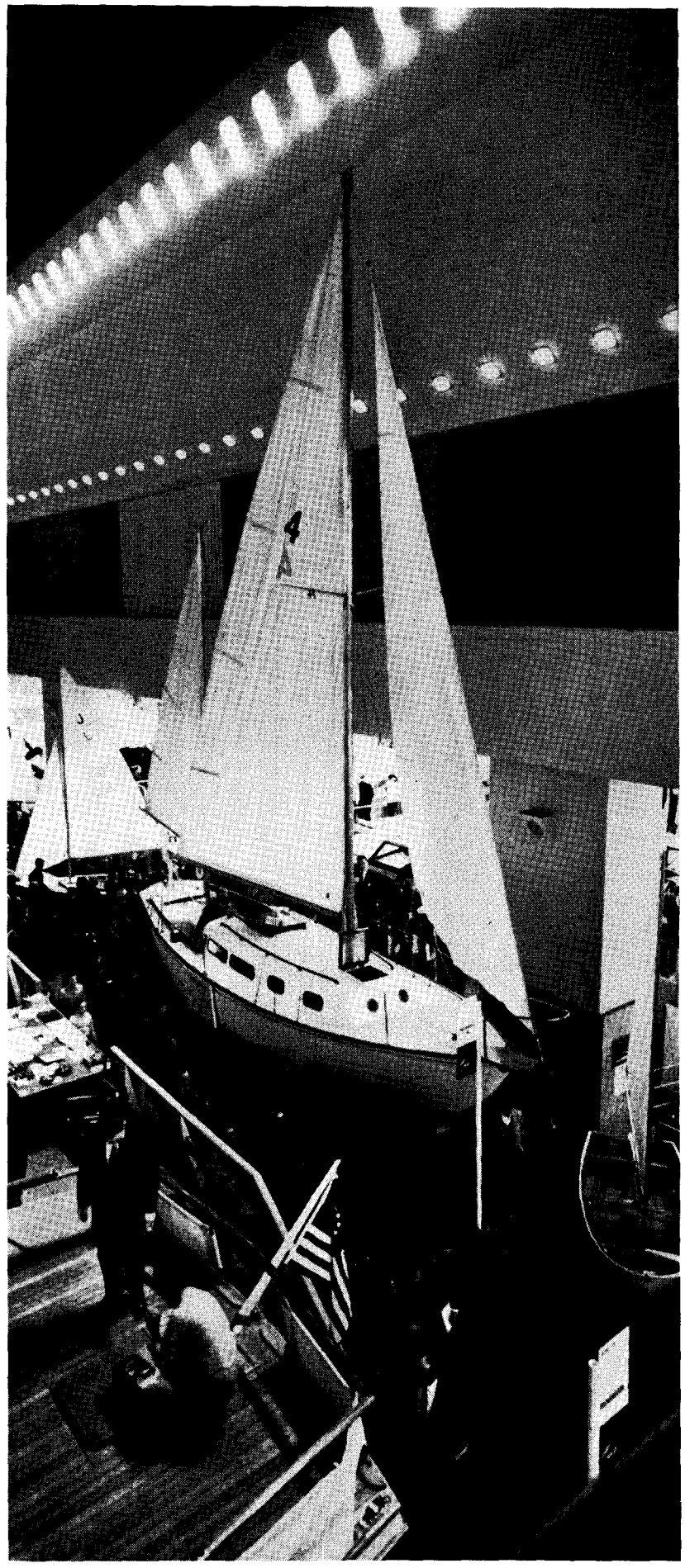
Many big outfits still are reluctant to co-operate with the Trade Fair office, because of the tremendous expense of designing, installing and staffing displays. American firms, accustomed to shooting the works in soliciting domestic business, are floored by the cost of making even a modest splash in the big-league international market place.

Still, the concentration of purchasing agents in New York and the huge cosmopolitan population which buys the $1.50 tickets that defray operating expenses, continue to attract events like the British Exhibition in June of 1960, the most elaborate pageant ever staged by one country. Transporting products and national treasures valued at $200,000,000, then decorating the Coliseum for the seventeen-day show ran up a bill of $12,000,000—considerably more than the combined cost of all the theatrical productions on Broadway in a year. The displays included Winston Churchill's personal mementos, a replica of an Elizabethan tavern open to customers, a Scotch-whisky distillery (no samples) and a priceless collection of antique gold and silver. The British got off the hook handsomely with 320,000 admissions—at $1.50 a head—and "astounding" orders from 27,000 trade buyers.

Rolling out the red carpet for visitors is not an idle phrase when Snitow puts on the International Auto Show. He annually spends $60,000 for 82,517 square feet of wall-to-wall carpeting on the main floor of the Coliseum, an area equivalent to a football field and five basketball courts. "I've been called a chump for blowing a lot of money on a luxurious touch most people don't notice," he remarks. "It's essential for creating an atmosphere that induces them to spend $28,000 for a Rolls-Royce. Maybe the carpet doesn't clinch a sale, but it cushions the shock of fancy price tags."

It does indeed. During a nine-day period in April, cars with a total value of $90,000,000 were bought at the Coliseum. The XK-E Jaguar, costing about $6000, was introduced at the show and rang up $30,000,000 in sales. The three most expensive Rolls-Royces went for $81,000.

In any building with as many as 60,000 transients a day, security measures are an expensive proposition. "It's a predictable cinch we'll get a sprinkling of cranks, nuts, shoplifters, insurance gyps, publicity hounds and knuckleheads every



The National Motor Boat Show: Fully rigged sailing craft vie with power-driven boats for the crowd's attention. This year's 426-entry show drew an attendence of 395,000 during the nine-day exhibition.

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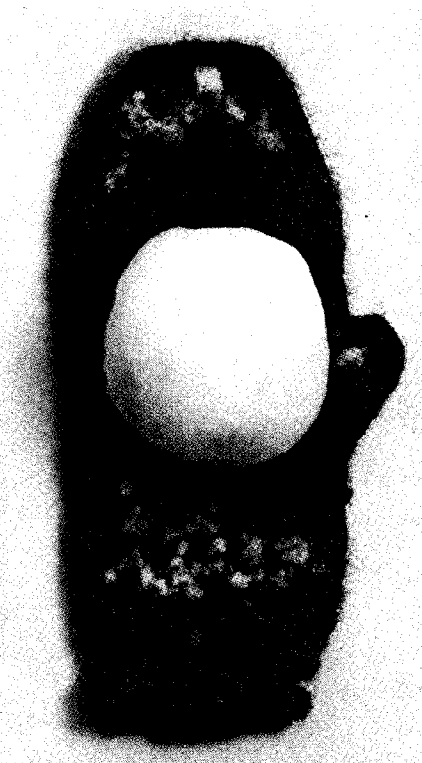

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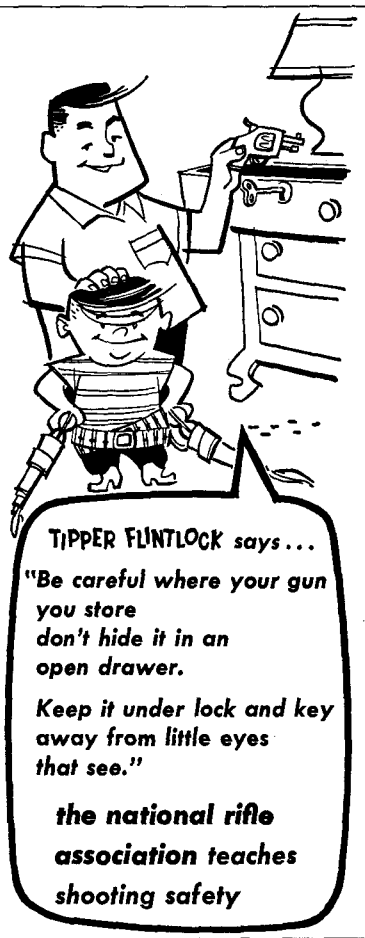
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The International Auto Show: Attracting many spectacular competitors, the Coliseum, an "uncommon market," can become "an arena of international complications second only to the UN."

COLISEUM

time we open the doors to the public," says managing director Sloane. "On big days we have a force of fifty-five uniformed guards and plain-clothes men trained to spot troublemakers and oddballs such as a fat old dame called Aunt Mathilda. She has a yen for sneaking onto the dais at openings and stealing the scissors used in tape-cutting ceremonies. Once, at an outdoor show, the place was in an uproar when a guy who had escaped from a mental institution was nabbed as he was about to throw a child into the pool.

"Any disturbance in a large crowd is dangerous, because it may touch off a panic. We've never had one, but we never know when all hell will break loose."

Five years of experience have taught the staff to anticipate special problems posed by different types of crowds. "The most disreputable bums turn up at the National Photographic Show," says Walter Hammond, head of the security force. "They come to steal high-priced cameras. The usual method is to walk in with five or six old cameras slung around their necks and to leave with anything they pick up. But the beat-up clothes the thieves wear give them away."

Curiously enough, the annual invasion of sweet old ladies at the flower show gives a severe attack of the jitters to the staff. It is kept hopping reviving elderly women who exhaust themselves trying to see too much in a few hours. Attendants recognizing the symptoms of imminent seizures gently urge the women to rest for a while. The ladies frequently keel over in a dead faint while protesting that they feel perfectly fine.

One precaution rigidly enforced is the exclusion of anyone under eighteen years of age from the International Radio and Electronics Show. On display is such a welter of complex and dangerous equipment that the insurance company refuses to provide coverage for accidents suffered by prying youngsters.

After a show is over, uniformed guards are everywhere as trucks roar around the floor to collect crates. "The guards watch for scavengers," says Sloane. "Truckers and even some exhibitors will steal anything that isn't nailed down in the hassle of dismantling a show."

"Any serious losses?"

"Just one. A bar of columbium, a rare metal, worth $5000 was swiped at a chemical show. We had a helluva scare another time. A painting by Matisse, valued at $75,000, disappeared after a home-furnishings show. It turned up in a crate that had been shipped to the wrong address. Every show produces headaches, but they all seem trivial after the Russian Exhibition two years ago."

Small wonder. The political climate superimposed so many complications on routine problems that the Coliseum negotiated with the State Department and the Soviet Union for fully a year, working out expedient solutions. Although Arthur Smadbeck, president of the Coliseum, and Sloane, his son-in-law, dealt with the Russians as private citizens, they were handicapped by one overriding consideration: Under a reciprocal agreement the American National Exposition, sponsored jointly by the Government and industry, would open in Moscow a few weeks after the forty-two-day Soviet Show got under way at the Coliseum. If the Russians were antagonized or impeded in New York, they were sure to retaliate in Moscow.

All arrangements with the Russians touched on such sensitive areas of diplomacy and security that plans had to be cleared with the State and Treasury departments, the CIA, the FBI, and the New York police. Sloane met with leaders of seventeen labor unions employed in the Coliseum and warned them their members had to lay off disputes with the Russians. (There was only one flare-up. A Lithuanian-born mechanic who had been hitting the bottle began to blast the Communists' suppression of his country. He was hustled off the floor before the Russians knew what was happening.)

"The Russians' willingness to take advice suprised me," Sloane confides. "They intended to run the show themselves, but they hired Charley Snitow and a publicity firm at top fees when the advantages were explained to them. They also dropped the idea of a free show, as the American Fair was in Moscow. We told them they'd get bigger and better types of crowds by charging admission. They compromised by knocking a half dollar off the usual Coliseum price of one-fifty.

"The Russians were suspicious of everyone at first and put the same questions to a lot of people to check the answers. Once they were convinced we were leveling with them, they went out of their way to behave correctly."

The Russians had gripes, of course. They protested anti-Communists who picketed the building, and the Moscow radio denounced "the coarse, critical and abusive remarks" inscribed in visitors' books. Many entries were pretty rough, ranging from profanity ("You're a bunch of lying s.o.b.'s.) to Latin ("*Corruptio optima pessima*"—the corruption of the best is the worst.).

On the whole, however, the Russians were delighted by their reception in New York. They should have been. They pulled 1,100,000 paid admissions—an average of 26,000 a day for six weeks—and there were remarkably few demonstrations of open hostility.

The Russians' satisfaction with conditions at the Coliseum was reflected in the treatment of our people at the fair in Moscow. Reciprocity was observed down the line. Two Russian cameras were stolen in New York. Exactly two American cameras were stolen in Moscow the next day. The hosts in Moscow threw their weight around only a few times. They demanded the removal of 100 books on foreign affairs, and Khrushchev needled Vice President Nixon in the famous "kitchen debate" at the opening. A defective concrete floor raised choking clouds of dust, but old Moscow hands assured our exhibitors it was a normal, not a contrived bungle.

We were happy to be topped by the Russians in one record. There had been rumors that the Communist Party, which controlled tickets to the Moscow Fair,

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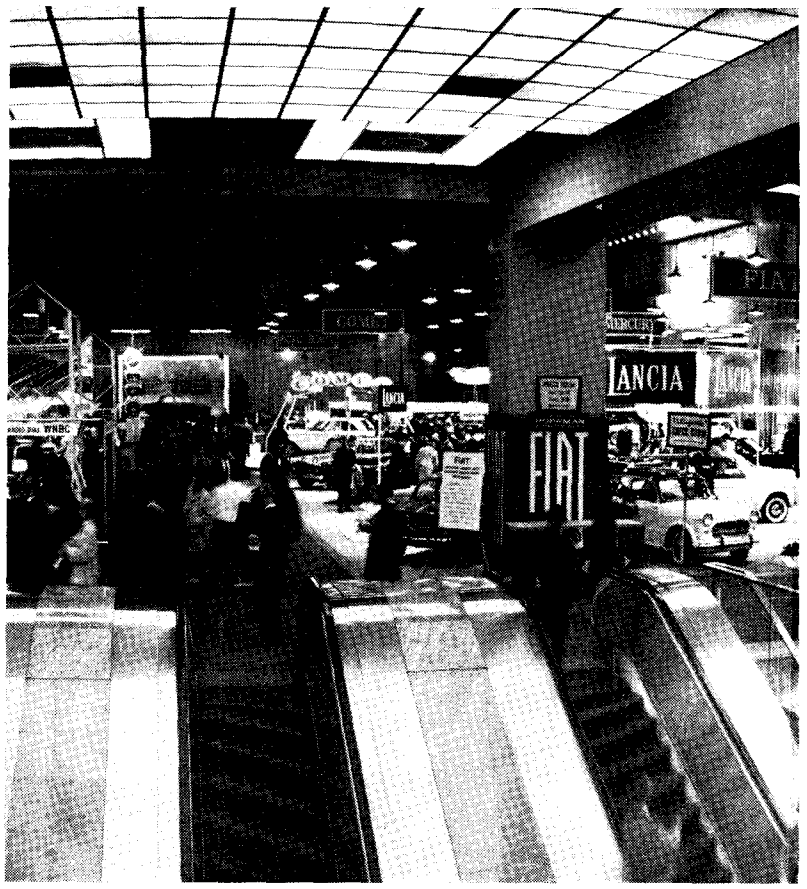


would keep a tight rein on them to forestall any funny ideas our displays might give the faithful. Tickets were distributed so generously, though, that the attendance hit 2,700,000.

Ever since the Coliseum was built in 1956, at a cost of $22,000,000, its profits have been an embarrassment to New York's city fathers. Businessmen who had been screaming that obsolete facilities for trade shows were costing the town $100,000,000 a year were told by hand-wringing officials that the city was strapped for money to construct a modern plant. Civic groups wailed that the prohibitive cost of acquiring property in a good location ruled out the investment of private capital. This irritated Robert Moses, the prime mover behind most of the major public projects that get off the ground in New York.

Moses, chairman of the city's Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, pushed through the state legislature a bill approving an exposition center under his administration. He obtained Federal and state slum-clearance grants to build the Coliseum and 590 apartments on two blocks of a blighted area in midtown Manhattan. Disregarding the yelps of real-estate interests, Moses tacked on a twenty-story office building, raising the total cost of the complex to $45,000,000.

As the Coliseum neared completion, the engineers of the Bridge and Tunnel Authority nervously wondered what to do with the enormous place designed for an enterprise at which they had no experience. They jumped at a proposal made by Arthur Smadbeck, a veteran trade showman who ran the Grand Central Palace, an outmoded exposition hall. To operate the Coliseum, Smadbeck offered to pay the Authority a base rental of $300,000 a year and a share of the profits on an ascending scale up to 85 per cent. It was the best deal the city ever made.

Last year the Coliseum's return of $1,122,000, plus $42,000 in lieu of taxes on the former property, was insignificant in the over-all picture. Another drop in the bucket was some $3,000,000 realized in sales taxes on expenditures by out-of-town visitors and buyers. The New York Convention and Visitors Bureau estimates the new business generated by shows in the Coliseum adds up to $500,000,000 a year.

Such eye-opening results have not gone unnoticed in Washington. The Vice President formally opens the World Trade Fair each year to underscore the mounting importance of exports to our economy. Lyndon Johnson officiated at the fair's opening last May in the Coliseum. It was a stiffer workout than he, an old pro, had anticipated. He greeted so many exhibitors he automatically shook the hand of a dummy at Thailand's booth. By the time Johnson reached the West German pavilion, he was so tired he made a beeline for a contour chair on display. Ottmar Schneider, the display director, suddenly remembered a bolt was missing from the chair and rushed to brace it with his knee as Johnson settled down for a breather.

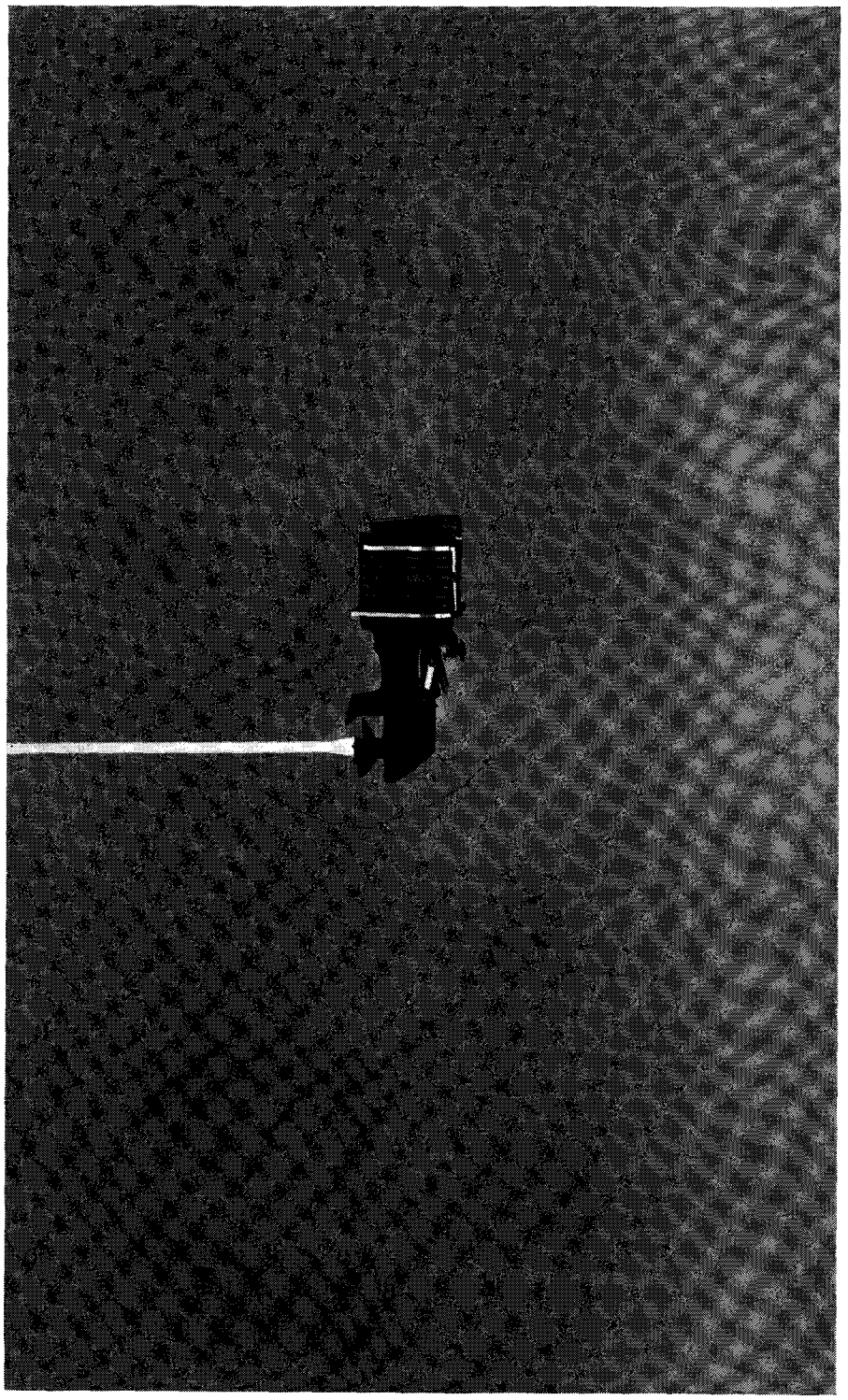
"The chair is collapsible," Schneider said apologetically.

Johnson misunderstood him. "Why, that's a mighty nice feature," he answered. "I'd like to buy one for my ranch in Texas."

"It is not meant to fold," Schneider explained desperately as his knee began to buckle. Johnson got the idea and hastily lurched to his feet.

Despite such contretemps, the Coliseum has made important contributions to hands-across-the-sea amity. During the Soviet exposition, the 250 Russians exiled to work at the exhibition and endure the unspeakable decadence of capitalistic society had a ball. They really went for our cosmetics, lingerie, steaks, bourbon and TV Westerns. They also developed a crush on Brigitte Bardot. Pictures of the Sex Kitten, who was shedding her husband, filled the papers, and the Russians even clipped shots of her wearing clothes. A Coliseum electrician made a remark that could serve as the cornerstone of international brotherhood: "Guys who go for that kind of French fluff can't be all bad," he said pensively.

THE END



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Doctor's Orders

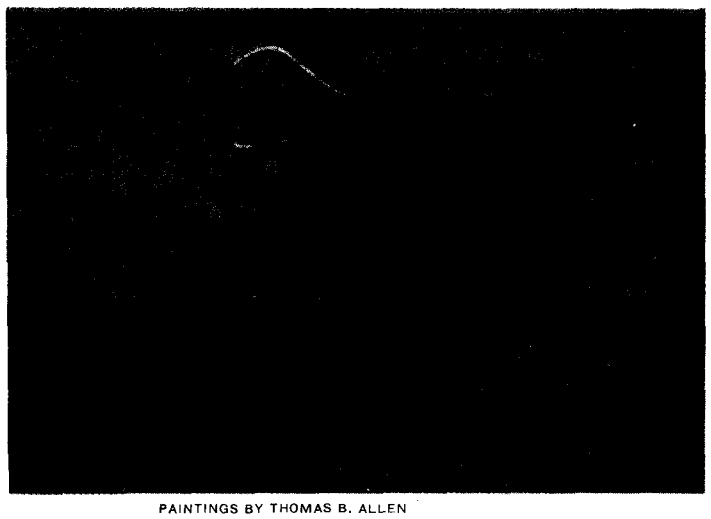
By Nancy Pope Mayorga

Dr. Sydney Grantner had two small handicaps to his profession. The first was a perennially boyish appearance. He was short. He had very blond hair, receding, very clear complexion, and very bright blue eyes. And though, through his years of practice, he had schooled into himself a professional calm, he had never managed to get control of the quick, high color that suffused his face and balding forehead at any sudden surprise, unpleasant or pleasant. Blushing made him appear very youthful.

The second handicap was an inability to steel himself against people's troubles and so protect himself from their importunities. "Poor people!" he thought constantly. "Poor everyone!" He could not turn away from their pleas. So, for example, when many smarter, more fashionable doctors saw the flu epidemic building up and decided it was time to take that vacation with their families in Palm Springs, Syd Grantner found himself with the County of Los Angeles as his territory and twenty-eight hours of work for each twenty-four hour day.

He was just opening the door of his Van Nuys home at eleven o'clock one night when the phone rang.

"Don't answer it," said Beth coming in from the kitchen in her nightgown and bathrobe—lovely to look at, sweet, and concerned about him. But he already had the receiver to his ear.



PAINTINGS BY THOMAS B. ALLEN

"What is her temperature?" And then, "I'll be there as soon as I can." He repeated the address and wrote it down.

"Syd!" said Beth, dismayed. "You've just come in, and I'll bet you haven't had anything to eat."

"Yes I have. I had a giant hamburger at Bob's at nine o'clock."

"Whose patient is this?"

"Cord Maynard's. And he's not at Palm Springs, baby." He grinned at her. "He went to the convention in Cleveland."

"They need you tonight!" She was indignant. "People are so inconsiderate."

He shook his head gravely. "She has a temperature of 102."

"But all the way to Hollywood, Syd!" she wailed.

"Don't worry. I'm all right."

He turned and went out. He didn't have to pick up his bag; he had never put it down.

Driving the Freeway, his thoughts were on Beth, so stoical, so selfless. The doctor's wife, and she had had three miscarriages! She was very disappointed—they both were—and they were talking now of adopting a child. Maybe if he put her to bed for the whole nine months, took charge of the thing himself—Beth would make such a wonderful mother.

When he arrived at the MacBride home, he found the seventeen-year-old boy, Waldo, with the flu; Mrs. MacBride with what he suspected and soon confirmed was pneumonia, and Mr. MacBride frantic between them, like a decapitated chicken. He saw right away that the boy was well out of it.

"He's tough," he said reassuringly to the boy's father. "Forget about him. All he needs now is light food and rest. Your wife needs a prescription and needs it right away. I'll see if I can get an all-night pharmacy to send it up."

Things were rough. The hospitals were putting them out in the corridors. Mrs. MacBride would perhaps be better off at home. He broached the subject of a nurse.

"Fact is," said Mr. MacBride, "I'm a studio carpenter, and—well—between pictures. So I can take care of her myself."

The pharmacy had no one to send. Their night boy was down with the flu. Syd Grantner looked at MacBride with a professional eye and said, "You stay here. I'll go get the prescription."

"I can't let you do that, Doc." As the man got to his feet he grabbed at the back of a chair to steady himself. He laughed a little, apologetically. "Maybe I've got the flu myself."

"You haven't the flu," said the doctor positively. "Just stay here. Relax. I'll be back in a few minutes."

When he came back, he said, "Give her two of these every two hours even if you have to wake her. The first two now. Then come here and sit down."

"O.K.," he said, when MacBride was seated, "roll up your sleeve. How long since your blood pressure was taken?"

"I forget. Ten years maybe," MacBride replied cheerfully. "When I took out my life insurance."

"Yes. Well." He wound the band, hooked it and pumped air into it. When he read the gauge, the blood rushed to his face. He pumped it up again to make sure. Then he turned away, busied himself with his medical bag until he felt the hot color receding.

"You're awful young to be a doctor," MacBride said.

"I'm forty," said Syd shortly. And then he added, a little less sharply, "I guess I live right—plenty of sleep, well-balanced meals at regular hours, and lots of outdoor exercise. Your blood pressure is very high, you know."

"It is? I'm not surprised."

"Taking off ten, twenty points for the present emotional stress, your blood pressure is still very high, much too high. I'll give you a prescription. In the morning go down to the drugstore and get it filled. And walk—stroll. You can leave her that long. You need to get out a bit. How long have you been dizzy?"

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Who's in charge? The doctor or his patient?

"I don't remember." The tone was slightly antagonistic.

"All right. But don't get into your car while you're reeling like this."

"I never had high blood pressure."

"You have it now," said Syd dryly, packing up his bag. He was thinking, "How can I impress him without alarming him?" Aloud he said, "I'll stop by in the morning to see how that medicine is working. By morning she should have had five doses. Don't miss any."

When he got home about two, Beth was waiting for him with hot milk and shredded wheat.

"Did they really need you?" she asked.

"They really need me," he answered. "The boy is all right. The woman will pull out of it. But the husband has a terrible blood pressure. Big man, overweight, bursting with energy and wound up taut. And a terrible blood pressure. I don't even want to tell you what it is." He was silent for a minute. Then he said, "I'll have to have a talk with him in the morning."

She smiled understandingly. "The hardest disease for a doctor to treat."

"Yes. To tell a man that he's in grave danger and that nevertheless he must not worry because worry aggravates it." He shook his head. "Like saying, 'You're carrying TNT in your vest pocket, so you must relax.' Well, we'll see. I could put him to bed, but under the circumstances, he'd worry more."

He lay awake for a while in bed, thinking about it.

Things were more cheerful in the MacBride home the next morning. The boy was up, like a colt on shaky legs. The wife was smiling, her temperature down. In the living room, he checked MacBride's blood pressure again. The same. Slowly he rolled up the band, and his stethoscope, and put them back in his bag.

MacBride was not dumb. He asked, "What is my blood pressure, Doc?"

"I'll tell you in a week. You can't be sure with two readings a few hours apart."

"Pretty high?"

"Pretty high for your age. How old are you—fifty-five?"

"Fifty-four."

"Yes. Well, too high for your age. Did you get the prescription filled?"

"I haven't had time yet."

"I thought so. I brought you some samples. Start right away and take them faithfully. You're an intelligent man. I don't have to tell you that this is important."

MacBride smiled. "You know, I don't go for doctors and medicine. I never have. And in this day of specialists, there are so many rackets. Specialists in the heart, in the liver, in the big toe. What we miss today is the good old family doctor who used to do everything in one call—medicine, psychiatry, surgery if necessary."

"But you see, there's so much more knowledge these days," objected Syd Grantner mildly, "that one man cannot possibly know everything about everything."

MacBride was not listening. "I remember the doctor we had when I was a kid. Doctor Travers. There was a man! I don't know that that man ever had a complete night of sleep. He gave himself, he really gave himself to humanity. And you know"—he laughed a little at the recollection—"he used to listen to my heart and lungs with his ear. I can feel his head against my chest even now. I loved that man."

"Yes. Some doctors sacrifice themselves."

"He had a big head. Gray hair. He was a big man. Solid. You felt he could take all your troubles on himself, and he probably had his own troubles, but we never knew it. And how he handled us! We never knew that either."

"Yes. Guess I'll just take a look at the boy before I leave."

In the small room that was the boy's, Syd Grantner closed the door behind him.

"Waldo," he began, "you and I have a sort of delicate problem between us."

"Mother?"

"No; your father. His blood pressure is too high. Very much too high. Probably as your mother gets better it will go

down a bit, but no more than twenty points or so and it will still be far too high." He sighed. "Make him rest. Take as much of the housework on yourself as you can, as you feel stronger. Keep him from worrying if you can. See that he takes those pills and gets more of them. Don't tell him that we had this talk. The delicate part is that he must take care of himself without worrying about himself, because worry makes the pressure go up."

Out on the porch with MacBride the doctor paused for a moment and then said soberly, "Mr. MacBride, I'm going to ask you to do me a favor."

"Sure, Doc."

"I'm going to ask you to make a conscious effort to relax." Then, feeling that in his earnestness he had been a bit dramatic, he blushed hotly.

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NEW YORK LIFE PRESENTS *the 50th in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

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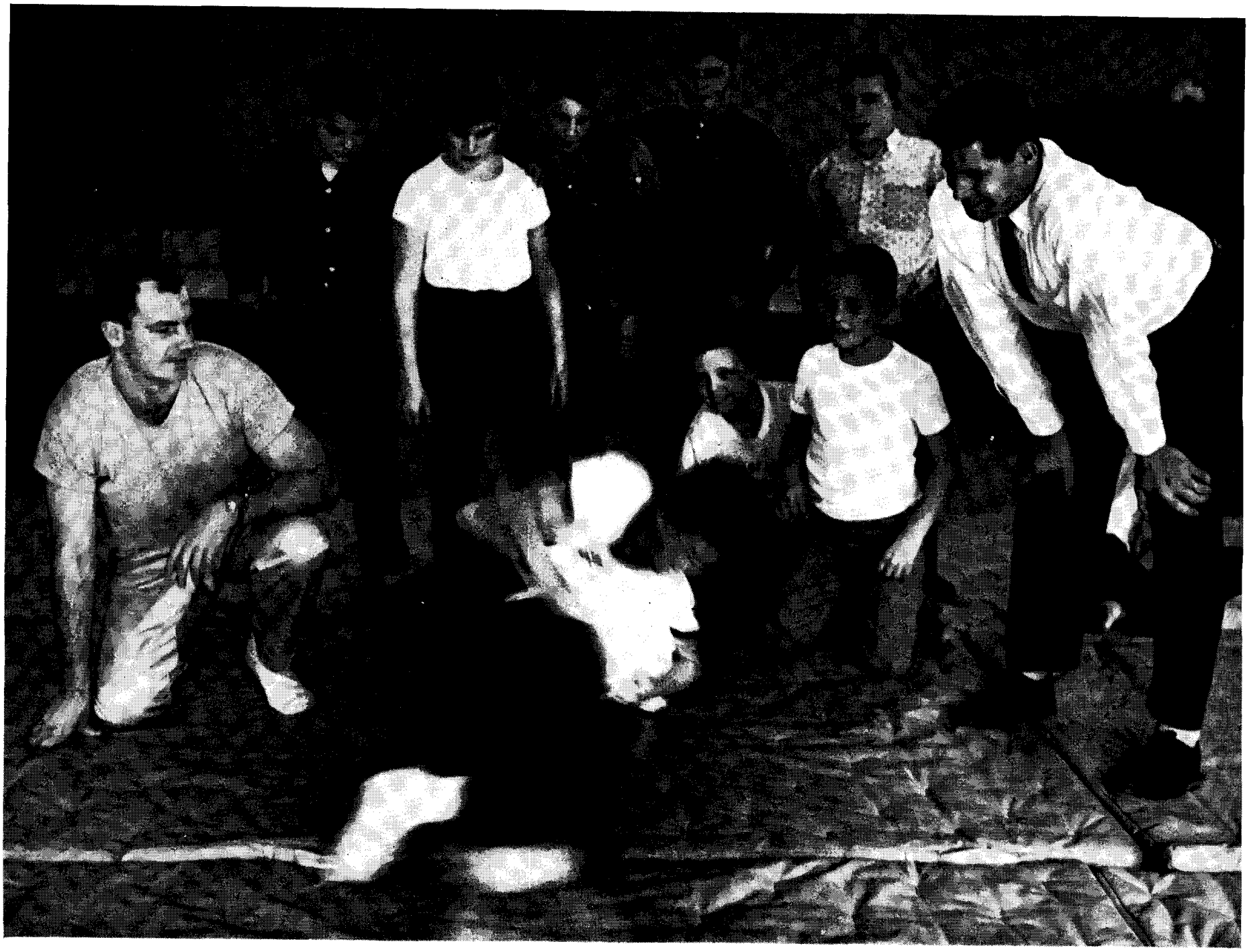

Should your child seek a career in Youth Services?

by Joseph A. Brunton, Jr.

Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America, as told to Lester David

WHEN I was a young man in western Pennsylvania, I decided to take a short leave of absence from my own career to help with our local Boy Scout camp. "I'll stay until things get moving," I confided to officials in my home town. "Then I'll have to leave."

That was many years ago and somehow I never got around to leaving. I am still in Scouting and each year brings new fascination and deeper satisfaction.

Many others have experienced similar proof of the lure of youth service. Once it captures the imagination and interest of a career-bound young man or woman, its grip can last a lifetime, its rewards can be rich and varied.

Small wonder, because this is one of the most exciting, challenging and certainly most important of professions. It is also among the youngest. Only within the past 100 years have a real awareness of the needs of young people and a concern for their welfare arisen in this country. As a matter of fact, youth work was barely getting under way as a full-fledged profession when I, myself, entered the field.

The degree to which America is now interested in its children is evident. It has demonstrated over and over its interest and willingness to pay for the best youth programs. We know that out of every 100 boys and girls born in the world today, only five will be born in the U.S. This knowledge carries a tremendous implication for the future. On the shoulders of these five rests much of the responsibility of carrying on our love of freedom. This knowledge also might well be the compelling force that influences young men and women to undertake a career in youth service.

Because of its newness, many people are unaware of the career's real nature and the promise it holds.

What, exactly, is a professional youth group worker?

He is the specialist whose firm hands and mind give strength and direction to the nation's youth-serving organizations, which have now grown to become a significant part of America.

Youth Agencies Everywhere

Throughout the United States, hundreds of agencies are actively working with young people, molding character, training minds, and influencing personality. These agencies range from large national groups with millions of enrolled members to small regional and local ones. They include such organizations as the "Y's," Boy Scouts of America, Girl Scouts of the

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Organizing and supervising various physical activities, like this junior-size wrestling match, can be part of the career youth worker's responsibility.

U.S.A., Camp Fire Girls, Boys' Clubs of America, 4-H Clubs, Future Farmers of America, Junior Achievement and American Youth Hostels, to name but a few, as well as groups in rural areas and uncounted community and neighborhood centers.

But wherever they are, whatever their size or special nature, these organizations have one mission in common: To help young people grow into strong-bodied, healthy-minded, responsible citizens, devoted to God, country, family and their fellow men. Millions of young people are now benefiting from what they offer.

While I am confining my attention in this article to organizations that serve *all* youth everywhere, youth service careers are not limited to these groups. For persons with special knowledge, there is a wide choice in child guidance, education, crime and delinquency prevention, psychological services, church-related youth work, and other areas. A number of these fields, each rewarding and creative in its own right, have been described in other articles of this series.

More Workers Needed

There is certainly no unemployment problem for qualified youth group professionals. Right now, the demand is urgent and will become even more acute as the youth population continues to expand. We have some 25,000 career youth workers in the United States today. An additional 5,000 could be absorbed at once, and it is estimated that by 1970 another 10,000 will be required.

Let me get down to some hard-core details about a youth group professional's work in youth service:

He may lead classes, forums and discussions, teach specific skills and take charge of hikes and trips. He may head a health and physical education program. He may direct a camp.

He may be in charge of a teen-age program or serve as an organization's educational, social or office director. He may manage a complete center, hiring and training a staff and planning its program. He may be an administrative official of a national organization.

But this is not all. There is another aspect to the profession that may come as a surprise. *Many career workers do not work with boys and girls at all but with men and women!* They don't lead youngsters directly, but inspire and motivate adults. Is this important? So important that unless it is performed successfully, many youth organizations might shrivel and die.

A Community Leader

There cannot possibly be enough professional people to work directly with the vast armies of youngsters who need and want the various youth services. Thus the career men and women must create a will and a willingness on the part of volunteers to handle the actual task of leadership.

To do this, they work with individuals and groups on all levels of community life. They inspire volunteers to give leadership to the organization, guiding and instructing them in its spirit, aims and programs. They plan and co-ordinate the activities of the volunteer committees. To get things done, they must often be a combination of salesman, showman, money-raiser, public speaker, teacher and psychologist. Nobody in this phase of the work has ever complained the job was routine!

The youth leader must be able to inspire other adults in order that an effective youth program might be carried out in the community.

What are the advantages—and the drawbacks—of a career in youth service?

The profession offers limitless variety and the chance to stretch one's creative imagination. There is much field work, travel opportunities, and a chance to live for a number of years at a time in different parts of the country. A career worker, moreover, enjoys great prestige—everyone knows and respects him because he exercises a profound influence directly and indirectly on children and therefore on the community itself.

Finally and most importantly, there is the personal deep-down glow that comes from a life of service to growing America.

I must mention a few "minus" factors. In youth work, the 40-hour week is unknown. Often, a professional is busiest in late afternoon, at night and on weekends, when youngsters and volunteers are most available. For the first 10 or 15 years, he can expect to move several times, a possible disadvantage to those who prefer permanent roots.

Rewards and Qualifications

Financial rewards are comparable with those in many other salaried professions but do not compete with the rewards in business and industry. Starting pay normally ranges from $4,000 to $5,500. Many top specialists and administrative and supervisory positions for experienced personnel pay $8,000 to $10,000. Many youth organization leaders earn considerably more. Most organizations provide excellent medical and retirement plans, and offer generous sick leave and paid vacations.

I am often asked what kind of person would be happiest and most successful in youth work. In reply, I offer these questions:

Does he (and of course I mean "she" as well) have a real love for people? Does he instinctively like children and is he liked by them? Is he strongly impelled to be of service to others? Has he shown leadership ability? Is he a good team worker? Is he actively interested in his neighborhood and community? Does he possess unassailable moral fiber and personal integrity? If the answers are "yes," he will find himself in harmony with the ideals of the youth service profession.

College Training Important

A college education is now considered essential for most positions in youth organizations. A young person preparing for the career should obtain as broad a general schooling as possible, stressing courses in psychology, sociology, education, English, public speaking, public relations and economics. In addition, he should consult his high school guidance counselor.

As early as possible, he should develop creative skills and interests, join school and college clubs and religious groups, and obtain summer or part-time employment in camps, playgrounds or other centers. He should be active in local youth groups, where he can obtain invaluable early insights and training. Incidentally, I must add that dedicated workers come to the field from many sources—teaching, social work, engineering, even law.

On the shoulders of youngsters now growing up rests the future peace of the world and the preservation of our American liberties. There is no career that beckons more persuasively than one entrusted with the task of helping to equip young America for this vital role. There is no calling that offers a richer sense of fulfillment to any man or woman.

Booklets Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are similar articles on forty-nine other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just mail a postcard to:

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Orders MacBride looked at him with new understanding. "You're serious about this, Doc, aren't you?"

"I'm serious about it. Well, I'll look in on your wife tomorrow."

This was Wednesday, his day off. But he made many house calls and got back to his office late in the afternoon. As he came in, his nurse said, "Mr. MacBride called. He says he's been having a stroke."

"Been having a stroke? What kind of a stroke, a progressive one?"

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She laughed. "Want me to get him?"

Then, MacBride on the other end of the phone, with panic in his voice, "I think I'm having a stroke, Doc."

"How do you feel?"

"Well, that medicine you gave me made me feel faint. And my heart is palpitating and my scalp feels cold."

"No, Mr. MacBride," said Syd firmly. "You are not having a stroke. What you have is old-fashioned jitters."

"Could you come, Doc?"

Syd Grantner took a slow, deep breath. "Yes. Yes, I'll stop on my way home."

He said to the nurse, "Call Mrs. Grantner. Tell her I may be a little late for dinner." A case of panic cannot be rushed.

So then he found himself again in the MacBrides' small living room with three pairs of alarmed eyes watching his face.

"In the first place," he said, "Mrs. MacBride should be in bed. In the second place, I'm pooped and I could use a cup of tea. We can all use one. We'll have it in the bedroom if you like. I brought a package with me in case you're out."

The boy Waldo laughed and went to put the kettle on. He and MacBride helped Mrs. MacBride back to bed.

"My gosh, Doc!" said MacBride. "I had a friend who was six years on his back, helpless. It ruined his family."

"No, no, no!" said Syd emphatically. "If I had thought you were a desperate case, I would have put you to bed immediately. All you need is a little common sense and some medication."

He took out his stethoscope and listened to Mrs. MacBride's breathing. He nodded, pleased. Then Waldo came in with the tea. Syd made himself sit down and relax. The atmosphere in the room was easier. "Good tea," he said.

MacBride chuckled. He was over the jitters now. "Panic. I remember a time my mother thought I had polio. Was she ever in a panic! Of course she called Doc."

Syd nodded.

"Just hearing his voice on the phone always made her feel better, but anyway she wanted him to come. Imagine! We lived in Riverdale, and that beautiful man used to come all the way up from 116th Street—he didn't have a car—an hour on the subway and four long blocks up the hill to our place. To make a house call! And you know what he found out? That I had eaten green grapes. I wouldn't tell my mother, but I told him."

The chair was comfortable. The tea was warm. Syd felt his eyelids heavy.

"We could see the hill from our living room. When one of us was sick, somebody would say, 'Go to the front window. Watch for Doc.' Am I boring you?"

Syd shook his head.

"I remember the last time I saw him. I was just Waldo's age. I guess it was the first time I ever really saw Doc, really saw him, I mean. My mother was very sick and I was standing at the window. Then I saw him coming up the street, slowly, a little bent, his hair almost white, and I thought, 'My gosh! Doc is an old man.' I looked at him, and I don't think in all my life I ever loved a person as much as I loved Doc Travers then."

"Yes!" Syd felt that love. "Yes! And your mother?"

"Mother got well and we came to California and Doc died a couple of years later. I wish I could have told him ——"

Syd smiled. "Don't you think he saw it in your faces?" He pulled himself to his feet. "Well, everything seems to be under control. You won't panic again. I won't come tomorrow. Mrs. MacBride is doing fine. Unless, of course, you want me."

Out on the porch MacBride apologized, "I feel kind of ashamed, Doc, to be such a nuisance."

"You needn't. Fright is just as real as pneumonia and sometimes even harder to cope with."

"Well, but ——"

"Forget it. Maybe seventy-five percent of a doctor's house calls are made to reassure the patient—or the family. Want me to give you some tranquilizers?"

"Gosh no! Those silly things!"

When he dragged into his house finally, Syd Grantner said to his wife. "All right, Beth, you win. Call the girls at the exchange and tell them not to put any calls through until—oh, at least for the night. I'm no good this way. I'm going to bed." He climbed the stairs, fatigued.

COMING
in next week's Post
TIME FOR COURTSHIP
A new story
by
NANCY POPE MAYORGA

In the morning he felt fine. He phoned the exchange at eight o'clock. "This is Doctor Grantner. Any calls? No? Good. I'll be at home till I go to the office."

At breakfast he said to Beth, "Things are easing up a bit. The weather's on our side too. Just look at this morning!"

She asked, "How are the MacBrides?"

"Oh—" he laughed a little "—well, it's tough on him, a man with hypertension like nobody's business, his boy with the flu, his wife with pneumonia, and no job. And along comes someone and tells him he must relax." He paused thoughtfully. "You know, Beth, so much of the time a doctor feels inadequate."

"Not all doctors," she replied. "Some doctors feel quite sure of themselves. Would you like to be that kind?"

He laughed. "No." Then, "He keeps talking about his old family physician."

"Who does?"

"MacBride. His old Doctor Travers who was a miracle man. He keeps moaning that the old family physician has gone, faded from the picture. Well, heck, what does he think I am?"

"You're not old, that's all. Cheer up. Cord Maynard will be home soon and you can turn the MacBrides back to him."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. They're very nice people. I like them, and I think they like me. It's just that he bugs me a little with that family-physician bit."

"Just what is a family physician, Syd?"

"Are you kidding?"

"Not at all. What is your definition?"

"Well, how can you define it? He has to be a good diagnostician first. Then he has to know what latest scientific advances are available to him and the best man in the special fields. He has to be willing to relinquish his patients to these men when necessary—and sometimes persuade them to be relinquished. He has to deal with emotions and fears. If he has any specialty at all, it's prevention—to stop things before they start, or catch them before it's too late."

"And patience, tireless patience." She was smiling fondly.

He smiled back. "You know all this. You just wanted me to talk."

"Sure I did."

"How do you know all this?"

"I know you," she said simply.

So when he left the house for his office, he went whistling down the walk. But although the day had started out so auspiciously, it turned out to be one of those days. The flu epidemic was far from over, and in the middle of the afternoon he had an appendix case that had to be rushed to the hospital. When he got back to his office, MacBride was on the phone.

"Oh, no!" he said to his nurse. "I can't." She handed him the phone.

MacBride's voice trembled. "Doc, I think my wife's in a coma."

"A coma? I doubt it very much." A coma? She had been getting along fine.

"While she's talking, she goes under."

"All right. I'll be right there." He was alarmed. What could have gone wrong?

The boy Waldo had been watching for him through the window, and he opened the door at once. In Mrs. MacBride's room, Syd saw that it was no coma. He turned to MacBride, smiling with relief.

"This is not coma. This is sleep. Let her sleep."

MacBride went limp. Syd got out his stethoscope and listened once more to Mrs. MacBride's breathing.

Once more in the living room, MacBride said, "Gosh, Doc, I'm sorry. We're hardly ever sick. It's all new to me. And if anything happened to her, I just don't think I could navigate alone."

"Too bad your Doctor Maynard had to be out of town at this time."

The other man looked blank. "But we never knew Doctor Maynard. Someone gave us his name, but he was out of town and his nurse gave us yours."

"Oh. Well, then, if you're my patient, I'd like to have you come to see me in a week for a few little tests."

"Sure, sure." MacBride was more relaxed now. He was grinning at the doctor in a surprisingly affectionate way.

Syd squatted down on the floor by his bag to put his stethoscope away.

"You know, Doc, I guess I've been an awful bore with my stories about Doc Travers. Every time you were coming, I'd say to myself, I'm not going to talk about Doc Travers, and then you were hardly in the house before I'd start. But finally I found out for myself why. You'll probably think I'm nuts. Because you're not a big man, and you're so young and all, but I swear, when you come in, it's just like Doc Travers coming in the house. Or am I crazy?"

At the question, Syd looked up from where he was squatting beside his bag. His mind had been away, on something else. But now he began to hear.

"And—funny thing—you know what I said to Waldo this morning after I called you for his mother? I said, 'Waldo, go to the front window. Watch for Doc.'"

Then Syd Grantner heard. He just burst out laughing, and the scarlet color flooded his pleasant face clear up into his receding blond hair. THE END

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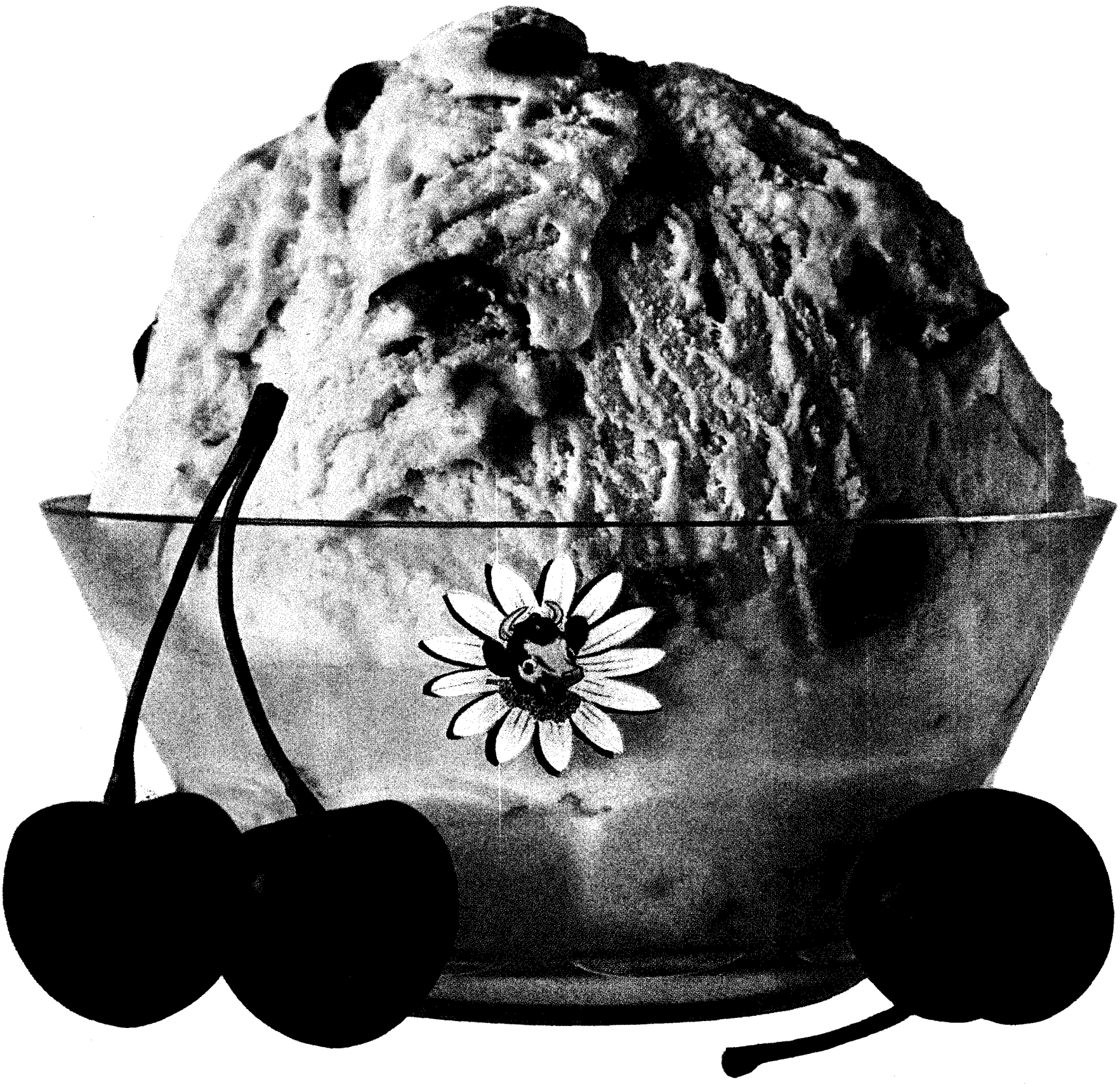

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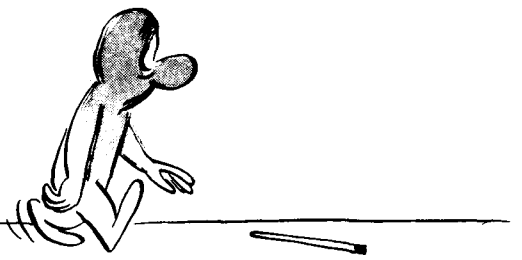

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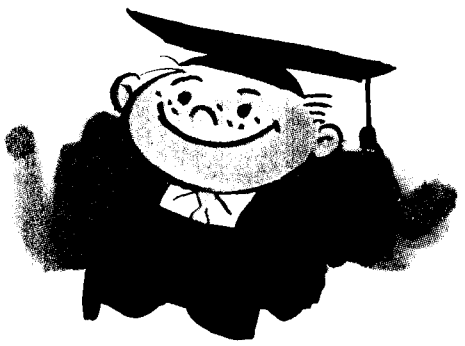

A STUDENT

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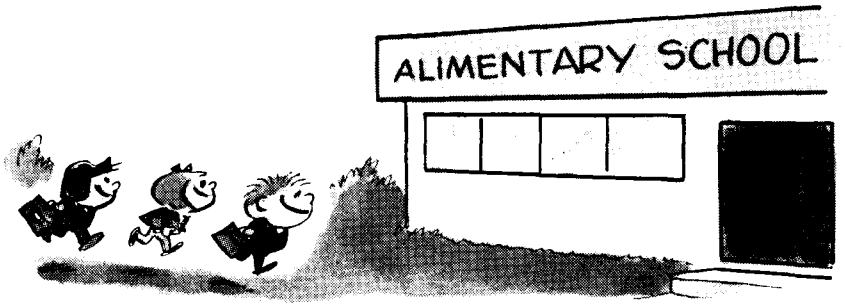

SCHOOL FOR LITTLE SCULLERS

COLLISION:

A BIGGER SCULLER

BIL KEANE

"Now will you admit that Clara Bow is prettier than Helen Twelvetrees?"

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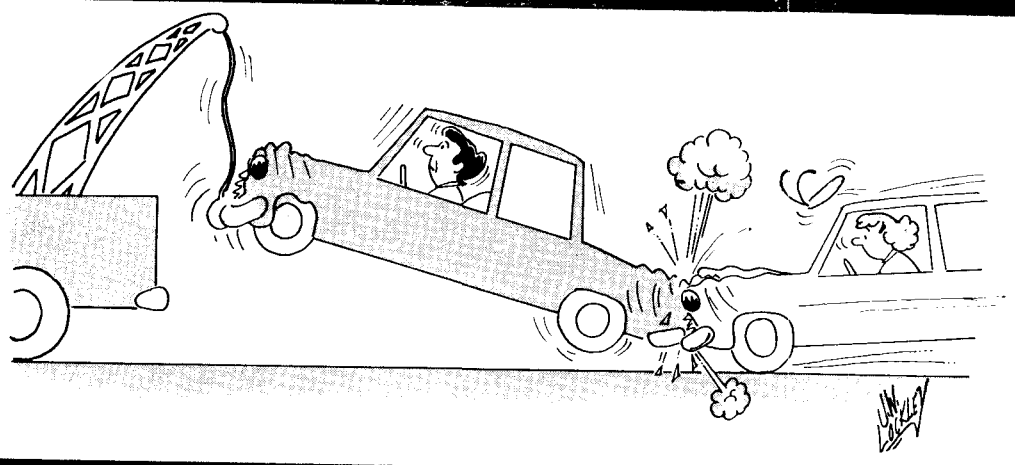
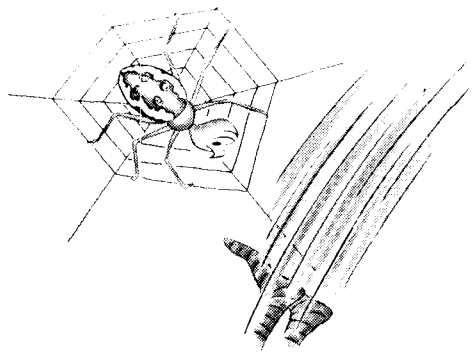
". . . He's not at his desk right now!"





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HERR BRUCE UND DAS SPIDER

Herr Bruce in ein hut ben getooken der seaten,
Becausen der Scottischer fighters ben beaten.
Ach, Himmel! Das leader mit sobben ben shooken
Und raisen der peepers mit uppen-gelooken.

Herr Bruce ben observen ein spider gesailen
Acrossen der rafters mit missen und failen.
Ober und ober, mit speedischer spinnen,
Das spider ben leapen und finalisch winnen!

Das spider ben causen der grosser admiren
Und fillen das leader mit strongish inspiren.
Mit climben der rafters, Herr Bruce ben gejumpen
Und flatten gefallen mit loudischer thumpen!

DAVE MORRAH

"You're sound as a dollar—and if you think that over, you'll get right into bed."

Titles Were an Effort for Edgar Allan Poe

THE ~~DECLINE AND~~ FALL OF ~~RODERICK USHER'S RESIDENCE DOMICILE PLACE DUMP~~ THE HOUSE ~~BELONGING TO~~ OF ~~RODERICK~~ USHER

A ~~DECENT~~ DESCENT ~~RIGHT SMACK DAB~~ INTO THE ~~MAILSTROM MALESTROM WHIRLPOOL OFF THE WEST COAST OF NORWAY~~ MAELSTROM

THE ~~SWIPED PILFERED FILCHED BURGLED~~ PURLOINED ~~POSTCARD AIR MAIL FIRST CLASS SPECIAL DELIVERY REGISTERED WITH RETURN RECEIPT REQUESTED~~ LETTER

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THE ~~KEG OF MEDOC VAT OF MADEIRA TANK OF TOKAY BARREL OF MUSCATEL TUB OF SPARKLING BURGUNDY~~ CASK OF ~~MOSELLE SHERRY CHIANTI SAUTERNE~~ AMONTILLADO

THE ~~SNITCHING SQUEALER STOOL-PIGEONS STOOLIE TATTLETALE~~ TELL-TALE HEART

THE ~~GRIMALKIN ANGORA MALTESE PERSIAN MANX CHESHIRE~~ BLACK ~~FELINE KITTEN KITTY KAT.~~ CAT

THE PIT ~~PLUS AS WELL AS IN ADDITION TO NOT TO MENTION~~ AND ~~ALSO~~ THE ~~PENDALUM PENDELUM PENDILUM PENDOLUM~~ PENDULUM

VERNON H. KURTZ

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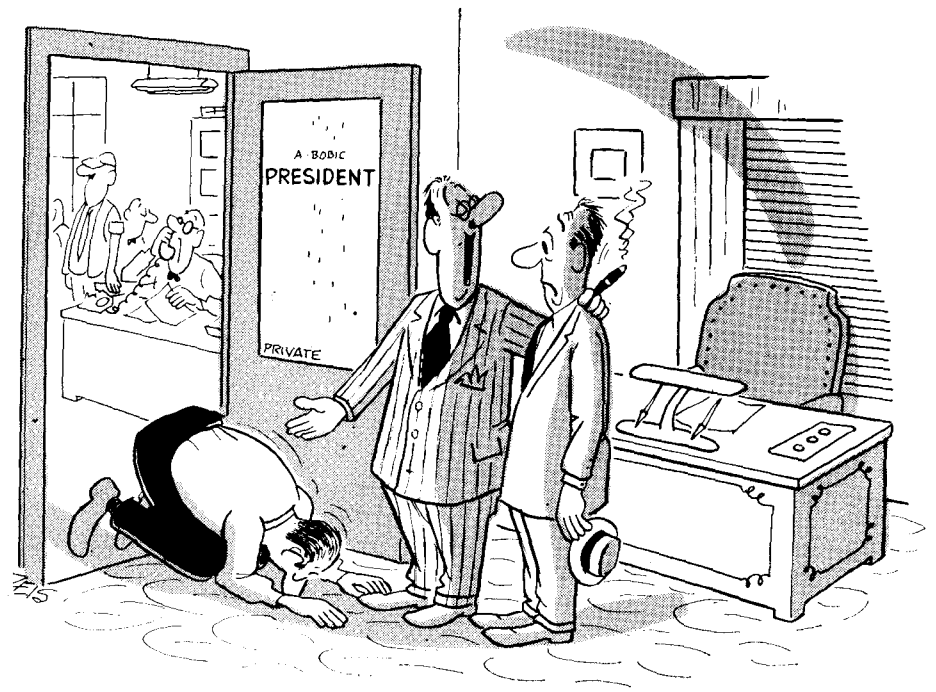
"Could you be a little more explicit than 'big and fat'?"



"Now that you are one of us—Fenwick, here, will acquaint you with our little list of 'do's and don't's.'"

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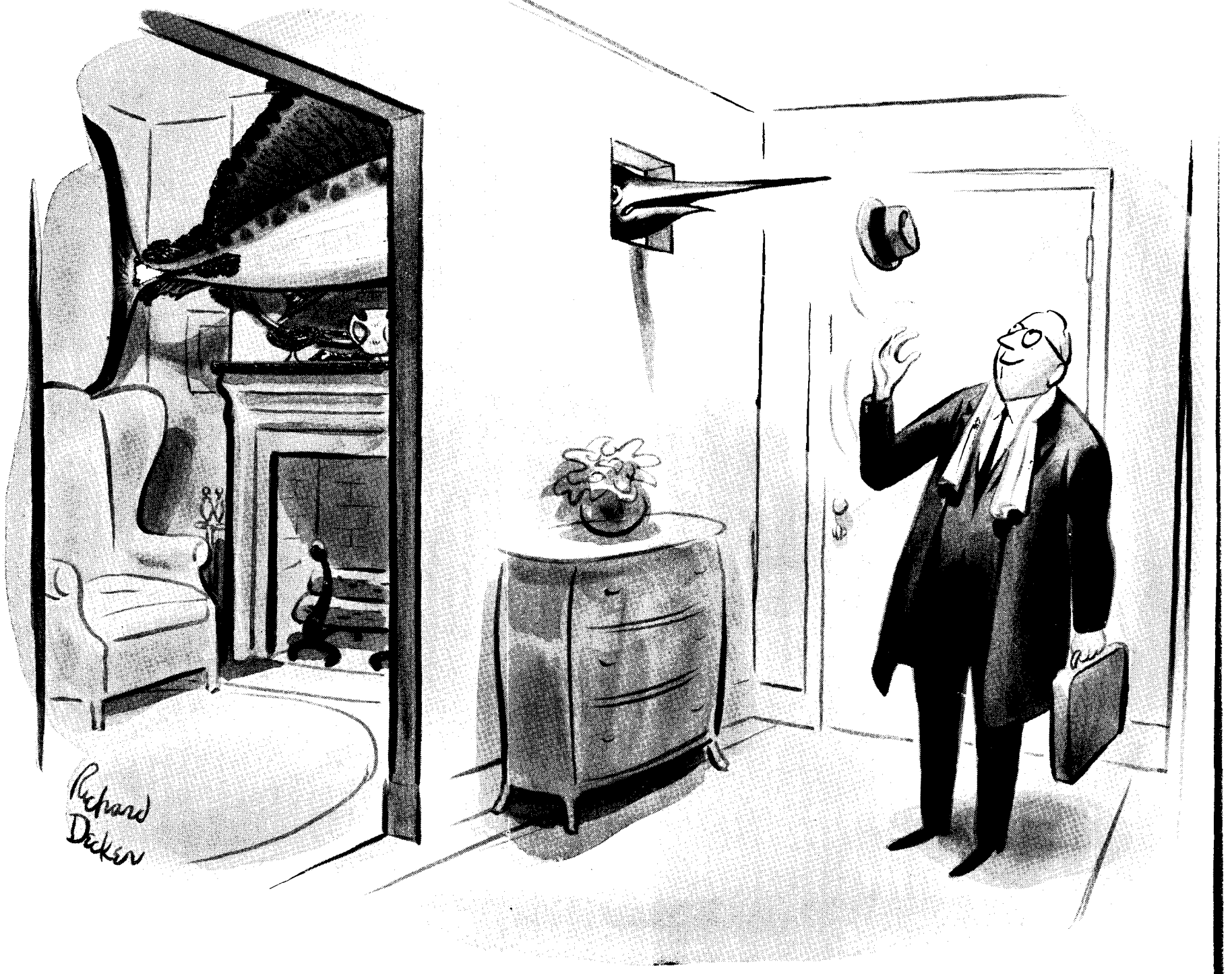
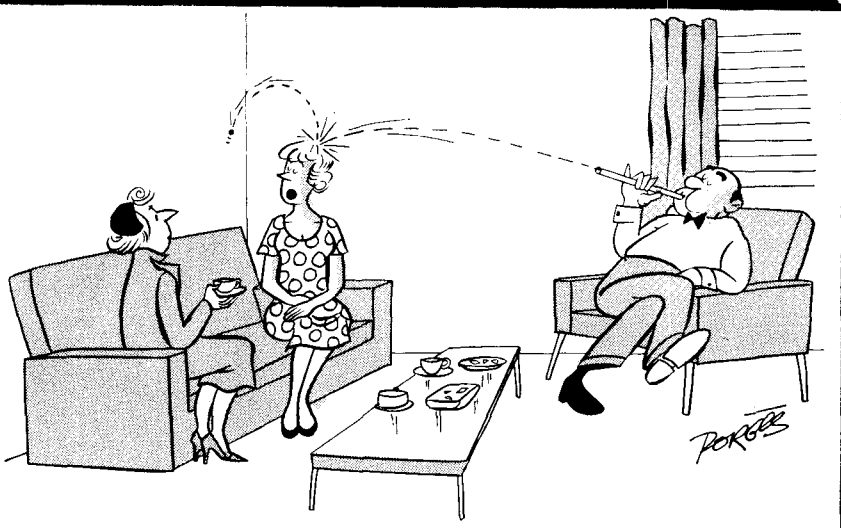


"If there is such a thing as reincarnation, I'd like to come back as a Size 12."



"Sometimes George is very irritating."

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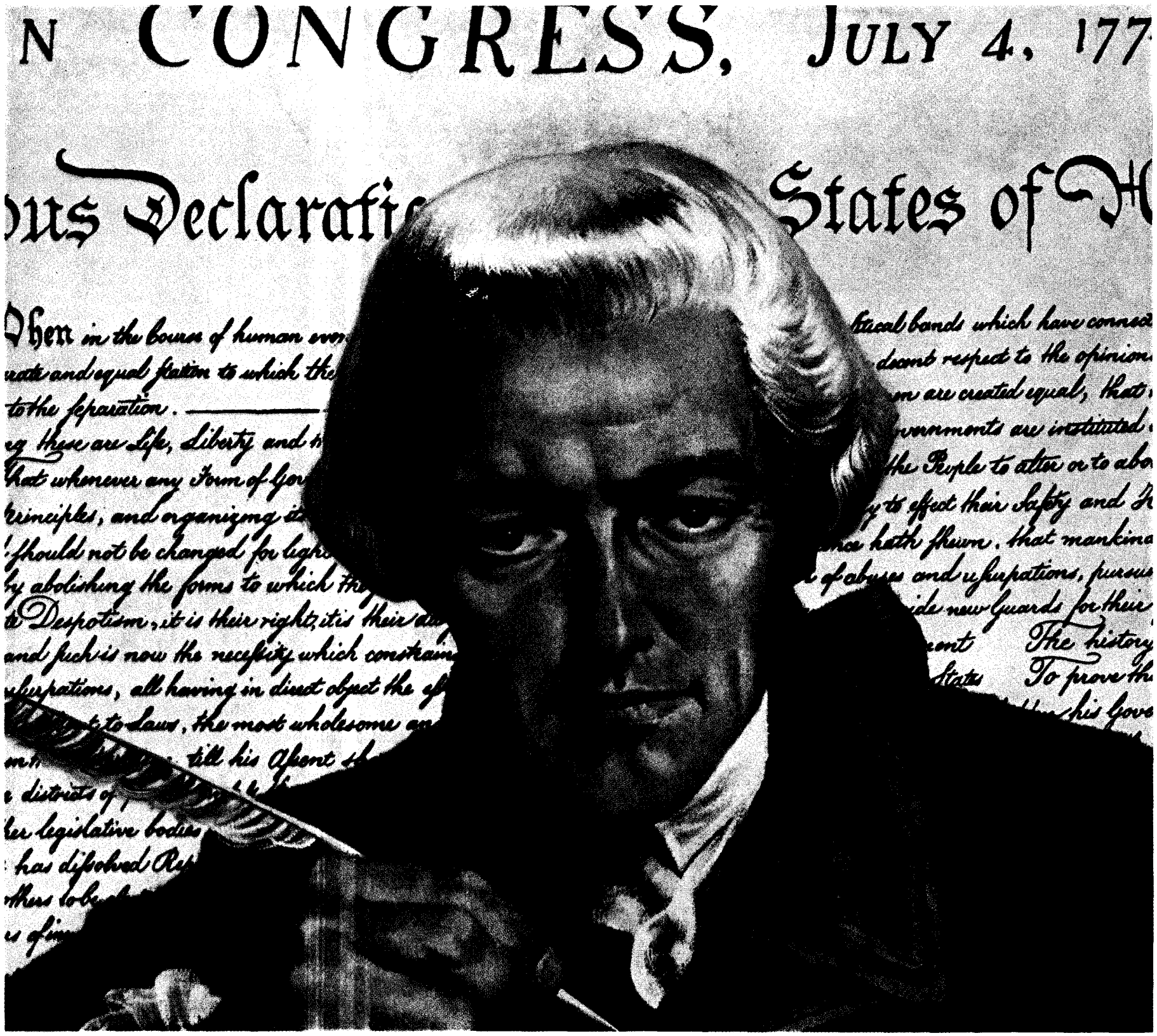
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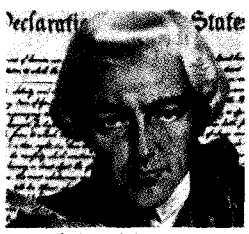
He gave us a lesson in independence...



IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

John Hancock had a fine home. A prosperous business. A future solid and secure as any man's. Why should a man like that want to change things?

But you open the book of our fight for independence, and there he is on every page. You come to the part about the Boston Tea Party, and he's right in the thick of it. Paul Revere's Ride? That's to warn Hancock and his friend Sam Adams that the British are marching to Lexington.

The Declaration of Independence? It's his own death warrant if he signs it. But he puts his name down, big and bold.

Then you think about it for a while and it makes good sense.

You know what grips a man when he first gets a whiff of the fresh, clean air of independence. After that he can't live with the stale smell of tyranny in his nostrils.

So you know why John Hancock wanted to change things. You understand because you've grown up in the same fresh air of independence, and it's made you the same kind of man.

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STILL MAKES INDEPENDENCE POSSIBLE
John Hancock
100 YEARS

JOHN HANCOCK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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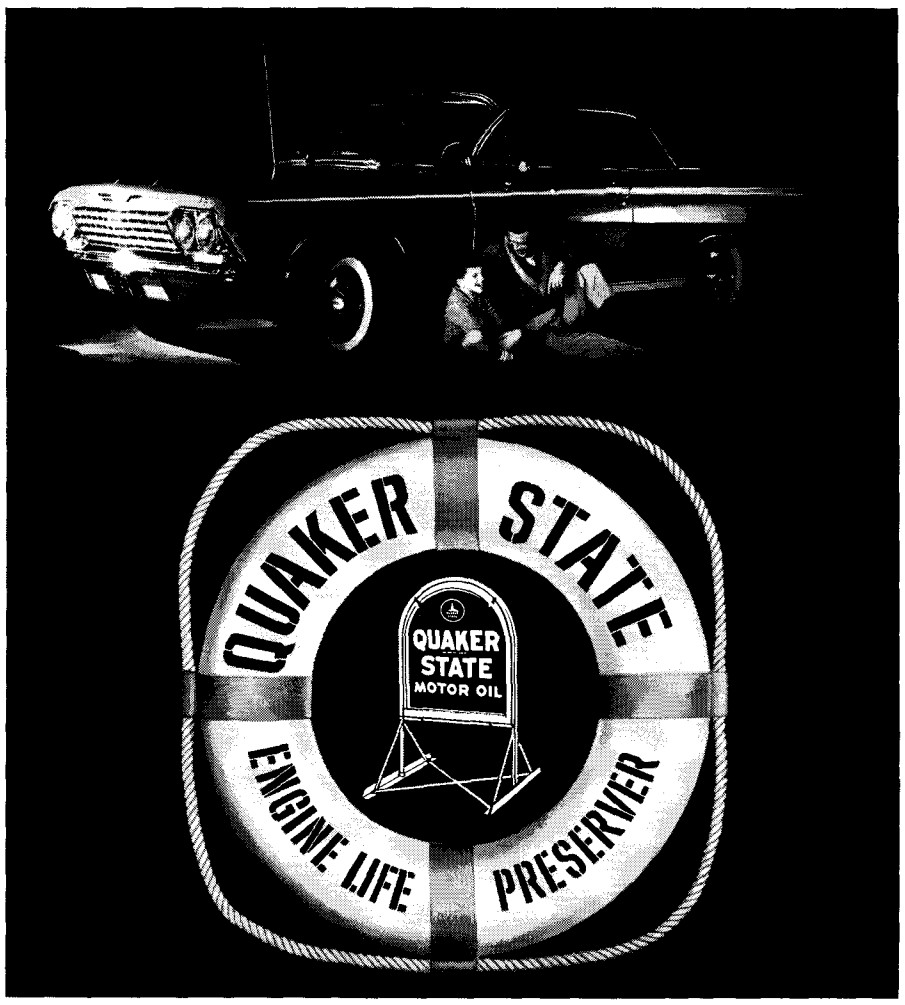

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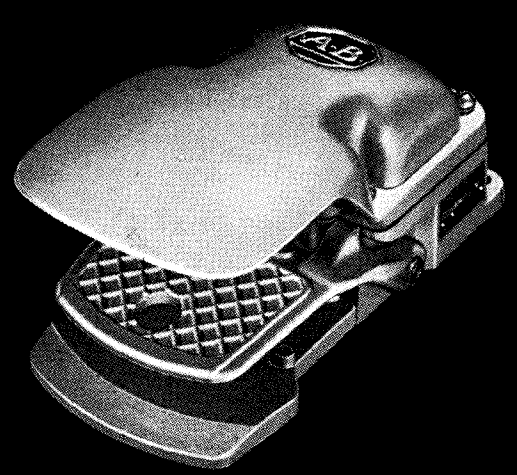

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DEADLINE FOR DYNAMITE

continued from page 29

And if we aren't out of here before next year's snows let go in the mountains, reflected Matt, *down the chute will go sheet piling, pumps, cranes, draglines, slipforms, penstocks, spillway gates, all the concrete we've poured, Titan's reputation, and a no-telling count of human lives.* He didn't say it aloud.

"Except that it's deep and narrow and hard to work in and we haven't much time," said H. U., "it's just another job."

"Ha!" hooted Pete Larsh, who'd been here some days casing matters.

"Something I haven't included?" asked H. U. curiously.

"Yeh. Women."

"What women?"

Pete pointed straight down. A wisp of smoke curled from the chasm. The three had to crane over the brink to see it.

Said Pete, "Two women. And their old man. And firearms. The women was born there. They and their pa won't move."

"But the east abutment is to go there!"

"Like you say."

"Let's look into this."

The trail was a twisting thread. "They go to Bugling Elk twice a year for supplies, mainly ammunition," Pete further informed, "and so the ninety-year-old pa can have hisself a toot."

Twenty minutes' stumbling walk below the point where they'd been surveying the scenery, the rising monotone of the river became a heavy rumble, as if hundreds of freight cars were going over a trestle. Air was sharp. A forested pocket of soil in a side fissure held a split-rail fence and a cabin. Two elderly cherry trees flanked the cabin, one at each end. Behind a split-picket gate were rosebushes of an old, settled look. A flagstone path of some artistry led between them to a railed porch. The porch was narrow enough for chair-tipping and putting up one's feet. A pair of scarred boot soles were up there now, close together. They made a notch. A shotgun barrel rested in it.

"Like I say," Pete cautioned. "That's Florie Bird. Her and Julie take turns, and sometimes their old man. One's been setting there ever since the other outfit first served the court notice."

"Can she shoot?" asked Matt.

The shotgun tilted upward and spoke. A jay dropped from a tall cedar with a plop. The muzzle lowered and trained again on the gate.

"Like I say," breathed Pete Larsh.

The cornflower boutonniere at McDade's lapel covered a blue satin button bearing thirteen tiny stars. It stood for an extraordinarily exclusive club. Pershing himself had given it to H. U. one day in France. H. U. didn't hesitate now. He opened the gate. There was nothing for Maypole and Larsh to do but follow. H. U. led the way up those steppingstones, pausing to admire a scabby rosebush. He plucked a blossomless sprig and touched it to his aquiline nose. Mounting the two porch steps, H. U. lifted his fedora and bowed to astonished Florie. "Good morning, madam."

"We ain't moving." The lady scowled. Her shotgun remained pointed. Her hair was skinned back and gray, her lips a thin line. She looked hardy and ready.

"Madam, the law has made this a public-utility district. I have been hired to put a dam right where you sit."

"Mister, not even a beaver could dam Stampede River."

"We've dammed some pretty rough ones." H. U. could have been thinking of Turkey and Arkansas and Brazil and New Zealand and Afghanistan in one grand sweep.

The lady perceived another jay. She swung and triggered. It fell.

Pete Larsh, standing back, had his own hat off. Though it was cool down here, he mopped his brow.

"Madam, I deeply respect your love of hearth and rooftree," said H. U. McDade. "But you don't want to sit under a quarter million tons of concrete and three hundred feet of water, I'm sure. It wouldn't be exactly comfortable, now would it?"

"Neither will this for you!" Her shotgun was back upon him. Her voice had strain.

From inside the cabin a quaver announced, "I'm coming too, Florie!" Old Man Bird, both hands on a shotgun, appeared at the doorway in a nightshirt.

H.U. touched the plucked sprig to his aesthetic nose. "A rose! The poetess Sappho called it Queen of Flowers. Cleopatra spread for Mark Antony a welcoming carpet of rose petals eighteen inches thick. This one is the Caroline Testout, is it not?"

Rasped the old man, his bare feet planted wide, his chin a straggle of belligerent white beard, "Any fool knows thet's a damask rose."

"Ah! The stem is a bit mildewed—I was misled. I understand, Mr. Bird, that you have lived here some while."

Pop Bird graveled, "Seventy year, up and down Stampede River."

"Then tell me, are there any scenic items of interest in this region?"

The old man stared in wonderment that anyone could ask such a question. "Ever hear of Windsplitter Mountain, mister?"

"Why, yes," said McDade. "I am told that it is a very fine upthrust."

"Or Sundance Peak? Soople as an Indian princess."

"That, too, now you mention it. Clearly, Mr. Bird, you have an eye for beauty whether it's roses or mountains. What else is worth seeing from this porch?"

"I didn't say them summits kin be seen from here, but they're nigh. And Lace Drawers Falls. Prettiest falls in the world!

IN SPEAKING OUT NEXT WEEK:

RETURN OF THE CAVE WOMAN

BY MARGARET MEAD,
Celebrated Anthropologist

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I used to have a cabin almost under 'em. When the gold panning give out, I come down to here and located."

"Rather shadowed in here, isn't it, by these canyon walls?"

"It's been home to me and my girls for fifty year, mister. And their mother was here for thirty."

"What can I offer you, Mr. Bird, to make up for shifting to another site?"

Pop Bird's pale eyes hardened. "Mister, me and my girls aim to go on living right behind them roses of mine, and between my two cherry trees, until I die. Which won't be soon!"

"Such contentment, Mr. Bird, is rare and enviable. Is there positively nothing more that life could give you?"

"Mister, only that Windsplitter and Sundance was shoved to where I could see them, and Lace Drawers square between—then I'd have everything! But don't you fellers try to budge me with no legal papers, or you'll ketch this!" The shotgun rose. "Now git!"

H. U. McDade backed off, lifting neat hat and bowing to Pop Bird and Florie and gaunt Julie, too, who'd appeared at Pop's shoulder. He followed Matt Maypole and Pete Larsh out the gate.

"Whew!" said Matt when they'd gained safe distance.

H.U. commented, "One finds it in the most unexpected places. The love of beauty, I mean. The sire of our scrawny Bird flock certainly has it. At least with regard to roses, mountains, one waterfall and his humble home."

"Especially the home," said Matt. "What do we do about that, H.U.?"

"Honor him for it, of course. Such sentiment is wholly commendable. Grant him all he requests."

Matt Maypole went silent. But his eyebrows arched quizzically. He knew H.U. of old. H.U. was at his usual art of developing initiative and resourcefulness in those around him. His success in that line was the envy of his competitors.

McDade murmured, "'What struggle to escape? What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?'—I quote the ever-inspiring *Ode on a Grecian Urn*."

"Look, H.U.," pleaded Construction Superintendent Pete Larsh, "lay off the poetry just now, will you? Since the sheriff won't risk his men to roust them Birds, do we wash 'em out, or lay that abutment in their lap?"

"Neither, Pete. Practical fellows like us should make partners of the seers and dreamers. Where did Rome's workaday builders get their dome for St. Peter's? From Michelangelo. I myself find constant good sense in John Keats. He tells us, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

"I still don't get it," protested Pete, beginning to get sore.

"You will," said H.U. He led the way up the steep trail with the springy stride that once had made him a rather distinguished alpinist. He stopped now and then to inspect the ever-enlarging view. Windsplitter Mountain and Sundance Peak inched into sight behind the upriver cliff, but Lace Drawers Falls stayed modestly hidden. H.U. reflected aloud, "Mr. Bird's abominably named gem is indeed well concealed. But if it's as lovely as those two snowcaps. . . ." Reaching the meadow behind the rim, he climbed into his plane. He called to Matt, "I'll send the old squatter some Ulrich Brunners and Maman Cochets and a Lady Hillington or two and a Beauty of Glazenwood. Superb roses all, though they do like light and sun." He waved good-by and disappeared into the southwest. Titan's headquarters were in Portland.

"A river to turn in twelve weeks," growled Pete Larsh, "and he talks about scenery and roses."

"I do wish," admitted Matt, "that I knew, as project manager, what to do about those Birds."

"Your problem. You're the brain around here," said Pete, deciding to be cheerful. "I just dig tunnels and dump concrete."

Despite the fortified Birds down in the chasm, things began happening up on the plateau in a typical Hurry-Up McDade hurry. Bugling Elk, fifty miles south, blossomed out with railroad sidings, warehouses and tractor parks. Roads slashed through the forests like magic. Several hundred acres back of Stampede River Gorge went suddenly clear and level. Machine shops, barracks, recreation halls, a hospital, a water system, a mess hall of size, a radio tower and communications center sprang into being. On marched the surveyors, the drillers, the powder men, the dozers with fourteen-foot blades, the thirty-yard-carrying scrapers, straight to the brink and over. Fast-rolling trucks chugged and tooted.

A two-lane highway with turnouts and guard walls went spiraling down the cliffs. It veered near the bottom, blocked by a heavy wire-mesh fence placarded SHEER OFF. OCCUPANTS UNFRIENDLY. MATTHEW MAYPOLE, PROJ. MGR. The road divided at the base of the wall and went north and south. A similar spiral

Orchids are okay–but how about a postage meter!

"The orchids were for overtime the night before. But there wouldn't have been any overtime if we had a postage meter. And me and my spike heels would have been spared that long wait at the postoffice to buy sticky little stamps....That's what I told the boss—and how come we have a postage meter now."

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DYNAMITE

cork-screwed down the opposite wall. Conveyor belts, a crusher, an aggregate mixing plant rose like mushrooms after a spring rain.

"Do we go ahead now with the clothesline?" Pete Larsh asked Matt Maypole. "It'll be straight above the Bird house."

"Sling it over," said Matt.

A hand line was carried across Stampede River. The line drew a rope, the rope a cable. Between head and tail towers on the rims a mighty highline soon straddled the canyon, capable of carrying trams, sling-loads of heavy cargo, or truck-size buckets.

On both sides of the river near water level three-tiered platforms on wheels backed into ever-lengthening tunnels. Gang drills chattered, sinking powder holes. The "jumbos" pulled out. Muffled thumps went on within the mountain. Mucking machines and trucks darted in to clear the debris. The tiered juggernauts with their grimy peeled-down gangs again backed in. Week by week records fell. East tunnel, No. 1 heading, 304 feet. Next week, on West Two, 344 feet. Here was hot rivalry. East Three, 388 feet. Tension mounted. "We'll hole through in another sixty hours. Send the gates in," Tom Bodie the tunnel boss shouted to Pete Larsh amid sound and smell of crashing air drills.

Pete reported Tom's on-schedule pledge to Matt Maypole. Matt and Hurry-Up McDade were squinting upstream toward that S-twist with the igneous dome top known as Bubble Rock. H.U. now had traded his fedora hat for an aluminum derby. It topped his tall figure and silver-gray hair with odd dignity, crowning him for what he was: a king of construction stiffs. He said to Matt and Pete, "You understand that the whole cliff under that big capstone must slice off and fall outward into its designated place. It's the key that winds the clock around here."

They understood indeed.

"Shall we set it for August twentieth?"

Matt and Pete concurred.

"I'll invite the governor and some others—the event will be spectacular. You might consider asking Mr. Bird and his daughters to join us too."

Pete Larsh's eyes lighted mischievously. "Matt can invite 'em—not me."

"Ah! Matt, you took Mr. Bird the roses that I sent?"

"Not personally, H.U. I lowered them from the highline. They dropped on the porch steps. With a note of greeting."

"A sensible way to communicate. Well, the twentieth should settle most issues."

When Hurry-Up was gone, Pete Larsh fumed to Matt Maypole, "A hundred and ten thousand pounds of dynamite to let go in Bubble Rock's underpinnings, and he talks about Birds and roses."

"To the point though, Pete." Matt, after a struggle ended by a flash of inspiration, had figured the point out. He proceeded to give Pete terse instructions.

Pete's eyes widened. "H.U. scoops up the marbles! But why couldn't he make it all plain to us in the first place?"

"You ought to know why by this time, Pete. When McDade lays out a route, he expects us bulldozers to do our own hacking."

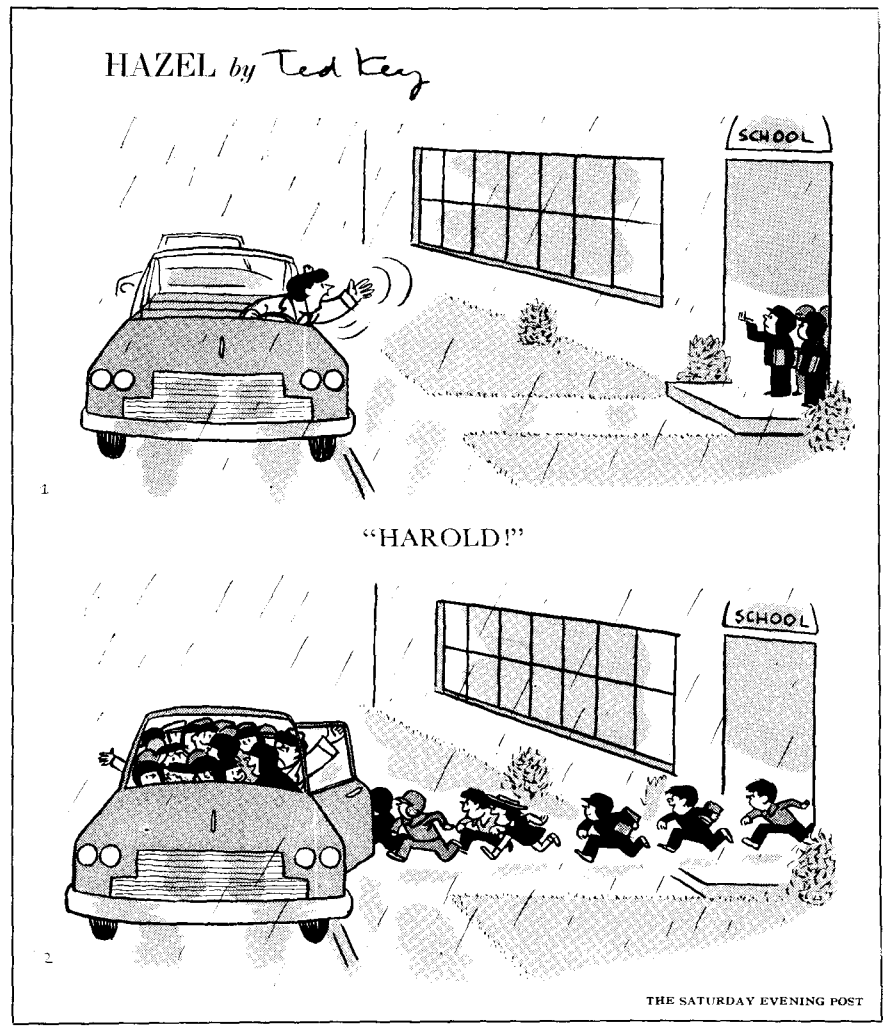
A week later Matt Maypole girded himself with memories. There'd been creese swingers in Malaya, poison-dart blowers in Mato Grosso, bandits belted with pistols in Kurdistan. He dropped down upon the Birds. Waspish Julie, this time, was behind the boot soles. Matt walked through the gate, noticing that the new roses had been fondly planted.

Matt lifted his safety helmet from his creeping hair: that gun muzzle looked big as a penstock. Tomorrow morning, he informed the lady on guard, Bubble Rock was going to climb right off its perch on wings of giant powder, and a look-off point had been arranged for persons interested. The Birds were cordially invited to come up and see thousands of tons of mountain leave these parts in one big bang. Matt voiced his bid good and loud so Pop and Florie could hear.

They did. Both came to the door. "What time, mister?" Pop asked.

"An hour after sun first starts down the rim," Matt answered. "I'll send a bucket down and you can all ride up."

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT



"We'll be ready," yipped Pop. . . . "Julie, quit stroking that trigger!"

Onlookers gathered. Four hundred yards upstream, Bubble Rock caught the gilding sun. The gorge and its rims were still in shadow. A stout screen had been erected. Visitors from a distance loitered behind this and sipped coffee nervously. Drillers and powdermen, their work finished, studied that capstone and the sheer cliff below it, and laid bets.

A party of three, including an old man gnarled like a juniper, pushed and argued their way through the press. "Right yander, about four mile behind that there knob," the oldster informed everyone who would listen, "there she kicks her heels, the prettiest waterfall in all get out. Many's the time I've wished thet old knob —— To think I'd see the day!"

"Now don't git yourself all worked up, Pop," counseled Florie. "And hang onto your teeth!"

Far below, a man finished taking photographs of a little homestead. Other men wound up their steel tapes. A foreman signaled. Two power shovels waddled forward. They nudged under a split-rail fence and gate. A bucket hummed down from 600 feet aloft. The man in charge waved his arms. The bucket sped skyward, bearing fence and gate.

The shovels nibbled under portions of a rose garden. Their careful bites went into readied bins. A line dropped with precision. Four hooks were thrust into rings at one bin's corners. In turn the dozen bins soared. The shovels squared off again.

They bit deeply under two tarpaulin-shrouded cherry trees. Swinging, they laid their six-yard gulps upon waiting pallets. Hinged sides to the pallets were clapped up and strongly bolted. The line descended twice. Upward fled the trees.

Heavy beams were thrust under a cabin. A tooting and an arm wave. The cabin went sailing in vertical ascent.

"Hey, there's a horse in back!" yelled a workman.

"Send him up too!" hollered Pete.

He caught the next lift himself.

On a prepared foundation between two cherry trees already installed, thirty skilled workmen saw the cabin seated into place. Then the carpenters, gardeners and flagstone layers sprang to their tasks.

The governor of the state, the chief engineers of public-utility districts and private power companies, the officials, engineers and guests of Titan Corporation and a score of newsreel men and reporters crouched behind the screen.

Matt Maypole said to his powder boss, "All right, Jim." Jim pushed the plunger of his black box.

Bubble Rock went apart. It just went. The boom came after; it was apocalyptic. Beneath fountaining shards, slabs and dust, the sidewall of the canyon fissured darkly and leaned out. It poised. It sprang. With a thunder smack and a stupendous geysering, 50,000 tons of mountain smote the river below. For roiling moments the river struggled and thrashed. Then, pinned by this onslaught from the sky, it gave up. Water, rising behind the barrier, poured into the two half-mile diversion tunnels. It charged through stone and darkness, to emerge below the appointed damsite in roars and rainbows. Stampede River had been turned. The place of its turning was marked by a huge obstruction and a disreputable brown trickle. By nice calculation, Titan Corporation had won a gamble.

The spectators looked down in awe.

All but one. He was noisy with glee. "Looky—it's been there all the time. All the time, I tell ye!" Pop Bird pointed out the wonder for all who would lift their eyes. Four miles back of the vacated domesite, a three-storied waterfall frothed and capered.

"Come home now, pa!" ordered Florie. "You git back to bed!"

The reluctant oldster, with much backward glancing, was led along the rim path by his daughters. The trio reached the point where their trail started down. It was barred by unexpected fence rails.

"But that's our fence!" bleated Julie.

Through a gate standing invitingly open and up a familiar pattern of flagstones they beheld a well-loved cabin. Wonderingly they entered the freshly raked rose garden. They mounted the two porch steps. Things were exactly as they had left them, even to the shotgun and two rifles leaning against the porch wall. Except ——

"Why, it's in sunshine!" exclaimed Florie Bird. "And not eleven o'clock yet!"

Pop Bird, speechless, dropped into his waiting settin' chair. Before him was a vista of immensity, unrolled like a map.

Matt Maypole came in through the gate. "Try these binoculars, Old-Timer."

"I don't need a glass to see with!" Pop's white chin-tangle thrust indignantly. "Who are you to tell me?"

"You done this to us, mister!" screamed Julie. "H'isted our house like a catfish on a string! Upped our cherry trees too. I ought to pot you—and I will!"

Pop, his chair tilted forward, his elbows on the porch rail, was really excited. "I kin see Windsplitter Mountain plain as day. And Sundance Peak!" He accepted Matt's glass after all, and clapped it to his eyes. "And Lace Drawers Falls right between them! Close as our gatepost!"

Julie, who'd lifted her rifle, slowly put it down. "Maybe, Florie, we'll have ripe cherries for canning next year. Now that them trees have sun."

A hundred and fifty feet above the cabin roof, the traveling hook on the highline sped with a new burden: the first of the pumps for drying the riverbed. Sounds from below told of sheet piling for cofferdams also arriving; of draglines and carrying scrapers even now busy on the tremendous excavation. In Matt's mind a graceful concrete water nymph, 480 feet tall, already stood in her niche in this chasm, a powerhouse between her feet. The prettiest thing known to engineering, Hurry-Up McDade had said. Though Pop Bird would probably argue that his waterfall and snow-capped peaks were prettier. Well, both agreed on one thing: Beauty was wonderful.

Matt looked at his watch. Five thousand working hours to go. Next year's spring floods still to lick.

It was good to be alive, and a construction stiff. THE END

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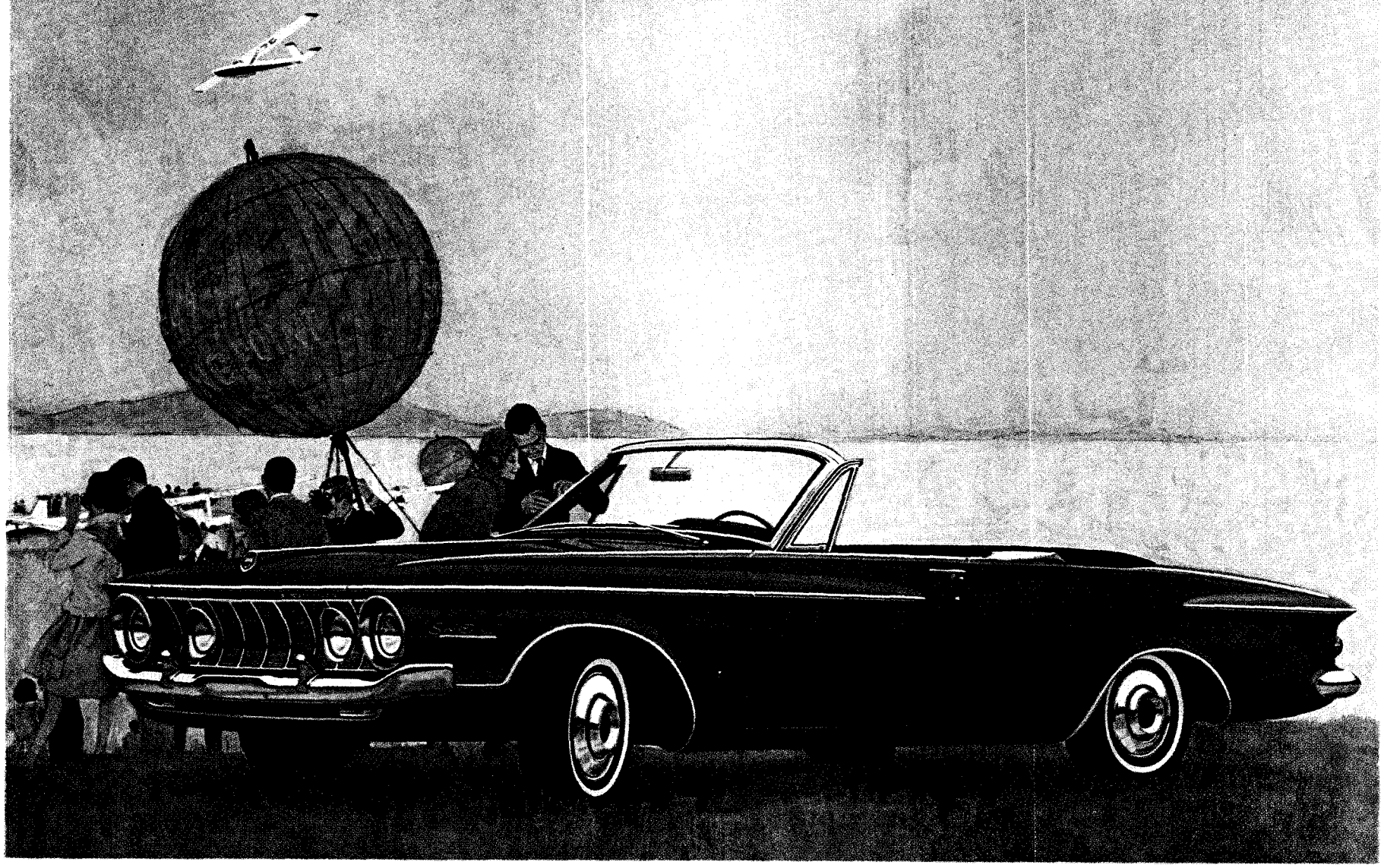

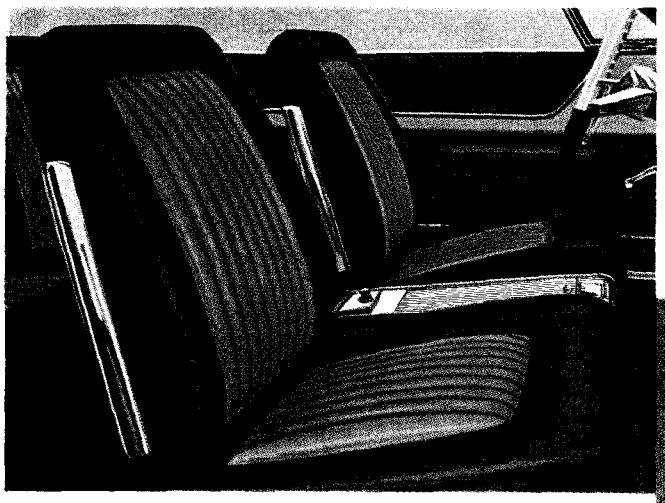

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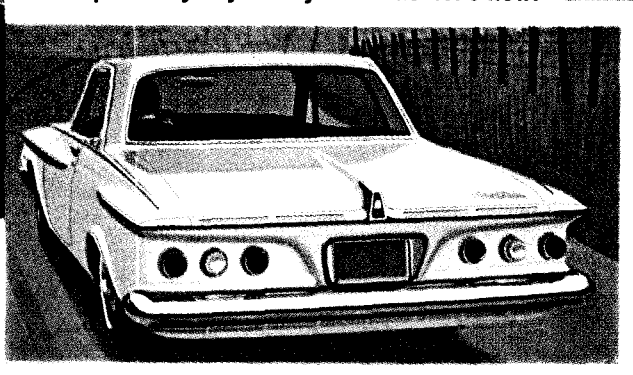

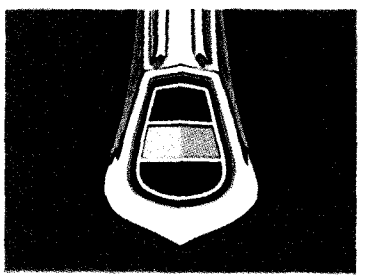

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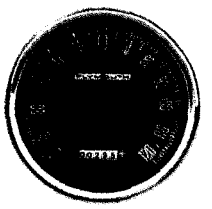

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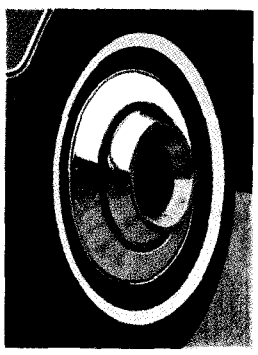

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THE NEW LYNDON JOHNSON

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

Some have called him "corny and flamboyant." But he has brought new dignity and stature to an often neglected, potentially powerful office.

Almost every noon for the first few months of 1961 a tall, rubbery-lipped unhappy man climbed the rostrum of the United States Senate and dutifully sat in a ceremonial chair reserved for an office in American politics that one of its earlier sufferers called—"nothing."

Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson had reason to feel like "nothing." Each day he had to look down at a chair he had occupied until a few months before, when, as the Senate majority leader, he had been called "the most powerful politician" in the country.

He had dreamed of rising from this chair to become President of the United States. Instead he became Vice President. In American history, that has been like leaping after a departing boat and missing. In early 1961 he thrashed about in the obscure waters of the Vice Presidency, lost in the wake of a glamorous President.

The classic frustrations of his new job bore down on him. To preserve his old network of allies, he attempted to place his own men in the new Kennedy hierarchy, but ran into polite indifference from the tough new staffmen in the White House whose political Geiger counters told them that a Vice President radiates only feeble power.

Back in his former chamber of glory, the Senate, he was suddenly considered an outsider—merely the Vice President.

To remind him that he sat between trouble and oblivion—and in those early months he needed no reminders—to his left on the Senate wall was a bust of an earlier Vice President named Johnson, Andrew, who was the nation's most spectacular tragedy in the job. He succeeded Lincoln as President and for his troubles was impeached. To the right was a bust of another Vice President named Johnson, Richard, who served under Van Buren and was so hated by his own party that after his term they refused to nominate anyone for Vice President.

Today Lyndon Johnson feels less spiritual kinship with the two other Johnsons of the Vice Presidency. He is a happier man. Once again he grips visitors with the famous monologues that he fondly thinks of as conversation. He loves to show people through his office. He gives them mimeographed translations of Asian papers praising the American Vice President. As visitors leave, he presses into each departing palm a ballpoint pen inscribed: COMPLIMENTS OF THE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, LYNDON B. JOHNSON. All this is done in the corny, flamboyant, country-boy tradition of Southwestern politics.

The causes of his new satisfaction are simple. For one thing, the office of Vice President is steadily gaining power. For another, Lyndon Johnson has found an acceptable way to continue his campaign to become President.

Johnson himself discourages talk about the future. But he is only fifty-three and still hungers to be President. I talked with more than a dozen of the Vice President's closest advisers and associates, and all are certain that Johnson intends to become President. Some are mapping strategy for 1968, after President Kennedy would be barred by the legal limit of two terms, assuming he is reelected in 1964.

Yet, to erase the "Vice" from the Vice Presidency is one of the most delicate operations in American politics. The Vice President shares the blame for all mistakes of the Administration, but he must never take credit away from the chief for successes. Moreover, no deputy to the President may seek the highest office publicly until the last moment. Until 1968 Lyndon Johnson is condemned to suffer in silence from a seven-year itch.

In the past, invisibility seemed to be the most common quality of Vice Presidents. John Adams, the first Vice President, said, "I am Vice President. In this I am nothing." About 150 years later John Nance Garner, the thirty-second Vice President, told Johnson the job isn't worth "a pitcher of warm spit." Johnson once was asked what he thought of taking the office, and he answered in one short, unprintable word. Four days later he let himself be nominated to become the thirty-seventh Vice President.

As such, he presides over the Senate and breaks tie votes; he can name five midshipmen to the Naval Academy; he greets Camp Fire Girls. Such is the way Vice Presidents usually go sleepwalking through history.

It took an atom bomb to change our indifference toward the Vice Presidency. When Franklin Roosevelt died near the end of a world war, Harry Truman, suddenly and with little preparation, found himself leader of the Allies. Until that moment he had not even known of the developing atom bomb—whose use he was soon to decide. Truman decided that thereafter Vice Presidents would at least attend National Security Council and Cabinet meetings to learn what was going on. But that has not been enough.

Every moment of the day and night American bombers with nuclear bombs are circling our skies. Polaris submarines lie under the seas, and missiles set for enemy targets rest in their launchers—all ready to go into action the instant the President of the United States presses the red button on his personal telephone panel. When a President dies or becomes incapacitated, the Vice President becomes steward of the red button. At that instant he may have to make a decision that would change the course of civilization, and at that instant it is too late to begin training for the job.

Richard Nixon was the first Vice President in the thermonuclear-and-missile

Johnson discourages talk about his political future, but many associates are convinced he hopes to be president.

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West Berliners cheered the Vice President (Left: accompanied by Mayor Willy Brandt) last August when he arrived on short notice to reassure the vulnerable city.

era, and as such was permitted to watch the President operate the machinery of national leadership. Lyndon Johnson is the first to be granted tentative copilot rights to touch the controls.

The upgrading of the Vice Presidency under Eisenhower has been accelerated under Kennedy. Where Nixon made good-will tours abroad, Johnson has been granted personal discretion to bargain on foreign missions. Where the Eisenhower-Nixon private relationship was merely correct, Kennedy and Johnson are both politicians and understand each other.

In the beginning nothing seemed less promising than a team composed of J.F.K., Harvard (*cum laude*), '40, and L.B.J., Southwest Texas State Teachers College, '30. When the New Frontier assembled in January, Johnson, the only honest-to-goodness frontiersman in the crowd, stuck out like a cactus in a petunia patch.

To most of the Kennedy team and to much of the country, Johnson has a baffling personality. The most common public impression is of a cold, leather-hided manipulator of back-room power. Yet he is one of the most easily hurt, sentimental seekers of approval in American politics. He often sounds like brash new-Texas money. "Lady Bird didn't make $10,000,000 by being a dumbbell," he likes to say of his wife. Yet, despite the heated swimming pools, London suits and the private airplane, Johnson is close to the pioneer tradition. His grandmother hid in a flour barrel to escape Indians, and Johnson still has much of old Texas in him.

Apparently the cool sophisticate from Boston and the impetuous candidate from Blanco County work well together. At a White House coffee hour recently, Democrats heard the President say that "Lyndon" was the most active Vice President in history. "Lyndon Johnson has been in on all major decisions," he said, adding with deliberate charity, "except for Cuba." Johnson on his side has taken care not to infringe on Presidential rights. He praises the President at every opportunity. He takes his public share of Administration hard knocks. After Kennedy absolved him of responsibility in the Cuban fiasco, Johnson took pains to tell a White House figure that the remarks were appreciated, adding nobly, "Of course, Cuba was one of the few decisions I really was in on."

Such Alphonse-and-Gaston public behavior might lead a cynical observer to suspect trouble in private, and indeed there has been some.

During his first six months in office Johnson was a persistent caller on the White House staff, making as many as six telephone calls or three personal visits a day to establish contacts and seek appointments for Johnson men. White House staffers, loyal to their own men, were not always receptive. Johnson's only major success was the appointment of his friend John Connally, of Texas, as Secretary of the Navy. Connally recently resigned to run for governor of Texas and was replaced by Fred Korth, another friend of Johnson. The polite resistance Johnson sometimes meets in the White House often comes from staffmen loyal to the President's brother, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. They remember that in the nomination struggle Johnson was the enemy. But those are minor irritations. Staffs often are more nervous than their bosses, and they tend to hold grudges longer.

Johnson has made extraordinary efforts to chart his progress through the political jungles. Seven years ago, when he was made majority leader, one of his first acts was to order a detailed study of all the majority leaders in Senate history, with emphasis on their powers and their mistakes. Soon after he became Vice President he had someone compile a history of his thirty-six predecessors, examining their relations with their Presidents and the modern trends of change.

Throughout his career Lyndon Johnson has used his own technique to gain influence. He does so by locating the source of power, then quietly making himself so indispensable to it that he becomes its heir. When he entered Congress in 1937, he became an undeviating supporter of all Franklin Roosevelt's programs, except for the Texas taboos of civil rights and Federal restrictions on oil and gas producers. On Rep. Carl Vinson's House Naval Affairs Committee he gained a reputation as the chairman's tireless factotum. When he went to the Senate in 1949, he did the same steady duty on the Armed Services Committee for the powerful Sen. Richard Russell.

Eventually such behavior brought Johnson his vast powers in the Senate, largely through the influence of Senator Russell. But in early 1961, abandoning his Senate status, he faced a vexing problem: How to evolve from Senatorial Man to Executive Man without an intervening period of political weightlessness. At first he tried retaining some of his old privileges, but failed. Soon after the election he appeared with all the trappings of Senatorial Man. He kept his old majority leader's office (the new leader, Sen. Mike Mansfield, had to take the modest rooms of the sergeant at arms). Johnson became head of the Senate Democratic caucus, a role reserved in the past for a senator.

Unexpectedly many senators rebelled, seventeen of them openly, others in private. For legislators up on Capitol Hill, the White House, challenger of congressional power, is referred to resentfully as "downtown." And though he spends almost all of his Washington time around the Senate chamber, as far as his colleagues are concerned, Lyndon Johnson spiritually has moved "downtown."

Consequently the old Lyndon—stalker of the cloakroom, brilliant manager of legislation and votes—was seldom seen. The new Lyndon—executive consultant, policy administrator, foreign emissary—gradually materialized.

The new Lyndon required time to evolve. Old Lyndon was the Texas politician generally acceptable to the South. The new Lyndon had to be a representative of all fifty states, sometimes acting publicly against the habits of the South.

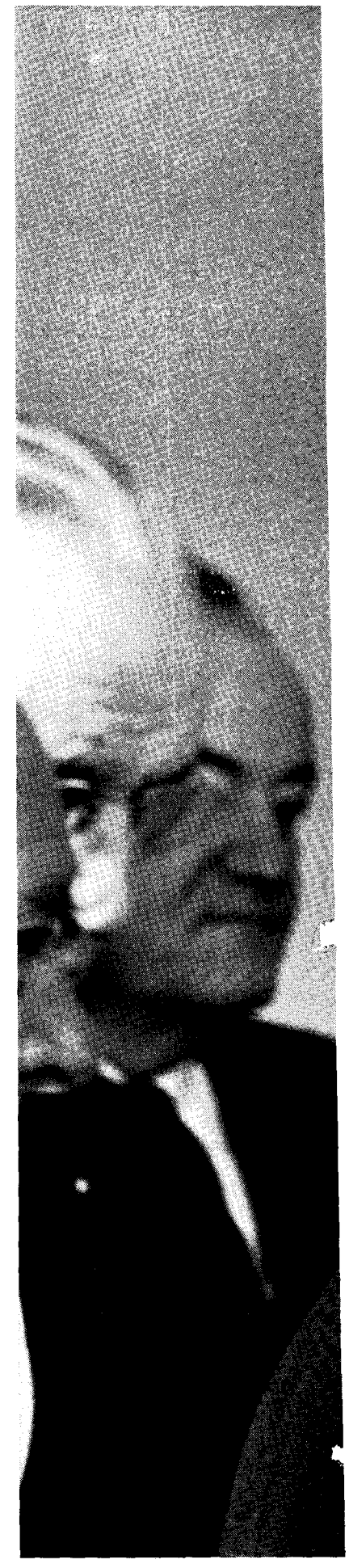
Johnson's first foreign mission as Vice President was a ceremonial visit to the African state of Senegal on its first anniversary of independence. The visit called for fraternal rubbing of elbows with the natives and full-blown gestures of respect for the African leaders. Johnson knew what effect the news photographs would have in the American South, but he and Mrs. Johnson mingled with the colored masses so vigorously that the Russian delegates, in comparison, looked like delegates from a White Citizens Council.

Next Johnson was asked to tour Asia. Among his companions was Carl T. Rowan, deputy assistant secretary of state for public affairs, a Negro. Johnson's mission was to help pick up the pieces of American prestige after the Cuban fiasco and the reversal of policy in Laos. He had doubts about the wisdom of his trip. Picking up pieces is not a glorious exercise, and besides, there is always danger that a piece will explode. The hostility Richard Nixon met in Latin America came back to haunt him when he ran for President. But Johnson went anyway. The American public saw pictures of him campaigning through Asia as though he were barnstorming in Texas. He patted babies, hugged ragged natives and shook hands with thousands.

But when he conferred with national leaders, Lyndon Johnson talked business. Unlike any past Vice President, he had bargaining power. In South Vietnam, for instance, he urged President Diem to extend social reforms and rebuild his armed forces. When, as expected, Diem said his people would not accept the necessary higher taxes, Johnson was empowered to offer more American aid.

For his next mission abroad, he was not consulted until the last minute. One night a White House call traced him to the home of the late Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn. The Vice President was advised to retire to a secluded phone. "Lyndon," the President asked, "are you available to go to Berlin?"

The Communists had just built a wall through Berlin without American opposition. West Berlin morale was sagging dangerously. Mayor Willy Brandt was making remarks about the United States, bitter enough to start a wave of recriminations through Berlin, West Germany and even NATO. Twenty-six hours after the Presidential call, Johnson was in the air on the way to Berlin. This time he had nothing concrete to offer. He was supposed to boost West German spirits, calm the



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"IN EARLY 1961 HE HAD A VEXING PROBLEM: HOW TO EVOLVE FROM SENATORIAL MAN TO EXECUTIVE MAN WITHOUT AN INTERVENING PERIOD OF POLITICAL WEIGHTLESSNESS."

Johnson, once "America's most powerful politician," was propelled into the background when Mike Mansfield became the new Senate majority leader.

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Agra: Johnson's folksy, Southwestern manner charmed a responsive Indian public during his 1961 visit to confer with Prime Minister Nehru on economic aid.

nerves of Mayor Brandt, avoid entanglement in the German election campaign—and steer clear of border incidents.

Johnson's entry into foreign affairs was not all smooth triumph. His experience, typically, was gained not from books or memoranda, but from hard knocks. As one of the most uxorious men in public life, he could not resist kissing Lady Bird as they stood, the center of attraction, at the Taj Mahal, unaware that public kissing is scandalous to the Indians and specifically forbidden at the Taj. Returning from Pakistan, he said he would invite a camel driver to his LBJ Ranch "and show him how we slaughter hogs," apparently unaware that the sight of pork is even more offensive to Moslem Pakistanis than public kissing is to Indians.

However, Johnson, as always, got on well with the crowds, and the popular reaction to his foreign trips did much to allay the early miseries of the Vice President. He saw his name in headlines in French, Urdu, German, Hindi and Chinese. The Pakistani newspaper *Jang* said in Urdu, "Lyndon Johnson has come and gone, but in his too-short 24 hours in Karachi he has left a happy and welcome feeling." In Paris *Le Journal du Dimanche* quoted Johnson in a headline: WE WILL NEVER, NEVER ABANDON YOU! In Berlin 300,000 Germans chanted outside his window until he appeared. He was denounced by name over Radio Moscow and Radio Peking and in *Pravda*. This was heady stuff for a man who had been stung by remarks made during the last campaign that he was just a country boy from Texas with no knowledge of foreign affairs.

But, as ever, he was flamboyant in public and shrewd in private. He knows that emissaries throughout history have later been blamed for acts that to everyone seemed wise when done. Before his trips he conferred with top officials from the President down. For the Asian mission he asked the President to write a letter to each head of state, setting forth for them—and for history—what the Vice President would be discussing, and making clear that the visit was at the request of the President. For the Berlin trip, Johnson asked for and received a letter from the President to the Vice President specifying what Johnson was to do and making it plain that he was acting on request of the President. Furthermore, he prepared for his trips by holding discussions with Democratic and Republican leaders in Congress. And he did not leave to memory the advice he received. Letters and notes telling what was said and who agreed remain locked in his files.

Johnson's new role at home is performed with similar prudence. He is chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council, which advises the President on the space program, the biggest single project in human history. In his space work Johnson carefully avoids detail and administrative decisions. He may spend all morning listening to a pair of scientists with an idea to revolutionize the trip to the moon, but he passes them on to someone else who will decide. His study of past Vice Presidencies convinced him of the dangers of involvement in bureaucratic wars. He wants to remain at the level of high policy. Otherwise eight years as Vice President could reduce him to a bureaucrat with a million enemies and a dozen demonstrable mistakes.

In his other major domestic job—chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, to preserve minority-group rights in jobs—Johnson plays a more direct role and thus exposes himself to greater risk. But he realizes that through the job he could overcome the toughest barrier to his earlier attempts to become President: The unwritten rule that because of racial discrimination in the South no Southerner may be nominated for President on the Democratic ticket.

In 1959 Johnson planned a surprise assault on that barrier, a last-minute civil-rights law bearing his name, to be passed at the close of the congressional session. Then, he thought, he could approach the 1960 convention without the Southern stigma. But at the crucial moment, Nikita Khrushchev announced his "friendly" visit, and Congress, faced with the custom of inviting important heads of state to address it, adjourned quickly before completing its business. Scarcely anyone knew of Johnson's plan, and he was forced to fall back on the less-convincing tactic of presenting himself to the convention not as a Southerner, but as a Westerner.

Johnson's employment committee, like some in the past, aims to end discrimination against minority groups—most noticeably Negroes—in Government and in industries and labor unions doing business with the Government. Both the President and Vice President have been tough with Federal agencies that keep Negroes in low-level jobs.

Johnson requires periodic reports from official agencies on the job status of minority-group members. In industry he has lunches with board chairmen and union officials and makes rambling discourses on how much better it is to act reasonably and in good will, instead of being subjected to force. He speaks softly (if long) and carries big Government contracts. Nearly fifty major companies are signing, or have signed, agreements to reject racial barriers in hiring, promotions, and use of plant facilities, whether doing business in the North or South.

Such agreements could have a profound effect on the position of the Negro in the economy—and on the position of Lyndon Johnson in the eyes of the Democratic Party outside the South.

To be sure, foreign affairs, high policy and reform of American social structure are not the stuff of Lyndon Johnson's average day. He has more than his share of ritual—the endless rounds of breakfasts, coffee hours, cocktail parties, receptions, dedications, birthday parties, funerals, dreary rides to the airport and the greeting of visiting dignitaries.

And then there is the constant fence mending in his home state of Texas. Johnson is acutely aware of what happens to national politicians, such as Adlai Stevenson, who lose their home base of operations. More than half the Vice Presidential mail is from Texas, and he answers it all.

Thus Johnson maintains his paradoxical appeal to contrary segments of American politics. He continues to be the favorite of important Southern Democrats, yet his identification with foreign affairs, space and civil rights could make him acceptable to the Northern wing of the party. Many conservatives, excluding the Birchist brand in Texas, like him, and at the same time he evokes emotion from aging New Dealers, and says F.D.R. "was like a daddy to me."

Seven years from now Lyndon Johnson will celebrate his sixtieth birthday in August, a most political month, in his home town of Johnson City, a most political setting. If all goes according to present Democratic plan, retiring President Kennedy will have announced his chosen successor. Will it be Johnson?

It would be wrong to say that at this moment Johnson is a major figure in the White House power structure. Inside men such as Theodore Sorensen, David Bell and McGeorge Bundy are closer to the President. Outside men like Robert McNamara, Douglas Dillon and Robert Kennedy (who is also *the* inside man) have deeper official responsibilities.

But Johnson has patience and durability. His strategists operate on the theory that every Administration has a first wave that attacks the beaches of public policy, is shattered and has its position occupied by a second wave. They remember the giants of the early New Deal—Raymond Moley, Rexford Tugwell, Adolph Berle and Hugh Johnson. And they remember that a few years later those men had dropped from view, their places having been taken by the second and more permanent wave of men like Leon Henderson, Benjamin Cohen, Thomas Corcoran, David Lilienthal and Felix Frankfurter.

While Johnson waits, he has the confidence of a man who has created new dimensions for his job while protecting himself from its traditional traps. He can see, where a year ago he could not, that Lyndon Johnson may not, after all, disappear in the oblivion of the Vice Presidency. He knows that John Adams said, "I am Vice President. In this I am nothing." But he also knows that Adams added shrewdly, "But I may be everything."

THE END

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"DESPITE HEATED SWIMMING POOLS AND A PRIVATE AIRPLANE, JOHNSON IS CLOSE TO THE PIONEER TRADITION. HIS GRANDMOTHER HID IN A FLOUR BARREL TO ESCAPE INDIANS."

The Johnson ladies in the Vice President's District of Columbia "French château": Lucy Baines (left), Lady Bird and Lynda Bird.

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Editorial

Mr. Kennedy's Deliberate Speed

No other internal problem has caused this nation so much anguish as the racial question. On this rock the republic nearly foundered. Now, 100 years later, it is still our most volatile domestic issue.

We will not be satisfied until every form of public discrimination has been eliminated. Private attitudes and arrangements are a matter of individual conscience, but no citizen of this country should be deprived of full enjoyment of public facilities because of his race. Nor should public funds be used to support institutions that practice discrimination. Until the goals of nondiscrimination have been achieved, this nation will have fallen short of its promise.

So we say the question is not, "Should we work toward these goals?" but, "How best to achieve them?" We believe the answer is: in as orderly a manner as is consistent with good sense. (It is also just about 100 years since Bismarck wrote that "politics is the doctrine of the possible.")

Not long ago President Kennedy invited White House reporters into his living room at Palm Beach and gave them a briefing on the achievements and objectives of his Administration. The President made it clear that he did not intend to press Congress for civil-rights legislation this year. He also indicated that he had no immediate intention of signing an executive order that would bar discrimination in Federally assisted housing, although he had promised to sign it during the campaign, saying that all it would take was "the stroke of a pen."

The President was sharply criticized for these civil-rights pronouncements. *The New York Times* said he "has not waited for Congress to convene before beginning a retreat from the more challenging elements of his domestic program." The A.D.A. (Americans for Democratic Action) urged the President to reverse himself and undertake an "all-out assault on racial segregation and discrimination in the coming session of Congress." Roy Wilkins, executive secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., called the President's announced policy "a basic error."

At the outset of his Administration the President decided to concentrate first on executive rather than legislative action on civil rights. He simply felt that "if we could enforce the laws we already have, we'd have a much better situation."

We believe that the Kennedy Administration has made a good record on civil rights, and even Roy Wilkins admits as much. The President has brought qualified Negro leaders into the Government, including Robert Weaver, administrator of the Housing and Home Finance Agency; Clifton Wharton, ambassador to Norway, and Thurgood Marshall, judge of the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. The President has moved to create a Department of Urban Affairs and Housing, and even though it was bound to stir opposition among Republican leaders and Southern Congressmen, he announced his intention to appoint Mr. Weaver to head that department—and incidentally put the opposing Republican Congressmen on the spot with their Northern Negro voters.

The principal agency of executive action, the Department of Justice, has concentrated its main effort in attempting to secure voting rights for Negroes in the Deep South. "Public officials respond to their constituents," an Administration official explains. "If we give a Congressman some Negro constituents, he will be responsive to them."

The pressures, intimidations and fraudulent practices employed in some parts of the Deep South to prevent Negroes from registering are a national disgrace. When the Kennedy Administration came to power, only a dozen of these situations were under investigation or in the courts. Today the Department of Justice is investigating or litigating more than eighty such cases.

Under the Kennedy Administration the Department of Justice petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for regulations that required more than 100 interstate bus terminals to desegregate. Justice Department officials worked out the desegregation of hundreds of rail terminals and stepped into school cases as a "friend of the court." It encouraged and helped local authorities at the McComb, Mississippi, and other explosive Freedom Rider situations. By ordering some 600 deputy U.S. marshals into Montgomery, Alabama, Robert Kennedy's department prevented an ugly situation from developing into a disaster.

Another executive agency, the Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, under Vice President Lyndon Johnson, met with twenty-one of the largest government contractors and worked out an agreement with them to eliminate discrimination in hiring, training and promoting Negroes.

In his State of the Union message the President asked Congress to abolish two age-old barriers to Negro enfranchisements: the poll tax and the literacy test. The President set no timetable for these requests, but Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield later introduced a bill to make a sixth-grade education the only literacy requirement for Federal elections. The Administration's hand was forced on this measure by Sen. Jacob Javits, the New York Republican, who was about to introduce a bill that would apply to not only Federal but also state and local elections. Mr. Kennedy had to support the Mansfield bill.

We believe that the accent on executive action makes for sound policy. While the elimination of the literacy test is highly desirable, we think that the timing of the bill is unfortunate. A protracted debate is likely, and that is something that we can ill afford at a time when Congress's agenda includes such critical items as authority for the President to negotiate tariff reductions with the Common Market countries, the projected purchase of half the $200,000,000 U.N. bond issue, medical care for the aged and tax reform.

We think that the President has acted wisely in not stirring up a bigger hornets' nest by issuing the executive order barring discrimination in Federal housing at this time. The President, unlike his critics, must concern himself with all of the nation's problems. By signing the order now, he would weaken his bargaining power with Congress by depriving himself of a potent weapon: the threat to sign the order if Southern Congressmen give him a hard time, say, on the tariff matter.

The President is bound by his campaign promises to sign the housing order. He is fully aware of that commitment. We believe that his critics would do well to show some patience and leave the timing of the order to the President. In the field of racial relations Mr. Kennedy has shown himself a good leader, but in the inexact science of politics—to use another Bismarck term—the leader cannot run too far ahead of the congressional pack. He has a risky lead already.

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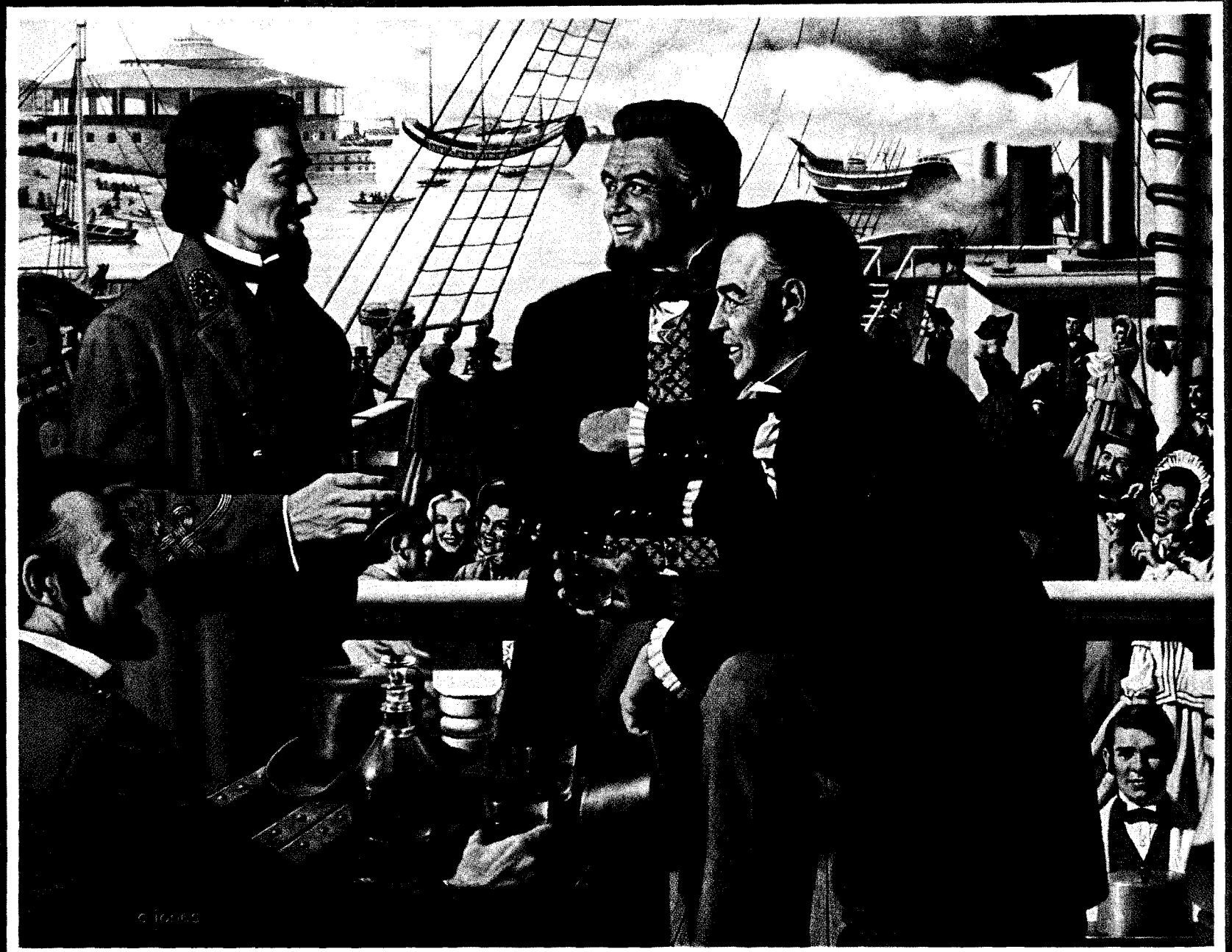

Gen. Basil Duke arrives in New York at the end of the Civil War

General Duke had fought till the last, but now the war was over. Before returning home he visited New York, where friends held a reception in his honor. Old Crow quite naturally would be served, as Duke esteemed it "the most famous ever made in Kentucky."

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$250 Reward is paid for documented information relating prominent 19th Century Americans and Old Crow

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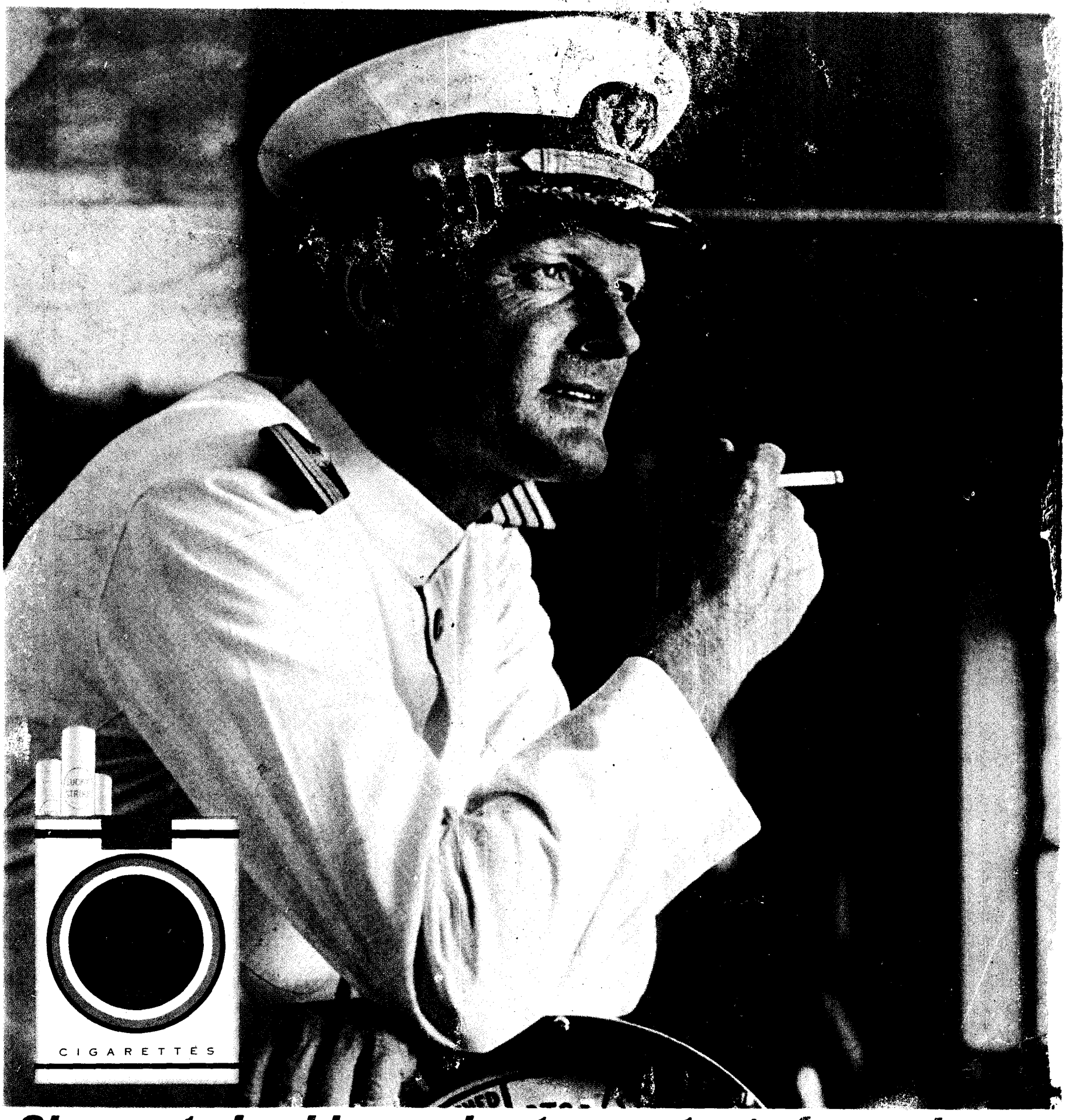
Remember how great cigarettes used to taste? Luckies still do



Change to Luckies and get some taste for a change

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